What I Know About Europe

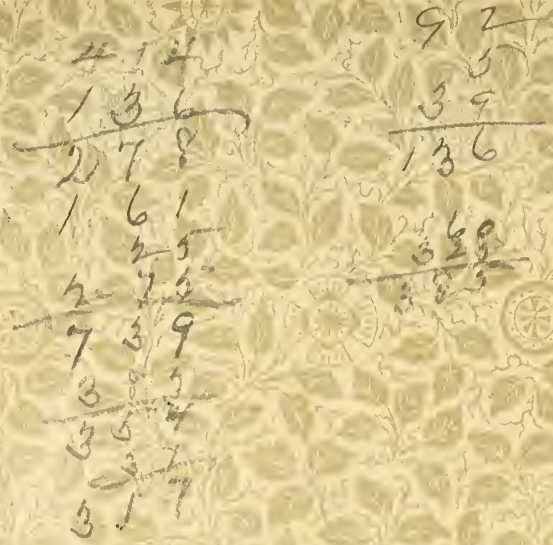
FROM

June 27th to August 29th,

1891.

By Dr. FRANK D. MAINE,

Springfield, Mass.



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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EUROPE.

BY

DR. FRANK D. MAINE.

WITH EIGHT FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
1892.

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PREFACE.

The following pages were suggested by a number of our party, who expressed a desire for a faithful review of the highly interesting and manifold scenes opportunely falling to their lot to witness in Kingdoms, Empires and Republics, all of which, to have been literally observed within the space of two months, including more than two weeks on the ocean (which was actually done), seems incredible if not an utter impossibility. I have endeavored to depict accurately, and almost exactly in the order of their occurrence, the scenes and events of the party's peregrinations, not forgetting to give the distance between places, and often the points of compass in the direction of travel.

To verify or rectify the statements of our dragomans has, in either case, been no small task. Could I have realized the amount of application and research requisite to the aggregation of so much matter in detail, my promise to be the writer of these memoirs would have been substituted by a most emphatic thank you, "I pray thee have me excused."

I am aware that many of our number could have executed the work with greater elegance, but am equally certain that no one could have aimed to be more careful in the authenticity and integrity of the text than has the writer.

To the distinguished company of more than a hundred, *in particular*, and to *all* lovers of travel, are these memoirs respectfully dedicated, with the best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK—GLASGOW.

Memorable to all of the so-called Brookings Party, of the Henry Gaze & Son Tourist Agency, of more than a hundred, is the morning of the 27th of June, 1891, when this company repaired to Pier 54, West Twenty-fourth street, North River, New York City, at 8.30 o'clock, and after providing themselves with steamer chairs, boarded the famous "City of Rome," preparatory to an ocean voyage and a tour across the continent, which had been the dream of a lifetime. One thing, however, already surprised us, and that was the fact that the refreshing, balmy air could have been born of so sultry a night as that which gave birth to this day: the temperature at the Ashland House, where many of the party put up, being nearly one hundred degrees Fahrenheit at the time of retiring. But this interesting problem vanished in view of what was before us.

Perhaps it will not be amiss, as this steamer played so important a part in conducing to our welfare and comfort in provisions of food, with shelter and prome-

nades so suitable for sight-seeing, to briefly review her history before the "gang-plank" is taken in.

The "City of Rome" was built at Barrow, England, and when completed was the largest passenger steamer afloat. Her tonnage or displacing power is 8,415 tons; she is 560 feet in length and more than 52 feet in width, and her depth of hold no less than 37 feet. She carries four large masts and three funnels, which are prodigious in size as we view them at close range. Her safety, also, have we studied carefully and have learned that she has a large number of separate compartments—the largest, sixty feet in length, formed by water-tight bulkheads, and each extending to main deck—so that should there be a collision with another vessel or an iceburg, or by any other means impaired, the safety of the vessel would not be lessened. Moreover, with these safeguards there are on board twelve large lifeboats, one of which is fitted as a steam launch.

It is needless to go into detail as to her spacious drawing-room and dining-saloon—the former of which is one hundred feet long and beautifully decorated in white and gold, with lounges in plush encircling the apartment, while the latter is seventy-two feet in length and both fifty-two feet in width.

The ladies' "boudoir" on main deck, and cabin on promenade deck are finished in black and gold, with furniture to match, and are complete.

There are, on either side of the vessel, aft from the general saloon, state-rooms for 480 first cabin passengers, and as comfortable as well can be for so large a number. When, in addition to all this, we mention

that this same steamer has lavatories, hot, cold and salt water baths and facilities for hair dressing, etc., we do not wonder she has been dubbed the "floating palace."

I should have stated that the dining-room contains a pipe organ, and the drawing-room a piano, on both of which music was voluntarily dispensed to while away hours not a few, to break the monotony of the voyage from and to our native land.

This palace of the sea is lighted by electricity, and the call-bells are operated by the same agent.

Her propelling power is by means of a single screw, attached to a large, long shaft, and driven by 8,000 horse-power engines, which power can be increased to a little less than double these figures.

There are twelve boilers and furnaces, and ordinarily two hundred tons of coal are consumed daily while ploughing the great deep. Not content without a personal inspection, I descended to the depths to view what I have mentioned, and surely the half had never been told. Three ponderous engines were terribly in motion, like huge elephants, each trying to devour the others.

The "City" was built for another line, but now belongs to the Anchor line, and is the pet of that famous company. I have studied her pedigree carefully, even back to the fourth generation, and find she is first cousin to the "Great Eastern," and has not deteriorated in stock. So much for our noble craft.

It was now 10 o'clock. All aboard! The last whistle sounded, a scrambling on and off the boat occurred, the gang-plank was drawn in, friends had kissed a loving farewell and noiselessly we receded

from shore. Unfurled handkerchiefs and lifted beavers by the vast throng gathered, each of whom has friends, testified of the very best of wishes. I shall never forget the thoughts that crowded me as steadily I gazed on this scene till the last speck of wavy white was lost to view.

The *possibilities* of such a voyage could not but bring sorrow. Vividly did I recall a similar scene, occurring in the summer of 1862, when the Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment Volunteers sailed away from Hartford State street dock, for the seat of war. And how buoyant we all were then, little dreaming of the terrible scenes some of us should witness on the battle-field—the fatigue of the long, forced march and the dying by inches in rebel prisons. I saw, also, in imagination, Napoleon Bonaparte as he stepped down into the "Bellerophon" from Elba and said, in the anguish of his soul, with head uncovered, as he was fast drifting from the far-away coast of France, fare-well forever to the land he loved so dearly. But this will not do—optimistic buoyancy and *not* pessimistic despondency must be the order of thought and action. And now we saluted the Goddess of Liberty, which we passed, while she, with uplifted hand, wished us God speed. The coast of Jersey, Staten Island, Sandy Hook, Fire Island and that vast stretch of Long Island, all seemed to say "A prosperous voyage and safe return to native land."

We watched interestingly the far-away eastern extremity of Long Island until, to us, it was completely enshrouded by the winding sheet of many waters, and long ere the sun sank to rest we were in very deed

"out on the ocean sailing." We now promenaded on starboard and then on port side of the "City," the more effectually to take in with greater range of vision and be the better able to appreciate what it is to be entirely surrounded by water, which we thoroughly did until the dinner gong announced, "Come to the feast." We already had secured each his chair for permanent occupancy, so everything was done "decently and in order." After dinner—two tables, 5 and 6.15 o'clock—we resumed our promenade until late, when we retired to previously selected staterooms. All rested well, I think, until early morning, when an intensified northeast wind caused our craft to pitch and roll, and ere long it was generally understood that many had inadvertently, the evening previous, purchased an excursion ticket for their dinner.

It was, indeed, interesting to see A., B. and C. step to the railing ostensibly to gaze overboard at something of unusual interest, but *really* to bid good-by to soup, fish, ham and eggs, raisins, ice cream, etc., while many, I am sure, did likewise in a much more modest manner, preferring the absence of notoriety in their private quarters and of the peculiar scenery of "stars" so vividly to be seen on deck.

28th.—This was the Sabbath, and brief Episcopal services were conducted in the dining-room at 11 a. m., with a slim attendance. We copied the "reckoning" of the ship's run at 1 p. m., and found the distance made from New York harbor to 12 m. to be 373 miles.

29th.—Monday was more calm and our company in better condition. To break the monotony, already

appreciated, schools of porpoise, sea gulls and storm-petrels came delightfully to our rescue. I recall a half-dozen porpoise running a race with the "City" for at least, I should say, two miles, making splendid time, but were finally outwinded and "gave up the chase." The distance made to-day at 12 o'clock was 343 miles.

30th.—Tuesday was without a cloud and noted as the day when several whale spouted, which to us was a novelty, as we crossed the so-called banks of Newfoundland. This day marked the distance of 348 miles.

July 1st, Wednesday, was ushered in with a dense fog—in fact, the night previous was foggy and the horn was sounded every three minutes during the hours thereof. In spite of this, we made this day 353 miles.

July 2d, I remember, was very boisterous, the billows foaming and dashing in rage against the ship, very perceptibly disturbing her equilibrium. A strong southeast wind, too, perpetuated the tumult, completely changing the aspect of ocean, ship and passengers. Nevertheless, in spite of wind and weather, we made a run of 344 miles.

It is a natural supposition that on shipboard is the place to form acquaintances, and such supposition is not without foundation. The number of passengers on board was, in round numbers, excluding the officers and crew, 1,200, and about equally divided into first and second cabin and steerage. There being four hundred of our division—first saloon—we had each a goodly number from which to select.

I remember often walking deck to study the faces and to learn the mental traits, etc., of this interesting company. Ladies and gentlemen, I may say, from the four points of the compass of our land were here represented, including the more prominent professions,—judges of courts, lawyers, clergymen, doctors and teachers. It was my great pleasure to hear them discourse, without "let or hindrance," at their best and in a very natural way in their respective callings. Especially did I chum it with three sons of old Esculapius, who really seemed much at home in medicine and surgery. One of the triplet, however, was rather airy—now and then we find such an one—but once hearing a distinguished judge apologize for the garrulity and egotism of Blackstone, saying, "He was, after all, a great authority," I bethought myself that this M. D. may have been more profound than a superficial acquaintance would naturally suggest.

There was one of this number, however, from the West, who was on his way to London to spend six months, then the balance of the year in Germany, to perefct himself in general surgery, for which he seemed to have a passion. I was charmed with his manners and scholarly attainments, and often sought his company. The only thing objectionable about him is his red hair; still, ordinarily, I think him safe. I shall never forget the remaining other of this trio, who was very seasick, and greatly regretted that he undertook the trip, he said, though it had been the dream of a lifetime to visit Europe. But he "braced up" finally, and was all right several days before we

dropped anchor. I remember him for his general intelligence and modesty of bearing.

Most anything to break the monotony, which now had become chronic, was a pastime—playing at "shuffle-board," throwing the ring, singing, sighting now and then a ship in the distance, etc.

I recall guessing the distance to the horizon from shipboard was quite exciting. On one occasion several "wiseacres" spied through a marine glass one-half the masts and sails of a steamer as far as the eye could reach, and it is remarkable that they differed from fifteen to forty miles in their computation as to distance.

One would suppose that the distance around the earth being known, the amount of sails seen and our elevation on shipboard being understood, that the premises of this syllogism thus given would have warranted a greater unanimity of conclusion. But then, never mind, we were not studying mathematics, but enjoying a pastime.

I must not forget to mention that it was a great treat to see old "Sol" sink down beneath the waves, and smile on us all over his golden face as he bade us good-night on several occasions.

I remember how quickly he disappeared, as if playing hide and seek, when all but his eyes were below water. This, too, was an agreeable pastime.

Well, the third of July is gone, and the shades of night are upon us. It has been a good day, wind from the southeast, and we have made a run of 330 miles.

Seasickness is merely a thing of the past, excepting

a very few notable exceptions, only a small number being absent from on deck and at the table.

July 4th was ushered in by a good breeze, a bright sun and an early promenade on deck.

In our imagination we heard the boom of cannon, the beat of the drum and the music of the flute in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." But suddenly we were saddened by learning that one on board had died during the night. To obtain the particulars I consulted the ship's surgeon, who told me she was a lady in middle life who had passed away, and that the burial would be at 12 m. sharp, or on the ringing of the ship's bell, the customary time when such events occur.

A son in Europe, it was said, was awaiting the arrival of his long-looked-for mother. Our hearts were saddened as we contemplated his prospective sorrow, as well as that one of the passengers had so unexpectedly departed this life.

We saw the plain box, in which were the remains, shoved on to the platform provided for the purpose on port side of the ship, and lowered to near the water's edge; and after a brief ceremony, in which "few and short were the prayers we said," precisely at 12 o'clock noon, the platform tipped, and all that was once wife and mother was cast into the depths of the sea, and was lost to our view forever.

I recall how sadly we turned away from this ocean burial, to most of us a novel experience, and thought how true is the uncertainty of life; personally, the suggestive stanza of John Knox came forcefully to mind, viz.:—

"Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge."

In the afternoon we congregated in the dining-saloon, a goodly number, and listened to patriotic speeches by clergymen and lawyers of our company, and to appropriate and soul-stirring music by hundreds of voices. Among other selections, "My Country, 'tis of Thee" and "Marching Through Georgia" were beautifully and vociferously rendered amid deafening cheers for the old flag which was conspicously present, and made it a scene long to be remembered—yea, *never* to be forgotten.

We made 341 miles this day, a gain of eleven the day previous. Thus passed, amid these varied scenes, the eventful Fourth of July in mid-ocean.

July 5th was much like unto its predecessor—pleasant and cool; the only additional excitement was in stretching our vision for land. The captain had said, early, that land had been sighted. We strained our vision, both natural and borrowed, and concluded the rumor a hoax. After repeated trial, however, we discovered what appeared a small mound, apparently about two feet in length, along the water's edge ahead and a little to our right. Soon more appeared in view, and by 3 p. m. the northern cost of Ireland presented a truly picturesque scenery. We passed quite a variety of sailing craft and guessed their line and destination.

Temporarily we dropped anchor in the evening at Moville (Londonderry), Ireland, to let off passengers,

but soon steamed away again, moving toward and finally entering the North Channel.

This day at 12 m. the "City" made her last reckoning for the voyage, and the figures report 336 miles.

We longed to see the famous Giant's Causeway, but the "fates" had decreed otherwise. The fog was so dense it could only be seen by the eye of imagination.

We retired in good season, determining to see the Clyde and its promised glories early next morning.

July 6th.—Arose early, coming on deck at 3.30 o'clock, just in time to obtain a magnificient view on our left of *Toward-Point*, where are a large lighthouse and castle—the latter most assuredly to be honored for antiquity, while on our right I remember observing the Two Cumbraes—very high hills, one more than three miles in length, on the smaller of which, one and one-half miles long, stands a lighthouse, marking the main channel to and from the "Clyde."

It is to be regretted that we were in bed when we passed the *Island of Bute*, Ayr, the land of Burns, and some of the other places of interest; but forgetting the past we stretched our vision to what was still before us, and now came to view on our left *Dunoon*—a high hill covered with beautiful trees and grasses, verdant as paradise regained. Here also is an old castle where, it is said, at one time lived *Mary Queen of Scots*. *Largs*, on our right, is of historic interest, and remembered as the scene of the battle of the Largs, which was fought in 1263—Alexander III. of Scotland defeating *Haco*, King of Norway.

This place is "a famous bathing resort" also. I

recall the concentric contour of her coast, and the thrice verdant aspect of her variegated hills.

And now we come to *Holy Loch*, also on our left, situated partly on a level and in part on the slope of two hills, with the high peaks of Scotland majestically towering up in the distance. The clouds were just lifting, and the "vale between" appeared like the vista of some fairyland. The name is suggestive and the place historic, and arises from a ship loaded with Jerusalem soil having been brought here, and on which *Saint Mungo* proposed to build a cathedral, but a wreck on its shores prevented the consummation of his plans.

A little beyond and on our right is *Wemyss Bay*—a number of villas reaching quite a distance along the coast, and its red sandstone houses, so symmetrical and of cleanly aspect, contrast well with the uneven hills and picturesquely jagged rocks adjacent. With glass adjusted I surveyed with supreme delight their inimitable and indescribable environs on both sides of this great arm of the sea.

The lofty lighthouse of *Clock* towering upon our right was erected a century ago, and throws a light, it is said, twelve miles in every direction. This structure is very imposing and must be the mariner's best friend. And now I turned to the opposite shore, and *Loch-Long*, extending twenty-two miles northerly, presented a variety of scenery, clothed with such transcendent beauty that mortal eyes are rarely permitted such glories to behold. Lofty, irregular, mountainous peaks, contrasting with widely extended plains, hillocks, surpentine paths and vistas all crowned with

the verdant foliage and delicate tints of a summer's voluntary offering.

Sailing on we soon were over against the famous palace. Stable buildings and grounds of the Duke of Argyle—though in reality belonging to his son the Marquis of Lorne. I can now distinctly see these massive yet beautiful edifices, partly hidden by lofty trees, with a lawn of rare slope and verdant loveliness extending even down to the waters of the Clyde. But we are nearing the close of our delightful voyage. A little further on and to our right is *Greenock*, nestling below the high hills of Scotland and touching the water's edge. Her smoking chimneys, in great numbers, tell of thrift and enterprise. When I learn that "sugar refining" is here done to the extent, in value annually, of $2,225,000, I am astounded; and when I also learn that iron shipbuilding is extensively carried on, I naturally ask where is the capacity for so great a production? But ere we reached this desired haven we entered a fine bay—the anchorage for many Clyde yachts; this place is called *Gourock*. A "wiseacre" told me that here all new steamer compasses are adjusted before a voyage is made or any considerable sailing done, even on the Clyde.

We have now, at 5 o'clock a. m., reached Greenock, one of the finest seaports in Scotland, and dropped anchor, and "are safe within the vail." It is a charming morning and balmy is the air.

We breakfasted at 6 o'clock, after which were transferred to another boat, with baggage, and from thence to shore.

Of our company all are quite well excepting two

passengers. Vividly do I recall the solicitude experienced in the transfer of one of this duet who was very ill. At 8.45 o'clock, however, we were all on board, and at 9.25 sharp the railway train was in motion for Glasgow. All the way the scenery was delightful; fine farms and in excellent state of cultivation.

I noted a large number of horned cattle and some horses—the former, without exception, spotted. A long stretch of the distance is devoted to agricultural pursuits. Nearing Glasgow we passed through several manufacturing towns—the most important I think must have been *Paisley*, where the celebrated Paisley shawls were once so extensively manufactured, but which now are comparatively obsolete. Arriving at Glasgow at 10.45 we were at once conveyed by "busses" to the *Central Station Hotel.* Distance twenty-five miles.

CHAPTER II.

Glasgow—Ayr—Edinburg.

Glasgow is the most populous city in Scotland, containing about 800,000 inhabitants, and is the third in wealth and commercial importance in the United Kingdom.

The map shows it to be on the Clyde and only a few miles from the place where it expands into an estuary. I observed that the buildings are largely of brick and many of them show considerable age. The public buildings are of stone and brick and substantially built.

The Central Station Hotel previously mentioned is new, capacious and elegant.

Appreciating the short time allowed us in Glasgow, I repaired at once, with a few others, to the great Cathedral in the north part of the city. I learned that the present edifice was erected at the close of the 12th century; is 320 feet long by 63 feet in width. The crypt, 108 feet by 72, is said to be the finest in the British Islands. With great vividness do I remember the magnificent windows of the latter, in elegant and expensive colors, one of which represents *John the Baptist*, also one back of the choir, presented by Queen Victoria, at not a little expense.

Taking leave of the Cathedral we next visited the

Necropolis—east of this sacred edifice—grounds 200 feet high, and which contain many fine and costly monuments, the most conspicuous one of which is that erected to the memory of John Knox, and after inspecting this and others, surveying the grounds and the beautiful slope opposite, and the so-called "bridge of sighs," significant only from its name, which so effectually spans the valley, practically making the two hills one—our little party repaired to the "station," procured tickets, and were soon on our way to Ayr, the land of Burns, and which we reached in due time. Ayr is forty miles from Glasgow and contains 18,000 inhabitants. It is a sandy plain, and is not far distant from the sea. Having arrived, and after selecting our coachman and guide, we were taken to the "twa brigs"—the old and the new—of the former of which Burns once wrote:

> "I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

And so we found it, for the bridge of 1788 was replaced by the present one in 1877.

"The old one is 600 years old and used only for a footpath."

We now set out for the home of Burns, passing the house of Lady Jane Hamilton, who cared for the former in his early life, and about whom he in his writings so tenderly wrote. A little beyond and still on our left is the famous clump of trees where the "twa dogs" fought, and about which this poet wrote, giving strong hints of some of the influences growing out of poverty and riches. Continuing our drive south we soon reached the "old cottage" of Burns—two miles

from Ayr. It stands on the right side of the road, a low, whitewashed structure with thatched roof, and contains two rooms. The first thing that attracted our attention was the portrait of Burns over the door, and beneath it the following inscription:

"Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof, the 25th June, A. D. 1759 — Died A. D. 1796—aged 37½ years."

After paying twopence, we entered, and stepping to the right found ourselves in the old room, where things are much "as in the days of yore,"—the very-much-worn, uneven, stone floor and the "high-grate" fireplace are unmistakable evidences of their antiquity.

In one corner was to be seen the famous spinning wheel of the poet's mother, and it is indeed a curiosity. The little window that this "Bard" mentions is in "statu quo,"—and near by is the very bed, "set in," covered by wire screen for protection, where this poet first saw the light.

After viewing these things and many more, we entered the apartment adjoining, which is of more recent date, and inspected the two famous chairs, named "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie," in which, and the little table on which he wrote so many of his poems. Busts, paintings and other mementos too numerous to mention are here. But we pass on. We next visited, one-fourth mile away, the church of Burns, known as the "Kirk Alloway." We found it roofless, but the walls remain in a fair state of preservation.

The belfry was intact, and the little bell was there to be seen. A sarcophogus in the western interior

of this building contains the remains, it is said, of the last Earl of Alloway. This building dates from 1516.

Ivy covered a portion of this structure, some of which I gathered as a souvenir. A cemetery surrounds the church, in which lies the poet's father. Our attention is now called on our right, in the distance, to the high hills of "Arran" and "Ailsa Craig," which contrast so beautifully with the placid waters of the Clyde between. It is said that the northern coast of Ireland can be seen from this vicinity, but I confess I only saw it in imagination.

We now passed across and down the street a few rods, when we reached the gate to the entrance into the enclosure containing the Burns monument. We paid twopence and were admitted and passed along a beautiful walk, on either side of which were tinted holly, china asters and pansies of rare size and beauty, at once to the monument. This memorial of stone, of Grecian style, is sixty feet high, the dome of which is supported by several large columns. We ascended to the top by winding stairs, from which a good view is obtained of the neighborhood. It was built in 1823.

We viewed several relics in this monument—a Bible, two drinking glasses, a snuff-box, two copies of Burns's poems (different editions), and on the wall a framed picture of Tam O'Shanter's witches pulling out the tails of the horses crossing, in fury, the "Brig of Doon." Near by in a grotto are the life-size stone figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie—the one treating the other. After viewing these we passed to the Brig across the Doon river, at only a stone's throw distance, and as we stood upon this famous old

arch inspecting the same and the banks and high hills of this quiet stream, we recalled the words of Burns:

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

But we must hasten back to the station, for the train is soon due.

All aboard, and at 8.45 p. m. we were in our hotel at Glasgow.

July 7th.—Having heard of *George's Square* as being somewhat unique in several respects, we resorted thereto early. Arriving, we found ourselves before a massive Doric style, eighty-feet-high fluted column, at the summit of which is a colossal statue of Walter Scott in standing pose. The grounds are laid out in becoming taste and adorned with well executed sculpture and bronze figures. In the northwest angle is a bronze statue of Sir Robert Peel. In the southwest the figure, colossal size, of James Watt, the inventor, in a sitting posture.

Within the Square are also bronze statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, both equestrian. In convenient localities stand the imposing figures of Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde and Robert Burns.

I can truly verify the statement that George's Square is well worth the time for inspection.

Not less interesting is the great Municipal Building, the eastern boundary of the Square; the exterior would not, perhaps, strike the eye of the beholder, but the interior certainly defies adequate description.

On entering we were politely conducted to the elevator, by which we were carried to the fourth story;

thence, proceeded to the head of the stairway, and directed to look down; there were successive steps of three stairways of the most elegant marble, with glistening alabaster balustrades of the most beautiful tints my eyes ever looked upon.

Next in their order did we inspect the reception and council rooms, and pronounce the uniqueness of design and elegance of embellishment to be of the very first order.

The great chandeliers in the former, provided for illumination by electricity, must when lighted present the appearance of pendent diamonds sparkling with amethystine splendor.

Surprised I was to learn that this superb edifice of such great magnitude and magnificence, recently built, cost but a little more than half a million dollars. I recommend to all tourists visiting Glasgow to be sure and inspect this wonderful building.

It had been for some time a query with me how this great city was supplied with water. I learned, however, that the latter is conveyed by aqueduct from Loch Katrine, forty miles distant; and, by the way, when on that lake afterward, I saw the great springs in the mountains, the sources thereof. It may be of interest, furthermore, to learn that the daily supply is twenty-three million gallons—more water per capita than is supplied to the population of any other city in the world.

There are so many things of such paramount interest in Glasgow, I found myself very loth to take leave of them, but 8 o'clock was near at hand—the time set for our departure.

At just 8, we were all aboard, with luggage adjusted. The whistle screamed the signal for starting, and in three minutes we were flying over the British railway, at the rate of at least a mile per minute, bound for *Edinburgh.*

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green," and many of them on every hand, greeted us, ere we reached our destination.

I may say right here, in passing, that the "road bed" is very fine in Great Britain—the rails resting on iron chairs over each tie insure speed, and the greatest safety to the traveler; but, in carriage accommodation, this and all the countries visited are in the "Dark ages," especially as respects toilet facilities. Common decency, it would seem, long ago would have prevented such an absence of propriety; however, to be practical, we must take things as they are, and not as they should be.

After sixteen miles delightful journeying, we passed the great *Dumbarton Rock and Castle*, the former standing in the Clyde at its junction with the Leven river, while the latter on the summit of the former was conspicuously seen at the imposing elevation of five hundred and sixty feet above her waters. I can now, as I did then, see these two peaks, one a little higher than the other, reach up and kiss the clouds so lazily hanging over them.

At just 9 o'clock we reached *Loch Lomond* at her southern point, and at once boarded a steamer preparatory to crossing her waters. This lake is twenty-four miles in length, seven in width and is said to be of great depth—also it is the largest lake in

Scotland. I do not wonder she has been dubbed "The pride of all lakes." Certainly, the wooded and mountain scenery along her borders defy description.

I recall the peculiar verdure of one of her islands—and there are many—known as *Inch Murrain*, as of the deepest green my eyes ever beheld.

In the distance, and to our right, *Ben Lomond* towers up somewhat more than three thousand feet, standing sentinel over all this region.

We most assuredly had a delightful sail up the lake for twenty miles, touching at *Luss* and at several other interesting points, finally dropping anchor at the terminus of our lake journey—*Inversnaid.* Near this pier is a charming waterfall, the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl."

From Inversnaid we ascended a high hill, on the summit of which were several open busses in waiting; immediately boarding these, we at once commenced our journey through the so-called "Highlands of Scotland." Our course was along the "Arklet" glen, a deep ravine, through which runs the stream bearing the same name, and terminating in the waterfall above mentioned.

How vividly do I remember the steep embankment of this ravine, and how near the "ragged" edge our "off" wheels revolved! It was along this route that one of our party, Mr. W. of the Springfield Republican, preceded us on foot, to see the sights and to gather bracken, thistle, wild roses, marguerites and the famous "Scottish heather," for all of which this gentleman seemed to have a more than ordinary taste and passion.

We noted on our right and left the "barren heaths" that lifted their irregular forms in the distance, looking so much to me like the "moth patches" that have so often come under my observation—all, nevertheless, beautiful by way of contrast of what our eyes witnessed about us. We were now one-half mile from *Lake Arklet*, appearing to our right at the base of a mountain, a little beyond which is the apology of a house where, says Walter Scott, the famous Rob Roy first saw the light.

We reached Loch-Katrine at 12 o'clock, and quiet and retiring are its dark waters. From its western extremity is seen, in the distance, Ben Ledi, towering high and crowning all other peaks. At this point of the lake is a fine hotel, where we were all provided with a generous lunch. At 12.35 p. m. we set sail, and after a delightful ride of nine miles reached the eastern extremity of the lake, known as the "*Trossacs* pier."

Busses were here also in waiting, at once mounting which we commenced our memorable drive through the "Trossacs" to the hotel by this name.

No one takes this route and ever forgets the manifold scenery along this inimitable highway. Mountainous peaks, serpentine vales interspersed with trees great in variety, size and of the most beautiful variegation of tinted foliage, with glens, cascades and vistas—an exact counterpart of which must not be looked for this side of "paradise."

Arriving at the "Trossacs House" at 2 o'clock we at once sat down to the most tempting viands that had hitherto been spread before us. I wish here to

go on record as saying that at this hotel I partook of the finest Southdown mutton that I believe ever slipped down the æsophagus of man. After this ever memorable repast we remounted the busses, resuming our journey, and reached Callender station at 4 p. m., just in time for the train at this point for Sterling, which latter place we reached at 5 o'clock.

Sterling is situated on the right bank of Forth river and contains 18,000 inhabitants. At once we set out on foot for the "Castle," for which Sterling is noted, one-fourth of a mile distant. Arriving, many things of historic interest were shown us by the "Castle guide." This massive structure is situated on the edge of a steep rock, and is truly imposing. A striking colossal statue of Robert Bruce graces the grounds fronting these ruins. Passing the gates, we entered a lonely, dingy apartment. Here a "grated" entrance to a darkened enclosure was shown us, within which enclosure we were seriously told lions and other wild beasts were for some purpose formerly kept.

We were now conducted to the southern walls, and shown from their lofty summit the former sporting grounds of Scotland's early kings. Proceeding thence northeasterly to "The Ladies' Lookout," we each surveyed the battle grounds of Bannockburn, where, in 1314, the decisive battle was fought between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, the Scotch under Bruce being the victors.

The serpentine Forth river is seen from this point to the northward, while toward the west could be seen *Ben Lomond*, Ben Ledi and other mountains in the

distance. Each remarked of the picturesqueness and grandeur of all this scenery.

Now entering the castle, we were first shown the apartment of Mary Queen of Scots, and afterward conducted to the apartment containing a variety of relics, such as spears, guns, battle-axes, and other weapons of warfare found on the fields of Bannockburn. Here also are the "pulpit" and communion table once occupied and made use of by the celebrated John Knox, of such Scottish fame, late in the 16th century. Thence we proceeded to the southeast side of the castle, and were there shown the so-called Douglas room, where the Earl of Douglas was killed by James II.

The mammoth armory on the west, for some reason, we were not permitted to enter. Taking now our leave of the castle, we took up our march for the station. On the way, near by, we were shown the so-called "Greyfriars" church, noted as being the place in which Mary Queen of Scots, and later, in 1567, James VI., her son, were crowned, John Knox on each occasion preaching the coronation sermon.

We left Sterling at 6.40 o'clock, passing, on the route, the large square palace ruins on our left at *Linlithgow*, where was born the said Mary Queen of Scots. Other places noted were of minor interest. It was just 8.30 o'clock when we reached Edinburgh. The distance from Glasgow by water and by land to this point is forty-six miles.

We at once repaired to the *Royal Hotel* close at hand on Princess street.

Though much fatigued we hardly knew the hour of

retiring; first because the sights were so very charming, and then again the day so lapsed into the night we were deceived as to the time; being one thousand miles further north than is New York, the day is prolonged, and reading can be done by the light of day till 10 p. m.

The difference in time between New York and Edinburgh, I noted, is four hours and fifty minutes.

CHAPTER III.

Edinburgh—Melrose.

July 8th.—Arose early and began the study of this elegant city—the capital of Scotland.

Edinburgh is built on three hills; is south of the Firth of Forth, and contains about 200,000 inhabitants.

The best view of the city is from "Calton Hill," which latter is one-half mile distant from our hotel, and marks the eastern termination of Edinburgh.

Accompanying a Rev., we ascended the "Nelson" monument which occupies this hill, and which towers up 300 feet above the sea level, and here viewed the city and its extended environs from all points of the compass. The observatory is near by, as is also the so-called National monument, consisting of twelve columns, and made to represent the Parthenon of Athens. Holy Rood palace and Abbey, river Forth in the distance, statues, castle, St. Giles church, university, Arthur's Seat, "Salisbury Crags"—the two latter mountain peaks, with many other things too numerous to describe, were seen by us and highly appreciated.

Edinburgh is divided into the west or new, and the east or old city.

We visited the former, taking note of her substantial public buildings, palatial residences, built, as are

the latter, on a crescent. In the afternoon we first visited on the east side, St. Giles church, and learned much of historic interest there. Saw the site where John Knox preached his last sermon; also took note of many battle flags suspended overhead in the nave, which must be of endearing interest to the Scotch.

Thence we proceeded to the famous *Castle* near by, in my judgment the most wonderful ruins of the kind observed in all our travels.

The rock on which it is placed was the site of a stronghold, it is said, before the earliest days of Scottish history; and here occurred many of the stirring events found in the annals of this interesting country.

Fronting the castle on the east is a large esplanade—the only entrance to the fort—about one hundred yards by one hundred and twenty, and which was once, we were told, a narrow ridge.

This was used for a long time as a place of execution. Many were here put to death, among others Lord Forbes, in 1538, for having conspired the death of James V.

On the north of these grounds we observed the cross-shaped monument erected by the 78th Highlanders in memory of their comrades who fell in India in the Sepoy mutiny. Near the castle is the bronze statue of Frederick Duke of York and Albany, son of George III.

We entered the fort by a drawbridge. Beyond this is the Guard House, and further up the ascent is the so-called Portcullis gate, over which is the old State Prison, where many illustrious captives have been confined.

The Argyle Battery is a little further on. A short distance brought us to the Armory, capable of holding 30,000 stand of arms, which we were not permitted to enter. Still ascending, we passed the Governor's House and the New Barracks. Next, through an old gateway, we passed to the citadel, the highest platform of the castle. Here we observed the small, historic building called the Norman Chapel, built by Queen Margaret in 1090. It was restored in 1853.

I remember its beautiful, stained-glass windows.

Opposite, on the King's Bastion, stands the large cannon, known as "*Mons Meg*," forged, it is said, at "Mons," in Belgium, in 1476. James IV. used it at the seige of Dumbarton in 1489, and elsewhere in 1497. It burst while firing a salute to the Duke of York in 1682; was removed to the Tower of London in 1754, and restored to Scotland through Walter Scott in 1829. It is formed of iron, held together by hoops, is thirteen feet long, twenty inches in diameter and weighs more than five tons. I gazed with admiration on this old historic piece of ordinance. In a southeasterly direction, facing us, was the so-called "Half-moon" Battery, constructed in 1574, near which is the electric apparatus that discharges the "Time Gun" close at hand, and by means of a wire extending to "Calton Hill" Tower, causes the large ball at its summit to fall every day at precisely 1 o'clock p. m.

Just at this point we looked over the parapet to observe the "little cemetery," in which choice dogs are buried and the graves "cutely" marked with headstones. Passing westward we soon entered a quad-

rangle one hundred feet square, the building on the south and east of which primarily, for centuries, formed the Royal Palace. We entered the southeast corner of the quadrangle, where is the room in which, in June, 1566, Queen Mary gave birth to James I. of England. This room, I remember, is small, with a ceiling of wooden panels, and is well preserved. Next we passed to the Crown room on the east side of the quadrangle, where the ancient regalia of Scotland are preserved. These consist of crown, sceptre, and sword of state. The crown bears the initials of James V., but is supposed to be as old as the days of Robert Bruce. The last monarch crowned with it was Charles II. The sceptre which was made for James V. is of silver-double-gilt, thirty-four inches long, surmounted with statues of the Virgin, St. Andrew and St. James. The sword is said to be of Italian workmanship, and was a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV., in the year 1507. These and the Lord Treasurer's rod of office, which we saw lying beside them, remained forgotten in this room, locked up in an iron-bound oaken chest from the 26th of March, 1707, till the 5th of February, 1818. The chest is here for inspection.

I should add that with the regalia we saw the royal jewels, which we were told were bequeathed by Cardinal York, the last of the Stewarts, to George IV., including the collar of the Order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; and a ruby ring set in with diamonds, worn by Charles I. at his coronation.

We now hastened to "Holy Rood Palace and

Chapel," pausing briefly on the way at the house of John Knox, which from its association with so distinguished a personage made it to us of great interest. Arriving at the Palace, our conductor paid the entrance fee and we entered. At this time we were treated with a little of the history of these ruins. We learned that this palace was once a convent, and owes its origin to David I. This king also founded, near the spot, the Church of the Holy Rood, and the Abbey became very wealthy. Here resided James IV. and James V. who built part of the palace, where are the apartments of Queen Mary. Having been partially destroyed, the present palace was built by Charles II.

We were now shown the Picture Gallery, where are represented many of the Scottish sovereigns, dating from 330 years B. C. to King James VII., and I should think from appearances the dates of their antiquity need no further proof of accuracy.

Next we were conducted into Lord Darnley's room, and here inspected the private stairway which the assassins of Rizzio ascended; thence to the Queen Mary's bedroom, through which Rizzio was dragged, and in which room is the identical bed the Queen occupied, and on which is all that remains of the once white spread—a piece not two feet square and of ragged margin.

Adjoining is a small private room, where is the stone on which the Queen knelt when married to Lord Darnley, and which event was celebrated in the chapel.

We now passed to the latter, and noted the slabs,

with their appropriate inscriptions, over the graves of David II., James II., James V., Lord Darnley, and others; after which we were led outside to inspect the massive and wonderful arch over the great doorway, which is of such unique design, ingenious carving, fret-work and adornment, we each concluded this matchless accomplishment ought to be considered as belonging to the "lost arts."

This chapel is said to have been built in 1140 A. D.

We next passed over to the west side and visited the great Statue Gallery there,—which, by the way, should never be inspected by both sexes at the same time.

Near by is the National Art Gallery. Among the choice selections here, the marble busts of Queen Victoria, Duke of Wellington, and the painting—"The finding of Moses"—are exceptionally fine.

In the afternoon we visited the "Bridge of Forth," nine miles distant. It is an iron structure, supported by piers—only rail—and is one and one-half miles in length.

On our return, we inspected the equestrian statues of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington, both colossal and of fine bronze.

July 9th.—Visited the so-called Greyfriars church, sacred to the Covenanters, and the extended grounds surrounding the former. This edifice is on the "East" side.

History notes that the first great man buried here was George Buchanan, the historian, poet and otherwise famous for having been the tutor of James VI. I saw the plain mark-stone to his memory, by which I learned he "paid the debt to nature" in 1582; also

in another part of the field I took note of the "Martyr's Monument." with the significant inscription, which I copied in full as follows, viz.:—

"From May 27th, 1661, that the most notable Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the 17th of February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same cause about 800—of whom were executed at Edinburgh about 100 of noblemen, ministers and others—noble martyrs for Jesus Christ." "The most of them lie here."

The monument of Henry McKenzie, who, as judge, decided against the Covenanters, and the memorable enclosure near by, where a large number were imprisoned for five months without shelter, and a very scanty allowance of food, because of their religious views, were each in their turn shown us.

In the old church, the great National Covenant was signed March 1, 1638.

We saw the interior of this famous edifice, which has been repaired and modernized since 1857.

Personally, I next visited the great National Museum of Scotland, which, by the way, is connected with Edinburgh's University. Mechanical, artistic, literary, anatomical and pathological specimens in great numbers are here displayed. These varied collections are simply immense and many truly wonderful.

Next I repaired to the "College of Surgeons," where, through the courtesy of Professor McGillivary, nephew of the celebrated Dr. M. Watson, who figured so conspicuously in the Crimean War, I was permitted to witness four surgical operations, including "Cho-

part's"—or amputation of the foot by a peculiar method. By a further extension of courtesy, I was also permitted to visit the medical and surgical museum, inspecting, as I did, many rare, morbid specimens, of interest only to physicians.

Scotland is a rainy country. I recall remounting a carriage on a certain occasion in the midst of a heavy shower, and discomfiture being expressed by a number on board, the driver turned and, for our comfort, coolly said: "This is only a 'Scottish mist.'"

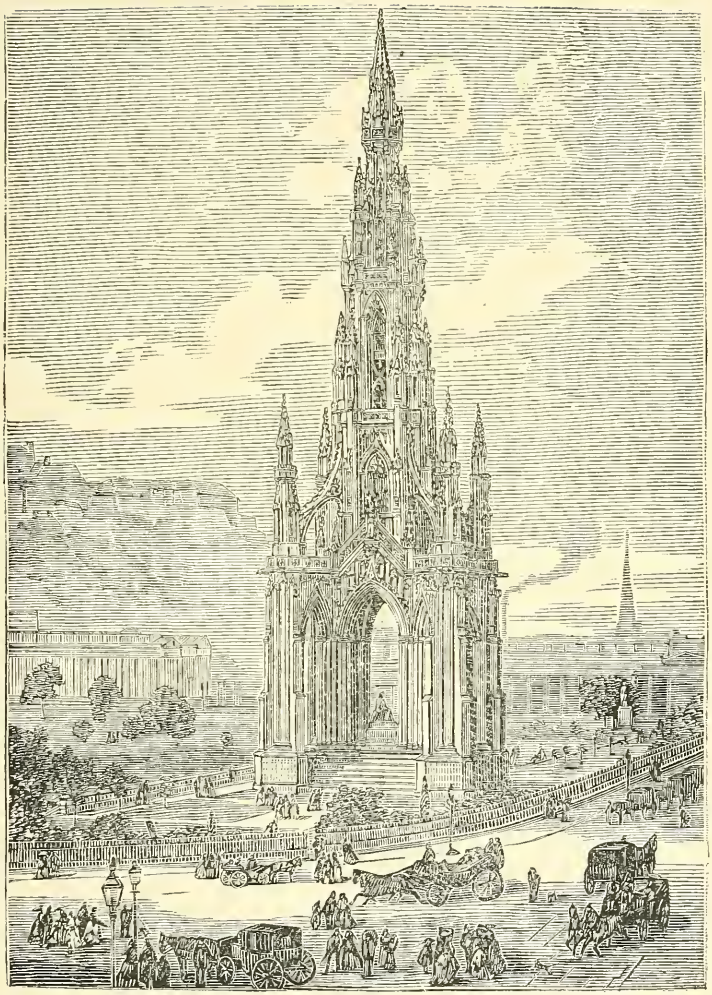
The crops are abundant — especially the grass; three "cuts" at least per season are realized, owing partly to the frequent showers, and as much, perhaps, also to a top-dressing of "nitrate of potash," so abundantly used by the Scotch.

The crops are "stacked" on the grounds instead of being housed; barns for the harvest being practically unknown in this region.

Opposite our hotel are grounds known as "Princess Gardens." They slope beautifully from the street of this name, to a ravine and river. This was our next resort. Over these grounds are interspersed trees and flowers tastefully arranged. The so-called "ribbon work" of some of the beds of the latter, and the English flowering maple, I recall as very handsome.

Scott's marble monument, nearly opposite the "Royal," is an elegant structure, two hundred feet high, including a Gothic spire, and Sir Walter is in a sitting pose beneath a gorgeous canopy. This memorial assuredly reflects great credit, taste and appreciation on the citizens of Edinburgh.

I must not omit to speak a word of praise for



SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

the Hotel Royal. A good table is provided, and cleanliness, which so often is unknown, is here a leading characteristic. Among the many palatable viands, I recall the largest and seemingly the most delicious strawberries that ever tickled my palate. Everything was all right about this house except its "elevator," which was out of repair and like most "lifts," of no practical utility whatsoever.

A few of our company were desirous of visiting, before retiring, the "site" of the birthplace of Scott, just across the street from the university, which, when done, we repaired to our respective apartments, and were soon in the "Land of Nod."

July 10th.—With deep regrets did we bid good-by this morning, which was cloudless, to lovely Edinburgh, and took our departure by the North British Railway for *Melrose*, arriving at 11.30 o'clock. We set out at once by carriage for "*Dryburgh Abbey;* after an enjoyable drive we reached the banks of the "Tweed," the dividing line, covered by a footbridge—which, by the way, from a peculiarity of its arrangement, so swayed as to produce the appearance if not the sensation, on our part while crossing, of those who have "tarried long at the wine," etc.

Having proceeded on foot at least a mile, we came to the famous abbey.

It was built in A. D. 1150. Among the many curiosities here is a large "Scottish" larch tree, standing in the center of what was once the parlor. The apartment adjacent is known as the "chapter" room, in which stands a large stone font, said to be of the seventh century. Near by is a "yew tree," a twig of

which I have as a souvenir, said to be seven hundred years old.

Within the abbey lie buried Walter Scott, his wife, son, and the remains of Lockhart, his biographer.

I remember, within the enclosure of this abbey, to have entered and inspected the dismal dungeon, where in olden time refractory nuns were confined. As a whole the abbey is a grand old ruins.

We now retraced our steps, and on the way lunched with a poor old Scotch lady; bread and milk was all she had, and it was very acceptable. Recrossing the little bridge we were soon on our way to Abbotsford, at which place we arrived in due time. The principal attraction here is the mansion of Sir Walter Scott. It is "cosily" situated under a hill, amid trees and evergreens, and on the left bank of the beautiful "Tweed." On entering we were first conducted to the "study"—a small, plain apartment in which is the large, peculiar chair, desk and a number of books last used by Scott. In a smaller room adjacent is the original "cast" of this distinguished man. We now advanced to the library, and were greeted with 20,000 volumes, tastefully arranged and in a good state of preservation. Here also are two chairs brought from Egypt, formerly presented to "Colonel" Scott, and over them is a life-size portrait of this son of Sir Walter; also, there is here a table of historic interest; and, moreover, adjacent is a glass-covered case, containing the "day-book" of Napoleon Bonaparte, small photos of Scott's "intended" with himself, and likewise many other curiosities. Near by is the "dormer" window, where, it is said, this "bard" so

often sat and whiled away many weary hours in his tedious literary work, drawing fresh inspiration from the clear waters of the lovely "Tweed" near by, which he greatly admired, and about which he so endearingly wrote.

We next passed to the drawing-room, on entering which we were charmed by the chief center of attraction here, which is its elegant chandelier; but we passed on to the armory, which contains many relics of warfare of interest. Among others are the two pistols of Napoleon, taken at Waterloo, the sword of Rob Roy, and that also of Col. Scott.

Lastly we visited the apartment containing the last suit of clothes worn by Scott. I saw the old white hat, checkered vest, plaid pants, blue coat with brass buttons, and cowhide shoes—which I am sure never pinched his feet—all within the substantial, glass-covered case, prepared with such care by his friends.

Farewell Abbotsford, with lingering regrets.

CHAPTER IV.

Melrose—York (England).

Remounting the carriages, after a most delightful drive of three miles we reached *Melrose Abbey*. The distance in round numbers, by the way from Edinburgh to this place, is forty miles. Like Abbotsford, Melrose is situated on the "Tweed," and is a famous resort to thousands annually. It was founded by David I. of Scotland, in A. D. 1136. I concluded from the ruins its abbey was once a superb structure. It is said that its Gothic architecture and sculpture are the finest to be seen in the country, and that modern architects have copied much from what remains of the walls. Of the monastery, the chapel is all that remains; the west end of the nave is gone. The south window, I have the recollection, is beautiful.

Near the eastern extremity on the right, is the site where, it is said, the heart of Bruce was buried; and near by, to the left, is where rest the remains of Walter, the second abbot, and midway between, Alexander II. is interred at the high altar. Many of the Douglas family lie buried within this enclosure—notably the distinguished "William."

I remember stepping outside the "cloister" on the northwest side of the chapel, the more effectually to observe the shattered walls—the result of Cromwell's

most terrific bombardment; but the most charming attraction here is the east window, which is thirty-seven feet high and sixteen feet wide. Viewed either from within or without, it is simply grand. Scott describes it much better than I can, and this he did while in a sitting pose on a "stone" within the abbey.

Here before this window he wrote concerning it the following:—

> "Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
> 'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
> And changed the willow-wreaths to stone."

At 6.30 o'clock we dined at the Abbey Hotel, which is near the ruins, and here put up for the night. In all respects we were well served; fish fresh from the Tweed was relished exceedingly.

July 11th.—In good time we repaired on foot to the station, and at 10 o'clock were on our way to York, England.

The beautiful fields, under cultivation, spoke well for the tillers of the soil all along the route, and as we crossed their borders, I must not fail to pay this compliment to Scotland's noble sons. I have found them intelligent, industrious, cleanly, enterprising, and a very courteous people.

We reached *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, Northumberland, England, at 12.45 p. m., about sixty-five miles from Melrose, and lunched at a restaurant in the station. This is a city of large manufactories, especially of locomotive engines, iron furnaces, etc. It is also famous for its so-called *High Level Bridge*.

At 1.40 we resumed our journey, passing through a large tract of level, cultivated lands in northeastern England, reaching *York* at 3.40 o'clock, having made the distance from Newcastle, of seventy-five miles, and proceeded at once on foot to the "*Northeastern Hotel.*"

CHAPTER V.

York to Harwich.

York is one of the oldest cities in England, and was in its glory two thousand years ago.

It has borne several names, but that from which its present name is derived is "Jorvick," pronounced by the Danes "Yorwick."

It was made a military station by the Roman general Agricola, A. D. 70. Septimius Severus died and was buried here. Here also Constantine the Great was born. Several Roman emperors, it is maintained, lived and held court here during the first three centuries of the Christian era. The present number of inhabitants is 67,000.

This is the only city in Great Britain, London excepted, that has a Lord Mayor, and it is of interest to learn that here the first Parliament was convened.

The first thing specially attractive, on entering York, are its unique walls, two miles in length, and which encircled the original city. They were built primarily by the Romans, have doubtless since under gone repairs and are now in good condition.

I made a delightful circuit of the city, on the summit of these walls, soon after reaching this quaint old town. From thence we saw the "Ouse" river—a dirty stream running through the city; also the

Minster Cathedral, St. Mary's Abbey, St. Leonard's Hospital, the Multangular Tower, and many other objects of interest.

July 12th.—This morning we attended services at the cathedral; a large audience was present, and a canon officiated, preaching from First Chronicles, twenty-sixth chapter and sixth verse. Music was dispensed from a mammoth organ, and the services were generally sublimely impressive.

After services we inspected this edifice the best we could, but first learned a little history of its site and previous occupancy.

"The first building for Christian worship here was of wood, and erected by Edwin, King of Northumbria, in 627; afterward Edwin built a church of stone, but it was soon destroyed by Penda, the Pagan, and later was thoroughly restored by Oswald. After a series of destructions and alternate restorations, it was finally rebuilt in 'Norman' style by Archbishop Thomas, in the year 1080."

Some portion of the columns are yet in the crypt, as are also ruins of columns of Saxon origin and style antedating the former, each in a good state of preservation.

The present structure dates from 1215 to 1472. Twice since that time it has been set on fire, and soon afterward repaired. Thus we come down to the present minster. It is built of limestone, is 515 feet in length, and of a number of styles of architecture.

This being the first *great* cathedral observed, I naturally gave it particular attention. Its interior is certainly well worth studying.

The "verger" preceeded us by the south entrance, a little way along the south transept, and then directed our attention to the beautiful rose window over the door of said entrance. The rich and variegated hues of the sections of glass composing the same are not soon to be forgotten. Our attention was next directed to the window in the north end of the said transept, known as the "five sisters," which in reality is five windows in one, and measures fifty-three and one-half feet in length. The design of each is unlike the others, and are indeed a marvel of both skill and facinating beauty.

We now made a general survey of the nave, which is 212 feet in length, with massive columns on either side, and viewed with awe the interior of the two west towers, which rise to the dizzy altitude of more than 200 feet.

The "Chapter" House, which we next inspected, I recall as being of exceptionally rare design and elaborate workmanship.

Its diameter is sixty-two feet, and its height no less than sixty-four and one-half feet, while its dome is mysteriously supported without pillars.

The choir, where services are conducted, is 156 feet long, and contains a fine altar. Outside the west end of which and to the northward, are statues in a row, in sculptured stone, representing fifteen kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Henry VI.

While all the above scenery is indeed captivating, there yet remains one other object of entrancing interest, which is known as the "east window," and which is said to be the largest in the world. It is

nearly seventy-seven feet in length, and in width is no less than thirty-two feet, and was several years in the process of construction.

The matchless genius displayed in its design, and the marvelous exhibition of variegated tints and richest hues in these uncounted sections would tax, in its description, the imagination of an angel; but we must bid good-by to all these scenes and their environs.

We next proceeded to *St. Leonard's Hospital*, situated on "Museum" street, and near the "Ouse." A part of the ruins, at least, are truly imposing. I recall the numerous pillars so substantially supporting a succession of arches, and all of "Norman" architecture. This hospital was founded in 936, for the sick and indigent poor.

Near by is the greatest curiosity of York, which is the so-called *Multangular Tower*, having ten sides, and is of Roman design.

We were informed that it was erected in the second century of the Christian era. I took note of several stone coffins contained within the walls, which are said to be of Roman origin.

Moving on, and soon passing the *Museum*, a modern and beautiful edifice, we shortly came to the ruins of *St. Mary's Abbey*. But little remains of this once superb and imposing structure. It is sacred from its associations.

We were told that it was largely demolished during the reign of Henry VIII., its stones being converted into many institutions in and about the city.

In the evening, by invitation, I attended religious

services in a small, old wooden building, and completed the audience of a "baker's dozen," and listened attentively to a sermon by a "lay preacher," which—far be it from me to criticise, as I sincerely believe he did the best he could.

One thing more I will mention, which is regretfully said before taking our departure, and that is, our hotel accommodations have not *in the least* reminded us of those enjoyed at the "Royal" in Edinburgh.

July 13th.—We left York on the 12.40 p. m. train for *Harwich*, and it is tamely said, if we only mention that the sights all along the route through south-eastern England were charmingly elegant—the land level and the fields, like those of Scotland, under a high state of cultivation, where sheep and cattle in large numbers were seen to abound.

Passing a number of cities of apparent importance, and touching at Lincoln, Spaulding and Ely at 6.45 o'clock, we arrived at *Harwich*, repairing at once to the Great Eastern Hotel. The distance from York is 200 miles.

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CHAPTER VI.

Harwich—Rotterdam—Amsterdam—Harlem—The Hague.

After dinner and a quiet rest, we repaired, at 8.45 o'clock, to the boat at the harbor close at hand, and near the mouth of the "Stour" river, and there waited our departure, which was to be across the North sea, for Rotterdam. Though advertised to sail at 9 o'clock, the "gang-plank" was not drawn in until 10.45, at which time we bade a temporary good-by, at least, to old England and was soon on our way to the Continent. We were rather overcrowded and the sea was quite rough, and as a result some were seasick, and as many otherwise ill from necessary exposure. On the whole it was, in very deed, an uncomfortable passage.

July 14th.—I was on deck early, and in time to witness our entering the majestic River Maas, which was at 6.30 o'clock. I shall never forget the numerous windmills all in motion on our left, and the thousands of gin casks piled up on our right, ere we reached our destination. Our baggage having been inspected, we came into harbor, dropped anchor, and were at Rotterdam at just 8.30 a. m. Distance 140 miles. Immediately boarding carriages in wait-

ing, we commenced our memorable drive, which embraced the park and the principal streets of the city.

Rotterdam, pre-eminently a Dutch city, is situated at the confluence of the "Rotte" and "Maas" rivers in South Holland, and is said to be the second in the Netherlands. Nothing of *special* interest noticeable here, except that many of the buildings are quite lofty, being from four to six stories in height. Our drive was consummated on reaching the railway station—an imposing structure, characteristic, by the way, of most of the buildings of this order, as was noticeable in all of our travels.

We arrived at 10.30, and here obtained a plain lunch. On this occasion we had our first experience in the exchange of currency.

I may say in passing, that most of our company had provided themselves with the so-called "cheque-bank-checkque"—paper which is convertible into the moneys of all European countries. Of course we had English money with which we had provided ourselves for incidentals while in Scotland and England, and as the crown, half-crown piece, florin or shilling had to be given, according to what we most conveniently had on hand, in exchange for the guilder (or Dutch florin) or cents in settlement, the reader can imagine the "crazy quilt" confusion indicated on our part in adjusting this little bill.

We left for Amsterdam by the 11.30 o'clock train, touching at Delft Haven, only a few miles distant, which place I remember from its many old brick buildings. It is well-known to be historic, also as the place from which the Pilgrims departed for the United

States, in the year 1620; moreover, it is memorable for the assassination of William I., Prince of Orange, which occurred in 1584. The balance of the route may be said to be noted for its level lands, lengthy canals, windmills, and a few beautiful rivers.

Arriving at Amsterdam at 1.30, we repaired by carriages at once to Hotels "*Amstel*" and "*Rondeal.*" Distance from Rotterdam, fifty miles. Our accommodations at both houses were excellent. I was very much charmed with this lovely city; it is of chief importance in the Netherlands, and is the capital of North Holland. Amsterdam is situated at the confluence of the "Amstel" with the Ij or Y—the latter an arm of the Zuyder Zee, and contains a population of 300,000. On account of the lowness of the "site," which was originally a salt marsh, the greater part of the city was built on piles, the latter driven to a depth of forty or fifty feet. There are many canals that run through the city, five of which supply all the rest. A number of these it was my pleasure to witness. By the intersection of these canals, the city is divided into ninety-five small islands, which are connected by 600 bridges—the whole presenting the appearance of a beautiful crescent. The circumference of the city is eight and one-half miles.

While Amsterdam boasts of many fine buildings, the most elaborate and attractive, I think, is the *Palace.* This was originally built for the *Town Hall* in 1638, but changed into what it is by Louis Bonaparte, on his accession to the throne as king of Holland in 1806.

Our first business was to inspect this edifice. Ex-

teriorly viewed, it is massive and imposing. It stands on 13,659 piles.

On entering we were first conducted into the Queen's room, thence in order to the Chamberlain's apartment, hall of justice, tea-room, sitting-room, bedroom (the latter occupied but two weeks previously by the German emperor), dining and ante rooms. The throne-room, in which are many flags, trophies of the Spaniards by the Dutch, and the great ballroom, said to be the most capacious of any apartment of its kind in all Europe.

I remember its walls are faced with white marble and richly adorned with exquisite "bas-relief," while all the other apartments are profusely decorated with paintings and sculpture, evidently the work of masterly minds. 15th.

We next visited the so-called New Church, though some portions of it were built in 1408. I remember particularly the interior of this edifice from a striking monument, among other curiosities, erected to the memory of Admiral Ruyter, who, it is said, sailed up Medway and burned the English fleet, once upon a time, at Chatham. A large wreath of evergreens, laid upon the figure of a marble sculptured hero, within this sacred enclosure, only a few days previously, by the German emperor, was unique and very impressive.

Other attractive features remembered concerning this church, are the seventy-five gorgeous windows and the colossal organ, which once seen can never be forgotten.

Of the thirty-four churches in Amsterdam, this one is, I think, the only one inspected. We did, however,

enter one of the seven synagogues in the city and hastily passed through it. It may well be conjectured that with forty thousand Jews in this city, the attractiveness of their worship must, to the novitiate, be of exceeding interest. The only object of special interest in the above mentioned synagogue, is the large wooden pulpit of exceeding peculiarity of design, and of much taste and genius displayed in the elaboration of its construction.

Our next place of visitation was the *Great Museum.* Here are oil paintings, said to be no less than four hundred years old. Among the many, I specially observed the "Night Watch," by Rembrandt, executed in 1642; Ruben's "Taking Christ down from the Cross;" the celebrated "Battle of Waterloo" and Douw's "Evening School"—the latter showing the effect of candlelight—and I pronounce them all as, indeed, super-excellent.

It was now 1 o'clock, and we bade adieu to lovely Amsterdam.

All-aboard for *The Hague.* Soon we reached *Haarlem* on the route, and at once repaired on foot to the celebrated church of "St. Bavan," where we listened to an inimitable organ concert. The music of this world-renowned instrument, in magnitude, but few its equal—containing, as it does, 5,000 pipes and sixty stops—suggested what may be the "harmonies of heaven."

This church, completed in 1516, is memorable for the mutilation it received in 1560, during the Spanish siege—a cannon ball, which I observed, being left in its walls as a memento thereof.

It is said that in this vicinity, at this time, about 10,000 sacrificed their lives.

The time allotted us here having expired, we hastened to the station, were soon "shut in" to our compartments, and immediately were on our way at fearful speed, touching a few minutes at Leiden and a few other points of less interest, arriving at *The Hague* at just 4.50 p. m. Distance by the way of Haarlem from Amsterdam, forty-three miles.

CHAPTER VII.

The Hague—Scheveningen—Antwerp—Brussels.

The Hague, the residence of the Royal family, is a beautiful city of 100,000 inhabitants, and the latter, I judge, are an enterprising people.

While Amsterdam is the capital of the Province of North Holland, The Hague is the capital of the Netherlands.

The city is situated two miles inland from the German ocean. What was particularly noteworthy on entering the city was that the streets—the principal ones of which are wide—are paved with light-colored brick, closely and neatly fitted. Passing the imposing bronze statue of "William the Silent" and some lofty buildings, after a mile's drive from the station, we reached the hotels "d. l. Europe," and "Pauliz."

Among the objects of exciting interest in this place, is the "Old Prison," of truly hideous memory, which was erected in 1402.

A great variety of instruments of torture, for bone breaking, for tearing open the back, and for separating the limbs from the body, by a slow wrenching process, etc., etc., all diabolical in conception and hellish in their work of destruction—instruments of the old "Spanish Inquisition"—are to be found within these walls. Distinctly do I recall, besides these hid-

eous means of torture, in one apartment the very site where stood the culprit, while water dropped onto his head till death ensued from insanity; near to hand is an apartment, where the unfortunate victims, who could see and smell the aroma of the most tempting and delicious viands, *literally starved to death.*

We were shown outside the walls, not far distant, the place of the execution of the lamented Cornelius DeWitt and other notable personages.

Well, the reader will be glad to have these scenes dismissed, and it is as much of a pleasure for me to turn away from them, and to sights more modern and congenial.

July 16th.—This morning we repaired to the *Art Gallery;* the choiest paintings are Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson," and Potter's "Bull"—both productions certainly the par-excellence of perfection.

Next in order of visitation is the palace, through which we passed, visiting the following apartments as follows:—

Queen's toilet-room, State bedchamber, small ballroom in which is a $39,000 chandelier containing eighty candles, and an elegant painting of William II., next the large ballroom, following which is the tea-room. Within these apartments I observed a granite vase of rare beauty, donated by Siberian prisoners. Busts of Rubens, Rembrandt, and a souvenir table contributed by Pope Pius IX. The last room inspected was the most unique and beautiful of all, known as the Japanese room, which latter contained furniture belonging to this nationality, and for exquisitness of design and finish, is beautiful beyond description.

I learned that there were fourteen churches and two synagogues in the city, none of which did we visit. The "Dutch Reform" religion is in the ascendency at The Hague, though the Catholics are next in the order of numbers.

I must here state, lest I forget it, that in this city I saw in operation the first and only "storage-battery" electric tram-cars while in Europe—and only here used on a level track, and quite restrictively at that; also here is to be seen the primitive "yoke," made to fit the neck and shoulders, with arms extending laterally for the purpose of burden-bearing, and much used by the "plebeians."

The carrying of heavy loads on the head, so often illustrated in oriental pictures, is a thing of reality, as was by myself often witnessed here at The Hague.

In the afternoon we repaired to the famous "watering place" and summer resort, Scheveningen, three miles distant, the means of transportation being by rail. Our attention was called, on the route, to the capacious Zoological Gardens, where a variety of animals and birds were on exhibition; also to *Deer Park*, where I was particularly struck by the large number of rein and fallow deer. The cleanly appearance of these animals, and the elegant grounds over which they were permitted to roam, impressed me all the more of the good degree of civilization to which the Dutch have attained.

Arriving at Scheveningen, which is situated on the coast of the North or German sea, with one consent we pronounced it the most delightful resort we had found hitherto. The shore grounds are a mile in

length, and covered with a fine, light-colored sand. I have now before me a number of little striped shells, which were gathered as a souvenir along this lovely beach. The sea is broad and extensive, and its cool, refreshing surf bade us repeated welcome in loud, emphatic acclaim.

The great Theatre building, with band stand posing aloft on the beach, are truly objects of positive admiration.

Drinking in this matchless scenery, and, with expanded lungs, no less the invigorating, balmy air, we remained here even longer than the allotted time, when we returned by another route, and by "tram-cars," through the most extensive and beautiful grove of trees, of rarest symmetry and verdure, with promenades and vistas in every direction, suggestive of the far-a-way "Promised Land."

Arriving and partaking of a sumptuous dinner at our hotels, we afterward attended to the pleasing business of the necessary "shopping," providing ourselves with the "souvenirs" so suggestive of this inimitable country.

July 17th.—We arose early this morning, for our departure must be in good season, breakfasting and thanking the two landlords, one of whom was a "little schemey," we bade farewell to place and people, perhaps forever, and at 8.30 o'clock sharp the whistle screamed and we were soon rapidly on our way to *Antwerp*, Belgium. The scenery along the route was exceedingly rural—nothing especially noteworty, except the great open bridge, which is, indeed, a curiosity, over the Rhine.

Arrived at Antwerp at 12 m. Distance, eighty miles. Antwerp is situated on the "Scheldt" river, and is the first commercial city of Belgium. The docks, dock-yards, basins and harbor (all built by Napoleon I.) greatly facilitate the shipping interests, the latter not second, perhaps, to any other country on the Continent.

The first object of interest to which we now directed our steps was the Cathedral of Notre Dame, "which is said to be the largest and most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in the kingdom." On the way we were shown the colossal granite monument of the artist "Teniers"; further on, the house where lived Rubens, and still further on we inspected the mammoth Exchange of Antwerp. Not far distant from the latter is the finely executed statue of Rubens. In three minutes we reached and entered the cathedral. The chief attraction within its walls is Rubens' "*Descent from the Cross*," executed in 1610—generally considered his masterpiece, and is on canvass. It is simply indescribable. The characters represented are nearly life-size. The head of Christ has fallen to the right side; there are blood stains on his brow, side, and feet; Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea and others are tenderly taking down the body, and all wear an expression of the deepest sorrow.

In the opposite transept, is the "Elevation of the Cross," and is also very impressive. I remember, moreover, witnessing, over the high altar of the choir, the celebrated "Assumption of the Virgin," executed in 1620; and still another known as "The Resurrection"—all by Rubens, and above criticism.

In another part of the building, we saw confessional boxes belonging to the 16th century. The representation of the death of the "Madonna," also within this sacred enclosure, surrounded by "bas-relief," is exceedingly fine.

This cathedral boasts of *seven aisles*, which is the largest number found in any cathedral in the world.

We now passed out, and proceeded directly to St. Paul's church, passing the elegant "Hôtel de Ville," situated in the so-called *Grand Place*, which, to be appreciated, must surely be seen.

Reaching St. Paul's, we entered an enclosure situated on the right, and here is a "model of Calvary." A slight ascent soon brought us up to the foot of the hill, near the summit of which appears the crucifixion scene. Underneath this hill there is an excavation, in which is the represented sepulchre of our Saviour, near which are saints and angels. Over against the tomb is an enclosure, before which is an iron fence, the former representing "*Perdition*," in which are the ghastly impenitent wretches literally roasting in the fires of hell.

Retracing our steps we soon found ourselves within this elegant edifice. It is of the 16th century. The first object to which our attention was called is the "Flaggelation of Christ"; this painting was also by Rubens, and executed in 1617. It was uncovered for the occasion. It really did seem as though I could see the blood trickle down that guileless body, as those "fiends" were making the inhuman infliction. It seemed so much a reality, we instinctively turned away and caught the opposite spirit as we gazed upon

the "Adoration of the Shepherds." The "crucifixion scene," to which our attention was next directed, was truly solemnly impressive. Our conductor, Dr. Crunden, notified us that our time was up, and we hastened to the station. At 3.15 o'clock we were on our way to the next destined place—*Brussels*, where we arrived at 4.30, and repaired to "*Hotel de l'Empereur.*" Distance, twenty-eight miles.

CHAPTER VIII.

Brussels—Waterloo—Cologne.

Brussels, situated on the "Seune" river, is the capital of Belgium, and contains about 500,000 souls. It is a charming city, of broad and cleanly streets, and well-preserved buildings.

Soon after our arrival, a few of our company made a "tour," by "tram-cars," around the city, observing the life and social habits, the best we could, of the people at their gardens and other places of amusement. I never witnessed a better illustration of the statement that "it takes but a precious little more to please a man than it does a boy" than when watching the manifestation of exuberance on the part of the natives at their "jolly-go-rounds," which are numerous, and at other places of festivity.

I vividly recall the buildings of the Botanical Gardens and their elegant environs, in this connection, as being above and beyond the criticism of the most fastidious.

Our first night at Brussels was most delightful, as the hotel facilities were of the highest order.

July 18th.—The morning was cloudless. A few of us, after an early breakfast previously arranged, took the 6.30 train for Waterloo, which is situated nine miles southeasterly from Brussels. Arriving at the

nearest station, an open "buss" conveyed us a mile to the battlefield. On the way we had, I think, our first experience with children beggars, who followed "hard on," and crying plaintively "centime"—pronounced "saunteen"—a small coin of French money.

A few plain, whitewashed houses are near the "field."

On arrival, the "guide," an old man, preceded us up the so-called "Lion Mount." This wonderful structure is 200 feet in height, and more than this in diameter at its base, and is ascended by 227 stone steps. It is surmounted by the figure of a lion, of cast iron, in six pieces, weighing twenty-eight tons, and, it is said, stands over the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded.

This monarch of beasts is in standing pose, looking southward—towards France—with revengeful eye, and also expressive of "eternal vigilance."

This massive structure, the mount, is composed of the soil of the so-called "sunken" road near by, and was carried thence in buckets by men and women, largely by the latter, and years were consumed in the process of its construction.

Beneath it lie the remains of 9,000 men—French, Dutch, Prussian, and Belgian soldiers.

From the summit of this mount is a magnificent and widely extended view.

Waterloo is a wide and nearly level plain, and though somewhat attractive, would not be more so than the surrounding country, but for its significant and thrilling associations.

Having since a lad been interested in Napoleonic

history, and as this memorable battlefield, on which this the greatest of men figured so conspicuously in its entirety, lies spread out before me, to witness which had been the dream and desire of a lifetime, and as within the scope of my vision the most important culmination of events of centuries, to Europe, and in fact to the world, were consummated, it will not be surprising that I studied somewhat closely these fields, and the position of the armies and their leaders, as they were marshaled on that eventful day.

I hardly know where or how to begin the task before me, every foot of ground is freighted with such vital and momentous interest.

It is greatly to be regretted, at the onset, that I can only present what is to be described at this time, without map or chart, leaving it altogether to the reader to draw upon his imagination to depict the scenes of a single day's sanguinary tragedy—up to that time matchless in the annals of modern warfare. I will locate the forces as best I can.

It was the eventful 18th of June, A. D. 1815—the day when, some one has said, "the clock of the universe was set back a half century."

We were now directed by our guide to look in the distance, eastward, where Blucher's army was in line, numbering 51,000 Prussians, facing westward, extending widely both north and south; next to the northeast we directed our vision to behold the allies consisting of British, German, Dutch, Hanoverians, Belgians, etc., in round numbers more than 69,000 men, Wellington in command, who were with measured step advancing in direction southwesterly—or toward

where we stood. From the south and southwest, the French army, 72,000 strong, Napoleon in command, were marching to give battle to the "allies," moving in a north and northeasterly direction, or toward where we stood.

A little to the southeast of the mount, our attention was directed to the so-called "open field," which, in a desperate struggle, was captured by the French, under Marshal Ney, though later retaken by the "allies." A little further south are the buildings clearly showing the marks of bombardment and mutilation received on this occasion. One and three-quarter miles to the south, we noted the chief position of Wellington early in the day. The two monuments, "Gordon's" and the "Hanoverians'," are situated one-half mile to the east of our position. Wellington advancing, made, later in the day, his headquarters contiguous to these grand memorials, while, one mile south, on the old highway, at the little white house known as "Decoster's," were the headquarters of Napoleon.

Late in the day, after a most sanguinary struggle, Blucher's army was seen rapidly moving towards our position to reinforce Wellington, who was nearing the position northwest of the mount. Marshal Ney "the bravest of the brave," was moving from the south in a northerly direction, to give battle to these combined and bloodthirsty forces. Napoleon had now advanced also to the northward one-half mile, re-forming into three squares, at this point, his "Imperial Guard," for that awful final charge!

The hallowed grounds where now stands this mount,

and the not less sacred soil immediately west and southwest thereof, are memorable as determining the fate of Waterloo. As I gazed upon these gory fields of matchless heroism and prowess, I seemed to see these hostile battalions of Wellington and Ney grapple in the death struggle for victory, Napoleon's Guard voluntarily throwing themselves into the breach, and, just on the eve of success, Blucher, the Prussian dragoon, at the head of his fresh, bloodthirsty forces coming to Wellington's aid at the opportune moment, to turn the tide of battle, at 8.15 o'clock, just as the sun, in shame and sorrow, was hiding behind the welcome western hills; and, in imagination, I saw also the 40,000 human souls, dead and dying, piled in heaps upon these gory fields of Waterloo. The die was cast—the decree of the "fates" was now realized.

Descending the mount, we hastened to the *Museum* near by, and inspected a few of the relics therein contained. Among other curiosities, a pair of Napoleon's silver spurs, several pieces of his kitchen utensils, the sword of General A. McDonald, also autographs of Napoleon, Wellington, Grouchey, McDonald, and others.

Returning by the route we came, we arrived at Brussels at 10 a. m., and at once repaired to the *Palace of Justice*, which we proceeded to inspect.

This is truly a superb and imposing edifice, and of recent construction. Its dimensons are 656 by 558 feet, larger than St. Peter's at Rome, and in fact, ranks as one of the largest public buildings in the world.

On entering, I observed at the foot and on either side of the stairway, the colossal statues of Lycurgus and Demosthenes, which, from their majestic pose, were very striking.

The *Central Hall*, 280 feet in height, elegantly decorated, is indeed a magnificent sight to behold.

The apartment known as "The High Court of Appeals," which was in the process of completion, reflects great credit on the artist, as a genius of rare merit. Never shall I forget the scene witnessed on entering the "court" room, in which a man was being tried for murder; the counsel for the defence was intensely in earnest for his client, if we may judge from the rapidity of utterance and the emphasis of his numerous gesticulations. The French, Flemish, English languages and "Walloon" dialect are all spoken in Brussels, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, this attorney was making the best possible use of all these "tongues," the more surely to effect the acquittal of the murderer.

Our next object of visitation was the *Royal Chapel*, in which the most noticeable scene is that of the painting of the *Crucifixion*. We passed to the great *St. Gudule Cathedral*, the largest in Brussels, taking note on the route of the striking monument of Leopold I. The Catholics were piously at their devotions, as we entered their place of worship, which necessitated our passing quietly through, noticing, however, particularly the elegant pulpit, representing, as it does, the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

This edifice is Gothic in architecture, belongs to the

12th century, and contains two towers of more recent date, that are 264 feet in height.

Thence we now passed direct to the *Hotel de Ville.* It stands near the so-called "Grand Place," and is memorable for its tragic and romantic history, and it has been said that no other "has probably remained through so long a period, so entirely unchanged in its prominent features."

Outside, and near the building, we were shown the "site" where both Counts Egmont and Horn, notable characters, were executed.

Near this site are monuments erected to their memory.

The hotel is pretentious, its spire of great height, and the edifice is said to be the most beautiful of its kind in all Belgium.

Its interior is truly exquisite. After having admired the taste and delicate touches of choice paintings in a number of the apartments, we were conducted to the great *ballroom*, in which were many specimens of elegant Flemish tapestry work of unique pattern and delicate finish.

This is the famous apartment in which, it is said, Wellington participated in the hilarious festivities, the very night preceding the eventful day of Waterloo. Emerging from this room quietly into one adjacent, known as the "marriage" room, we were just in time and luck to witness the ceremony of a "happy union," and which I recall as being not essentially unlike that which "ties the knot" in our New England. We were here informed that this is the identical room in which Counts Egmont, Horn

and others were condemned to execution, which event occurred on the 4th of June, 1568, and their execution the day following.

Returning to our hotel at 12 o'clock, we learned that "tour A" was ended; we also learned that our conductor, Dr. Crunden, who had been with us from the beginning, at this time severed his relations with the party, and his successor, a Mr. Latuselle, who was now with us, immediately assumed command. Partaking of a bountiful luncheon, we hastened to prepare for our departure, not, however, until kind words of appreciation had been expressed toward Dr. C. for his skill, fidelity and uniform courtesy to us all, and which to him seemed very pleasing.

At 1.45 o'clock, we left Brussels for Cologne, and at 5 o'clock reached a station—the first in Germany—where our baggage successfully passed the "custom house," after a rather rigid inspection, when we resumed our journey, passing through, as we did, an undulating, picturesque region, finally reaching the historic city, Cologne, Germany, at 7.30 o'clock p. m. Distance, 138 miles.

CHAPTER IX.

Cologne—Mayence.

By the way, right here, let me say that the question, since my return home, has often been asked, "Do you recall any peculiar odors while at Cologne?" and of a truth, I have ever answered the question in the affirmative.

On coming into the city, there was introduced to my "olfactories" such a combination of odors that I really believe asafœtida and sulphurated hydrogen gas would have been indeed "a sweet smelling savor" in comparison thereto. So abiding was it with me for a season, and so did it impress me, as I mention the matter it seems to reproduce itself; but lest further dwelling upon the subject may intensify this odor, I dismiss it now and forever.

Well, arriving at the station, we at once found the carriages expressly provided, by which we were soon conveyed to the *Victoria Hotel.*

Cologne, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, containing a population of 170,000 souls, was a "Roman Colony" early in the Christain era, though annexed to the German empire in A. D. 870.

It may be of interest to know that Agrippina, wife of Emperor Claudius, was born here.

While Cologne is beautifully situated, like many

other cities, "*distance lends enchantment to the view.*" I made a private detour among the "slums" and "rookeries," and though the metropolis contains many elegant buildings, there are also many of a very low order, and my opinion is the city needs all the cologne here manufactured, and much more to keep sweetened.

July 19th.—After a refreshing sleep and a generous breakfast, it being the Sabbath, in due time we repaired to the most noted cathedral in Germany, which is, by common consent, one of the wonders of the world. I will briefly refer to it.

Its first stone was laid in 1248. The choir was completed in 1322. The aisles of the "nave" finished in 1509. Frederick William commenced the transept in 1842. The aisles, nave and transept were consecrated in 1848; the whole thrown open in 1863. The two towers, each 511 feet high, were not completed till 1880.

The building is 511 feet in length and 231 feet in width. The style is Gothic, and good judges say it is the most perfect specimen, taken as a whole, to be found in existence.

The cost of the edifice, as it now stands, is $4,500,000.

Not soon shall I forget this morning service, nor the interior grandeur of this temple of worship. Let the reader try to picture its magnitude and embellishments by the exercise of his imagination.

The attendance at "mass" was very large; before the altar incense was burned with all the solemnity and zeal of the Mosaic dispensation.

The singing from a select choir, was really soul-inspiring.

In a convenient locality, I observed a striking figure, full size, of Christ in lying pose, evidently representing the beginning of the preparation of his body for burial; before which image many bowed and crossed themselves with the most intense devotion. I noticed one mistake about the body, however, and that is the "gash" representing that made by the spear of the Roman solider *was too low down, and* still less pardonable, *it was on the wrong side!* but what difference can this make with these poor, deluded worshipers, unwittingly breakers of the second commandment of the "Decalogue?"

We next visited the church of *St. Ursula*, which is of exciting interest. Doubtless the reader is familiar with the legend that Saint Ursula, the daughter of a British King, once upon a time made a pilgrimage to Rome, accompanied by 11,000 virgins. On returning they were massacred at Cologne by the "Huns," because they continued faithful to their vows.

It was our opportunity to witness many bones, said to be of these virgins, contained in a glass-covered receptacle, at a considerable elevation and extending around an apartment within this edifice—a novelty indeed, and of quite noteworthy interest.

At the *Museum*, to which we next repaired, we were treated to some very fine sculpture work. Among other selections, Moses, the madonna embracing the child Jesus, and the life-size "bust" of Cleopatra, represented as having been bitten by an asp, all by Michael Angelo, are never to be forgotten.

Returning, our attention was directed, not far distant from our hotel, to the colossal and very imposing equestrian bronze statue, surmounting a highly decorated, broad pedestal of William the II. It is pronounced the finest in Cologne.

In the afternoon, we sailed down the Rhine, the distance of a mile or so, where, on the opposite side of the river, we soon found ourselves within the enclosure of an extended "Zoological Garden." It may not be amiss to mention, that on the route we were shown, on the left bank of the Rhine, the so-called St. Marie's church, of interest, perhaps, only as occupying the very "site" where once stood the ancient "Roman capitol." One other object of interest in this connection, I shall be pardoned for mentioning, and that is the elegantly painted iron bridge spanning the Rhine, under which we passed, not far distant from our destination.

A few of the "sights" of interest on these grounds, which came under our observation were: Llamas, dromedaries, camels, antelopes, deer, grisley and polar bears, hippopotami, rhinoceros, zebras, lions, tigers, etc., etc.

These delightful grounds are interspersed with charming lakes and fountains, on the former of which were many "storks," and other birds of peculiar form and habit.

In the course of our journeyings, we finally came to what it had long been my desire to witness, viz., a "*German Beer Garden.*" This consisted of an elevated, covered platform, plain, provided with little "lunch" tables, on which were cake, sandwiches,

coffee and beer. Some two hundred natives were here quietly enjoying the festivities of the occasion. Near to hand a "brass band," in commodious quarters, were dispensing music, which seemed to complete the conviviality of the entertainment.

After an hour's tarry, having familiarized ourselves with the details of a German beer garden, we returned to Cologne, inspecting, as we did, near our "landing," "the bridge of boats" which spans the river at this point.

Providing ourselves with souvenirs, and having looked upon the great collection of "edibles" at the open market place near our hotel, we retired for the night, awaiting the experiences of the coming morrow.

July 20th.—This morning, like most of its predecessors, was without a cloud, and before us "every prospect pleases." We bade adieu to our "host" and others at the "Victoria," after which, repairing on foot but a short distance to the harbor, boarded a steamer, and at 8.45 o'clock commenced the delightful and memorable sail up the Rhine, bound for Mayence. It seems novel to say *up* the Rhine, when our course is south, but I noted by the compass this was our experience. The wonders and glories of the scenery along this route warrant the stereotyped expression, "are better seen than described!"

The Rhine itself, about the width of the Connecticut at high water, at Cologne is a "muddy" river, of varying width, narrowing considerable ere we reached our destination. There was little above ordinary interest till we reached "Bonn," some twenty miles distant. This place I recall as being a beauti-

ful city and coming down to the water's edge. It is said Constantine did much to improve it. Here "Beethoven," so generally known to the musical world, was born and lived. The city is a famous seat of learning; also the world-renowned university, which is here situated, and which was founded in 1786, is noted for the eminent scholarship of its professors.

There were at that time, as we learned, 900 students in this institution. But we passed on. The scenery from this point was simply grand! The seven sister mountains in the distance, on our left, lift their ponderous forms, and seemed to steadily frown on us as we advanced. On our right, we now soon passed the peculiar shaped rock, in which is a grotto, where appear a number of sculptured "mermaids," which seemed greatly to attract, from their uniqueness, the attention of our company. We soon approached the above-mentioned mountains, and authoritatively learned that their altitude ranges from more than 1,000 to above 1,800 feet. A fine hotel, which we saw upon the summit of one of these peaks, has, in interest, its counterpart in the so-called "Dragon Castle," as seen at a high elevation upon a neighboring mountain; while between these points stands the elegant mansion of the famous "De'Lesseps," the builder of the Suez canal. A field-glass brought to view the old castle more distinctly; also an habitation adjacent thereto up among the clouds, and with unaided vision did really suggest a "mansion in the skies."

Turning to our right, the contrasting verdant sloping hills, on which were trees of rare beauty, some

profusely in bloom, interspersed between which were mansions many, palatial and rural, with now and then a ruined "chateau"—the latter truly a "tell-tale" of former grandeur—each a monument and inscription combined, indicating blasted hopes, faded glory, and of rueful decay.

Soon we passed, at "*Neuenhr*," the great Apollinaris bottling establishment, where we were informed much of that renowned and world-wide beverage is prepared for shipment.

One thing can be said of a truth concerning the soil along the Rhine environs. On the right bank especially, up an incredibly steep distance were terrace upon terrace covered with thrifty vineyards, which, from our standpoint, did not appear unlike New England's fields of pole beans.

These vineyards extended at least three-fourths of the distance from Bonn to Mayence. Occasionally, they were to be seen on the left bank, but for some cause only rarely so.

At 1 o'clock we were treated to a generous lunch. I shall never forget the darkness that settled over us while at the table, nor the thunderstorm that succeeded—the only one, by the way, while on the water. It is memorable from the sharpness of the lightning, and the reverberation from hill to mountain of the fearful thunder "peals," and from the disturbed equilibrium of our craft from the hurricane violence of the wind that played its appropriate part of the accompaniment.

Not far distant to our right, the ancient town *Coblenz* appeared to view, and ere we reached it, we

noted, on the same side of the river, the confluence with the Rhine, of the beautiful "Moselle," passing through the picturesque valley bearing this name. Across the Rhine at Coblenz is the famous "bridge of boats," which, like that at Cologne, is indeed a curiosity.

Further on, but to our left, is "Ems," said to be a most fashionable watering place, while, but a little later, appears to view "Rhense," the oldest town on the borders of the Rhine, where are to be seen many "quaint" houses, which date from the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries. Passing a number of interesting ruins, we later reached Rheinstein, where stands one of the oldest "castles" on the Rhine. Its massive and dilapidated walls point to centuries long since in oblivion.

What was to us of not less interest in this vicinity, are the railroads and tunnels, that conspicuously appear contiguous to the river on either side. Some of the former of which, especially on our left, were hundreds of feet above us, and furnish ample proof of a high order of "genius" in their conception, and in no less degree of herculean and persistent toil in their construction.

Soon we reached and passed through the so-called "Hole of Bingen," after which we noted, on our left, the pretentious ruins of the castle "Ehrenfels," formerly the residence of the Archbishops of Mayence, by one of whom it was built in 1210.

Only a little distance before us, in the middle of the Rhine, stands a high rock. On this rock is the so-called "Mouse Tower," in relation to which there is a curious legend.

I recall listening, about this time, to the reading, by one of our company, an account of the cruel "Bishop Hatto," who, once upon a time, exercised extensive sway in this region, during which he caused a number of poor people to be burned in a barn during a famine, and was himself, as a judgment, attacked by "swarms of mice," compelling him to seek refuge on this rock, whither the mice followed, and finally devoured him alive!

The tower, it is said, was erected by Archbishop Seigfreid, in the 13th century, about 200 years after the death of Hatto.

And now, on our right, delightfully appeared to view an old Roman town, the place about which in early childhood, in stories and declamations, founded some on fact but more on romance, my excited imagination depicted

> "Sweet fields arrayed in living green
> And rivers of delight."

It is the famous, the renowned "Bingen on the Rhine."

Very naturally, as we approached, did I study somewhat closely its topography. It quietly nestles beneath the hills, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, coming close down to the water's edge, at the influx of the river "Nahe"—the contour, of the former of which is surrounded by the most rugged mountain scenery and dilapidated ruins.

Bingen is at once the most beautiful township in the "Middle Rhine," and contains 7,000 inhabitants.

We learned that its trade is principally in corn, wine and salt.

As we drew near and touched the shore, there came to mind the story of the dying soldier of "Algiers," from this identical Bingen, one verse of which permit me to quote in passing:

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said 'I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friend of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on The Rhine.'"

On the Niederwald mountain, directly opposite Bingen, stands the national monument, "erected in commemoration of the restoration of the German Empire after the Franco-Prussian war." I remember the principal figure represents "Germania" in the act of crowning herself with the iron crown of Charlemagne. Through a field-glass did I witness this coronation scene, which was rendered all the more impressive by the dignity of the situation. It was now 7 o'clock, and twenty miles or more remained of this matchless scenery ere we reached our destination.

I remember, but a little distance from this point, we turned a "short corner" in the river, meeting another boat at right angles, and but for the alertness and skill of our "pilot" there would have been a disastrous collision. We escaped, however, as by the "skin of our teeth," and felt that a serious catastrophe had been averted.

What I recall further of interest, as we proceeded, were several pretentious shrines, with crosses in them in grottoes, as mementos, situated in the sides of the mountains, and two small cemeteries, all to be seen at our left on the right bank of the Rhine. Finally, after an unprecedented day of sight-seeing we reached *Mayence* at 9.30 o'clock p. m., repairing at once to our hotels "De'Hollande" and "D'Angleterre du'-Rhin." Distance from Cologne, 116 miles.

CHAPTER X.

Mayence—Heidelberg.

Mayence is a most charming city, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, opposite the mouth of the Main, and has a population of 80,000 souls. After an "economical" dinner and caring for the afflicted, we soon found ourselves "tucked in" to our narrow beds and were soon in the "Land of Nod," where sweet was our sleep and pleasant our many dreams.

July 21st.—This was a delightful morning, and we must lose no time in witnessing some of the sights, at least in this famous city.

Mayence, like most cities of the Rhine, boasts of early Roman occupancy, it being the encampment of the latter as early as B. C. 38, and later was the rendezvous of notable Roman conquerors. The city is surrounded by three ancient walls, and contains the remains of a reservoir and the dilapidated ruins of an aqueduct, and much more along this line of historic interest.

Its Cathedral, also, has a history: Was built in 978; it has many times been destroyed by fire; bombarded by the Prussians in 1793, and was converted by the French into a magazine in 1813. The edifice is three hundred and sixty feet in length, one hundred and forty-two feet in width, and has six towers, one of

which is three hundred and ninety feet in height. The buildings generally of Mayence, I recall, are massive, largely of stone and of a cleanly aspect. Conveniently and tastefully interspersed, amid many of which are, among others, the beautiful "locust" and "linden" trees, which when we saw them were profusely and delightfully and the former fragrantly in bloom.

It is 10.45 o'clock a. m., and our limited time for "sight-seeing" is here ended. Fare thee well, Mayence, with the most sincere regrets for being forced to so early a departure from your borders.

All aboard for *Heidelberg*. At the above-mentioned time we were moving in the direction, a little east of south, and at 11.30 halted a few minutes at *Darmstadt*. From the latter place we passed through a valley containing beautiful trees, on either side of which were vine-clad, elegantly sloping hills, beyond which we had the pleasure of witnessing the vast expanse or level country made verdant by the waters of the Rhine. At just 1.30 p. m. we came into Heidelberg. Distance from Mayence, fifty-six miles.

CHAPTER XI.

Heidelberg—Baden-Baden.

This town is situated on the left bank of the river "Neckar," a branch of the Rhine, at the foot of the hill "Konigsstuhl." Its chief notoriety is derived from its "University," founded here in 1386, and its "Castle," which doubtless is the finest in Germany. We took carriage at once for the castle, which, by the way, is situated on a spur of the above-mentioned hill. Arriving shortly and passing to within the enclosure, we learned the following interesting history: This castle was designed by Michael Angelo, and founded by Rudolph I., in the year 1300. It was strongly fortified by Frederick I., in the 15th century; enlarged and beautified by Otto Henreich in 1556, and later by Frederick V., husband of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England.

We were now conducted through the various apartments of the ruins by a "lady" guide. Our attention was first called to those apartments most nearly destroyed by the French in 1689, and the final completion of the destruction by lightning in 1764 of the "old tower," which, as it lay there, in one vast "debris," was its own witness of the thoroughness of its dilapidation. We next ascended by one hundred and twenty-six stone steps to the highest point of the

castle, and the reader can imagine somewhat, perhaps, the scenery that opened up to our view below and in the great distance beyond.

Heidelberg could here be seen in its entirety. The "Neckar," a good-sized river, appeared like a silver thread, tortuously winding its way through the valley, while away to the westward was seen the ever memorable Rhine, in majesty rolling on to the German ocean. Gazing upon this and other scenery from this point, to our heart's content, we descended to enter that part of the castle known as the "English Palace," which latter was built by Frederick V., it is said, for the reception of his bride.

The Emperor's room, Elector's study, kitchen and several other apartments were respectively inspected. I recall the great "moat" near the palace, and while passing from thence through an interesting gateway, the fact also that just at this point one of the party snapped his "kodak" at me, but whether the thing "missed fire" or not, I have never learned.

After this we descended by a sloping walk to the "wine cellar," in which is the celebrated "Heidelberg Tun," capable of holding forty-nine thousand gallons. We were informed it was originally constructed by "Elector Lewis," in 1664, and had been filled twelve times. Near by is a smaller one with a capacity for eight thousand gallons. Emerging from the cellar we next passed to a spacious court, in one corner of which is a well, formerly three hundred feet deep, but now filled up to about sixty feet. I recall looking into it and inspecting the roof over it, and the four stone columns supporting the latter, which

columns history notes were once in the palace of Charlemagne at "Ingelheim."

On the opposite of this court is an edifice, in an apartment of which is a large collection of relics belonging to the "Punic" or thirty-years' war; some of which consist of cannon balls, guns, spears and other missiles too numerous to mention. Boarding now the carriage, we were soon on our way to the station.

The University was on the route. Its schools of law and medicine are world wide in their reputation. The general appearance of this building, however, is a good illustration of the common saying, "You can't always tell by the outside what is inside." I certainly would have taken this edifice to have been a "stock-house"; presuming its interior to be as plain as the exterior, we lost nothing in not making an inspection of the former. I noticed a few students with bandaged faces, the result of wounds received in dueling, a foolish practice which seems to be tolerated at this institution.

At 3.20 o'clock we took our departure for Baden-Baden, and after an uneventful ride, proceeding southerly, through a picturesque country, came into this elegant city at just 6 o'clock p. m. Distance from Heidelberg, fifty-six miles. Five minutes' walk brought us to our hotel, "Victoria," which is a fine house and beautifully and conveniently situated; really it did seem we had come to "Eden," when we found ourselves at Baden.

CHAPTER XII.

Baden-Baden—Neuhausen.

This city, situated in the southwestern German Empire, in the valley of the "Oos," contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. It is bordered on three sides by high, wooded hills that form a part of the range of the so-called "Black Forest" mountains. The town is built partly on the slope of these hills, though largely in the valley. "It was known to the Romans, and it is asserted that Hadrian founded it."

Among other things for which Baden is noted are its elegant buildings, grounds, gardens, promenades, thermal, alkaline, medicinal springs and baths. Of the former there are thirteen—and last, but by no means least, its two castles, the old and new.

As a "resort," Baden is said to be the largest in Germany; fifty thousand people annually seeking rest and recuperation here.

After dinner a goodly number repaired—ten minutes' walk—to the Conversation "haus," situated on the level plateau near the right bank of the *Oos* river. I remember the elevated, wooded hill west of and in the rear of this building as forming a very striking background.

A large number had gathered upon this extended plateau. After inspecting the elegant Corinthian

portico and taking note of the palatial apartments, each adorned with the richest furniture and most costly mirrors in this superb edifice, we made a detour through the many "bazaars" on the grounds, in the former of which were an exhibition or fine display of jewelry, souvenirs of every description, etc., etc., none of which could any but millionaires purchase. Finally we repaired to the band stand, where from brass instruments, violins, etc., the most entrancing music was dispensed.

I can now see how gracefully the "precentor" directed his "wand," and can hear the symphony of more than fifty clarions in one grand, harmonious melody.

On our return, I was charmed by the numerous cactus, rhododendron and the banana, locust, catalpa and linden trees, all in bloom and gracing a portion of our pathway.

The Oos, a narrow, shallow, sparkling stream, runs wildly on with great fleetness, the latter suggesting the famous "Linden" river, of childhood teaching, where is the "I'ser rolling rapidly."

July 22d.—After a restful sleep and a bountiful breakfast, we at once resumed our sight-seeing; first repairing by carriage to the *New Castle*, situated above the left bank of the Oos, and called "*new*" to distinguish it from the *old* castle.

It was erected in 1479—and is the summer residence of the "Grand Duke of Baden." We were a little modest about entering, therefore, but surveyed, from a spacious contiguous court enclosed within high walls, this mansion of the Duke.

I remember of stealing here a poppy blossom, after first looking to see if His Highness was on the "watch tower" to pop-(y) me over with his shot gun—but stealthily escaped, and still hold the flower, not only as a memento of the castle, but also of my little escapade.

Departing thence, we soon found ourselves, after a circuitous, ascending, beautifully shaded route at the base of the *old castle.* At this point, I recall that we dismissed our coachman, who agreed at the outset to complete the journey for ten, but who now demanded sixteen francs. This may be considered a needless detail to mention, but I want the reader fully impressed that "human nature" is the same, *even in lovely "Baden,"* as elsewhere in all our travels. By the way, we settled with the landlord as per the stipulated price, much to the chagrin and mortification of the coachman, on our arrival at the hotel.

Well, to return; we reached the castle by a steep ascent and found the ruins quaint in very deed. After first viewing the ancient, ragged walls erected in the 10th century, we ascended to the top of its elevated tower, from whose summit there is a magnificent view of all of Baden, with its picturesque environs and the valley of the Rhine, as far north as to "Spires," a distance of thirty-eight miles, and as far west of south as Strasburg, not less than thirty miles distant.

The trees in rich foliage and bloom, with the serpentine "Oos" below us, and the "Black Forest" and high mountains all about us, can well be conceived, as seen from these dizzy heights, as truly sublime.

Descending, we lunched at the restaurant within the castle, where we were well served. I remember looking from this point down at the fog to see it now instantly lift, revealing, as through a vista, the deep valley below, and as soon shut in this unique, and to us, novel scenery.

After the hospitalities of the saloon, we ascended to the summit of the walls of the castle, and took particular cognizance, along the parapets, of two "Æolian" harps extending through one of these walls, to each of which I lent a listening ear. I can never forget how soft indeed were the cadences and sweet the symphonies the zephyrs of the skies played with their ethereal fingers upon these olden lyres; entranced, a number of our company were loth to descend.

Finally one of our party suggested that we ascend to the top of the mountain, which latter I should say rises 125 feet above the castle; so, descending these walls, we slowly made the ascent.

The above-mentioned scenery may be well considered as doubly intensified in interest, as viewed from this additional altitude; and if in addition we mention the fearful storm here and now occurring,—the reverberating thunder echoing from hill to hill, and the sharp-forked lightning in the midst of the blackness of night, ever and anon revealing the yawning chasm at our feet,—the situation can well be imagined as indescribably grand!

Seeking shelter beneath trees and umbrellas, we awaited the passing of the shower; after which we repaired on foot to the Victoria, where, after an hour's refreshment and rest, we visited the most renowned

"bath-house" in Europe, known as the "Friedrichsbad." It was erected in 1877, is of unique style, of extensive proportions and is largely patronized.

A few of us tested the cleansing and medicinal properties of these waters. Thence we hastened to the famous springs, said to have been known to the Romans, which are situated at a considerable elevation above the right bank of the "Oos," and not far distant from the "Conversation Haus" previously mentioned.

The most noted spring is known as the "Ursprung," whose waters are, it is said, of the temperature of 120 degrees Fahr., and a number of our company can assuredly testify, *as insipid as lukewarm dish-water.*

Later in the day, an interesting drive was indulged in about the city, over its elegantly laid-out boulevards, skirted with choice trees and fragrant flowers.

I recall, in this connection, that from an elevated plateau we were treated to a charming view of lovely Baden and its picturesque environs.

Thence we returned to our hotel, where we spent our second night awaiting the duties and pleasures of the coming day.

July 23d.—Breakfasting rather late this morning, we afterward devoted much of our time to letter-writing and social commingling, finally bidding a sincere good-by to our generous "host" and others who had so kindly contributed to our welfare at the Victoria, when at 12.15 o'clock p. m. the whistle "screamed," and we securely "shut in" to our compartments, were on our way to *Neuhausen*, Switzerland.

The route was southerly by the "Schwarzwald" rail-

way—opened in 1873—and is through the "Black Forest" country, so-called because of the dense, extensive pines in this region, along the right bank of the upper Rhine, and extending from that river even to the Neckar and upper Danube—the latter river, by the way, an interesting, though lazy stream, I remember crossing when within about thirty miles of our destination.

In due time, after a most entrancing forest scenery, we reached "Schaffhausen," where our baggage passed the custom house after inspection.

I recall one poor victim, however, who was fleeced of thirty-five cents for cigars found in his trunk, who, had he been shrewd, would have carried them in his pocket—but then, there is nothing like experience!

Resuming our journey, after six miles more of delightful Swiss scenery, we arrived at "Neuhausen" at 7 o'clock p. m. Distance from Baden, 100 miles. We were conducted on foot, a short distance, to Hotel Schweizerhoff, one of the largest and most beautiful of which Switzerland can boast, or at which it was our pleasure to find rest and refreshment.

CHAPTER XIII.

Neuhausen—Zurich—Lake Zug.

This hotel is situated on an elevation opposite to and commanding the best view of the "Falls of the Rhine," the latter of which is, to this place, the chief attraction. They are conveniently near. In falling from the rocks, the Rhine forms three cascades—that on the south side rushing over two pillar-shaped rocks is the finest. The river is three hundred feet wide above the falls, while the latter are eighty feet in height. The majestic grandeur of this scenery largely consists in the high ascending, silvery spray rebounding from the rocks below, accompanied with the ceaseless boom, like heavy distant thunder, which latter, it is said, can be distinctly heard at least eight miles away.

There is, in plain sight, a railway bridge above the falls, quite imposing as seen from this hotel, and materially adds to the dignity of the situation.

Over against the "falls" is the so-called "Castle of Laufen," which through a field-glass was inspected as at close range. The environs of this location are truly elegant.

Never shall I forget this surrounding scenery—100 acres of forest grounds through which conveniently run boulevards, paths and vistas, far away as the eye

could reach, encircled and covered by the most verdant foliage.

Our relations were of the most mutual character at this hotel, and not a few expressed a desire to here remain to inhale the balmy air and seek the rejuvenescence of youth in these shaded groves skirting the environs of the river Rhine.

According to our programme, the "falls," castle and the immediate neighborhood were beautifully illuminated with electricity, and which event occurred at just 9.30 o'clock. It is left to the imagination and fancy of the reader to see with his mental vision the glories of such an illumination. We retired late and were lulled to sleep by the music of the cascades.

July 24th.—This morning, also cloudless, was devoted to viewing the "landscape o'er" and getting in readiness for our departure, which latter event occurred at 9.15 o'clock, when we set out for "*Zurich.*" The entire route was full of interest. We proceeded along the right bank of the Rhine to a point above the falls, where we crossed the famous stone bridge mentioned, spanning the river, passing immediately beneath the castle "Laufen," through a tunnel, and soon turned away from the Rhine, afterward traversing a rich extent of country, into the valley of the "*Toss*," along which we noted several manufactories, devoted, as we were credibly informed, to the manufacture of muslins and cotton printing. Moving in a southerly direction, touching at several stations along the route, we finally came into *Zurich*, just as the clock struck twelve. Distance from Neuhausen, thirty-five miles.

Zurich is situated at the north end of the lake bearing this name, and on the "Limmat" river; contains about 85,000 inhabitants, and is charmingly located; its elegant buildings are truly striking, and the courteous bearing of her people is a praiseworthy proverb. As our tarry here was limited to only one and one-half hours, our chances for sight-seeing were exceedingly restricted; nevertheless, three of the company, myself one of the triplet, walked three-quarters of a mile to the shores of Lake Zurich, where we viewed its placid waters and took note of a variety of sailing craft thereon. Distinctly do I recall the opposite high hills sloping down to the very water's edge, carpeted with a summer's richest verdant tapestry, with houses "cozy," interspersed irregularly from base to summit, bearing the aspect of enterprise and doubtless to the inmates the most solid comfort.

On our return we visited a number of stores, pricing quite a variety of souvenirs, which, because of their exorbitant cost we failed to purchase. Reaching the station, we found that most of our "party" had fared sumptuously during our absence, and were about to board the train; joining them, we were all soon on the route for *Righi*.

It is very tamely stating it to say that the journey was delightful; hills and vales in great numbers and of endless variety of size and contour were to be seen on every hand. As we approached *Zug*, the lofty peaks of the Alpine range, as seen on our right, ever looking up with their icy eyes, I saw kiss with lips of the frigidity of those of Judas Iscariot, the silvery clouds that condescended to meet and greet them more than half way.

CHAPTER XIV.

Zug—Righi—Vitznau.

Not long after we came to "Zug," arriving at 3.30 o'clock. Distance from Zurich, twenty-four and one-half miles. In two minutes we were at the wharf of the beautiful Lake *Zug*. A gentle shower greeted us as we awaited the boat destined to transport us across its placid, green waters.

Nestling beneath and surrounded by the "Alps," Lake Zug is situated. It is nine miles in length and two and one-half miles in width, and affords a more than picturesque view of many Alpine peaks. Not less than the rest does Righi lift her ponderous form, on whose summit stands the hotel where our conductor said we should spend the night. It seemed but a short distance to the base of this mountain, though we were fast sailing until nearly 5 o'clock, ere we reached *Arth*, where connections were made with trains on the Arth Righi railway for *Righi Kulm*. All in readiness, at 5.10 o'clock we began the ascent. The course is winding and through many deep ledges of so-called "pudding" stone. Beneath lofty cascades on our left and above an awful precipice on our right, we were *pushed* up by a steam engine over an ordinary track, lying between which is a "toothed"

rail, and over which passed a toothed wheel connected with the engine.

The journey was slowly made. I remember a suggestive story that was narrated by one of our company while making the ascent, which the reader will allow has a "point," and may not be amiss at this time in its relation: On ascending these very heights, as the story goes, on a former occasion, a lady expressed much solicitude lest the car should lose its "grip" and eventuate in the destruction of the passengers. On being told there were several safeguards to prevent such a catastrophe, and she still persisting to know what *her* fate would be should *all* means of safety fail, was politely told by the conductor *that that depended altogether on how she had lived in this world!*

At about this point we passed through a snow "flurry," and our teeth really chattered from the cold. In a few minutes, however, we reached the summit and hurriedly repaired to *Hotel Schrieber*, where we were not long applying to our shivering bodies "double extra" wraps. It was just 6.40 o'clock as we passed the threshold of this elegant and commodious building.

Many had a "craze" to witness the setting of old "Sol," of the grandeur of which, as seen from this point, we each had been told so much. We showed our "good will" in the attempt, but the fates had decided against us, a heavy fog having just too soon nearly veiled his lovely face; however, we caught a reflection through the mist upon the charming lake "Sempacher See," whose golden, placid sheen appearing close on to the western horizon, which, as seen

from this elevation of nearly six thousand feet, suggested the magnificence of the "Sea of Glass" in the "New Jerusalem."

Directing our vision toward the southwest, mountains towering up to an incredible altitude, with their ever "snow-capped" peaks, including the "Roth horn" and the high mountains of the chain joining "Mount Pilatus" and the lakes "Lucerne" and "Zug," were in their effect upon our imagination rapturously transporting. Retracing, finally, our steps to the hotel and partaking of a bountiful dinner, and later inspecting and purchasing some curious hand-wrought souvenirs for sale within the building, we retired in good season to spend our first night upon the summit of one of the high peaks of the Alpine mountains.

July 25th.—The morning was delightful, but the fog prevented witnessing the rising of the sun, as it did his setting. We were out early to view the additional "sights," as well to review those seen the evening previous, some of which were made doubly interesting from the increased light, the rays of the latter impinging upon these objects at a more desirable angle.

The "Alpine" horn was soon sounded by a native, and its musical variations I interpreted as but the "reveille," or call to another day's activities. The fog lifted, and from Righi's most lofty point we stretched our vision in every direction to the near and far-away extended environs.

The snow-capped peaks of the "Burnese" Alps to the south and southeast of us—and they are many—

even though very distant, shone and glistened like burnished silver, while a little west of south we saw the noted "Jung Frau" towering above his fellows under a massive icy crown, presiding with stately dignity. Turning now directly westward we looked down through thin, fleecy clouds, instantly lifting and almost as suddenly reappearing upon an extended and nearly level plain, interspersed with trees and dotted with houses, which, from the great distance appeared not larger than the human hand, while the far-away, sloping hills lost themselves in the horizon.

Directly below us is the village *Kussnacht*, situated on the border of the cross-shaped lake of the *Four Cantons*, while Lucerne appeared far away upon another shore of these same waters.

A little to the right of Kussnacht is "*Tell's Chapel*," and close at hand is the famous "Tell's Platte," the latter a ledge of rock, which derives its name from the following incident: "Tell was being conveyed in a boat to the dungeon of Kussnacht, under the direction of 'Gessler,' who had ordered his permanent incarceration there. A storm arose, which threatened to engulf the alarmed Bailiff and his crew, when Tell, who was well used to such storms, to promote the general safety, was unbound and placed at the helm.

"Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, great and lesser Achsenberg. Towards these the boat was steered, and as the prow of the vessel was directed inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called aloud to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the rock. At the

instant they came abreast of the spot, Tell turned the helm suddenly toward it, seized his bow which lay at his feet, and, with an effort which sent the boat back into the lake, sprang lightly on the shore, scaled the mountain and fled into Schwyz."

All this may, to many, seem apocryphal, but the story is not disproven. I took note that the chapel stands on a "nitch" of the Platte just referred to, is new, of commendable proportions, and, which we learned, replaces the less pretentious structure erected thirty years after the death of Tell.

The eye following on toward our right soon fell upon the beautiful Lake Zug, before mentioned, the latter washing another side of the base of the mountain than Lake Lucerne (or of the four Cantons), appearing but a little pond, while its "steamers" much resembled, both in contour and size, the "tortoise," as they stealthily were smoking their way over its placid, green waters. But entranced as we were at these matchless scenes we were forced, by limitation of time, to bid adieu to them all and get ready for the descent of Righi.

At just 1.30 p. m. we were all on board and moving toward *Vitznau*, at the base of the mountain, from which latter place we were to sail to *Lucerne*. A single carriage containing fifty-four sittings, like the one in which we made the ascent, had attached to and below it an one hundred and twenty horse-power engine. The descent was by the north side of the mountain. I remember well the grandeur of all the varied scenery from summit to our destination; notably, the elegant bridge spanning a swiftly moving

stream, the former two hundred and sixty feet in length and seventy-five feet in height, then through a tunnel two hundred and fifty feet long, soon after emerging from which our attention was directed on our left to a perpendicular ledge of rock, partially covered with stunted trees, the former towering up to an incredible altitude. Owing to the tortuous course of the route and the steepness of this memorable railway, the descent was very slowly made; however, in one hour we reached Vitznau, a distance of four and one-half miles.

CHAPTER XV.

Vitznau—Lake Lucerne—Lucerne.

Vitznau is a snug little village situated between two promontories called "Nasen"—the noses. It is the famous landing place for passengers who ascend or descend the Righi by rail. It is unique in its outline and comes down to the waters of Lake Lucerne. I remember its shady grounds, contiguous to the lake, interspersed with "settees," with the provision of plums, grapes, peaches and pears, all so opportunely present for protection, rest and refreshment. Presently, though after a little delay, the boat arrived which was to take us to our destination; boarding which we were soon sailing over the placid waters of, confessedly, the most beautiful and picturesque lake in all Switzerland. It is needless to say that I drank in the matchless scenery of its variegated environs, with eyes both natural and magnifying, every foot of this delightful journey.

We soon reached *Weggis*, on our right, where, it is said, foot passengers ascend by the so-called "bridal path," the Righi. Fruit trees of many kinds here abound and the place is called the "Garden of Lucerne."

In the far distance rises the "Scheerhorn," while

next, at closer range, on our right were the towering ruins of the castle of "Hertenstein."

The sky was cloudless and velvety verdant was all vegetation, the latter beautifully contrasting with the sombre, ragged, ruined castle walls of *New Halosburg*, as viewed near the *Bay of Kussnacht*, also on our right. And now we passed, almost touched the little island called *Alstead*, while in the distance, and still on our right hand, were seen the heights which we had just descended. Passing now to the opposite side of the boat and directing our vision leftward, frowningly was seen towering up at a fearful altitude, the dark, barren, ragged peaks of "Mount Pilatus," strongly suggesting a formidable thunder cloud from which soon to expect forked lightnings followed by the most terrific thunder peals.

Lucerne, though several miles away, seemed but a little distance before us. I recall that at this point we passed a boat whose occupants were largely women, six of whom were plying the oars as for dear life, while two men, one in a sitting pose, was holding over his head an open umbrella to protect from the heat; the other at the stern was lazily steering this unpretentious craft. This incident I relate to illustrate, which it does in a general way, the kind and degree of esteem in which womankind is held on the Continent. Finally we dropped anchor at the harbor of Lucerne.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lucerne.

On coming ashore, and even before, we could not if we would, have failed to take cognizance of the elegant and widely extended "quay," as seen immediately to our right, coming down to the water's edge, on whose level grounds were so regularly and tastefully interspersed, amid broad boulevards and footpaths, trees of rare symmetry and attractiveness; but we hastened away on foot, to witness the great attraction of this city, the "*Lion of Lucerne.*"

Five minutes brought us before this marvelous work of art. The location is a garden adjoining the town, within which is a little lake, and behind which latter is the massive rock of such interest, forming a striking background. In the front of the lake is a fence, which is for protection and limits also the approach. Standing at the latter the colossal, sculptured figure was before us, cut into this rock in high relief. This lion is of immense size, being twenty-eight by eighteen feet, and is represented as being wounded by a spear, dying, and yet still seeking to protect the shield of France. Doubtless it is known to the reader that this striking image is in commemoration of the "Swiss Guards" who suffered martyrdom in defence of their master, Louis XVI., King of France, at the Tueleries,

at the beginning of the French Revolution, August 10th, 1792. It is said the original idea of this monument was suggested by "General Pfyffer," one of the surviving "Guards." It is assuredly the most impressive piece of sculptured work my eyes ever looked upon.

Thence we proceeded a mile—also on foot—noting many elegant buildings along the route, some of which extended well up the high, sloping hills, as appeared toward our left, arriving finally at the *Hotel de l'Europe*, an imposing and commodious building, at just 5 o'clock.

Lucerne is situated on both banks of the "Reus," at the point where this river is the outlet of the lake, also at the head of the lake itself. In ancient time it was a walled city, a part of whose walls still remain; and the former, it is said, derived its name from a tower on the lake—ancient and Roman—which served as a "light house," in which the light was always kept burning. Circular or octagonal towers still remain and surround the city at irregular localities. The city contains about nineteen thousand inhabitants.

The German language is largely spoken; next in order the French, then the Italian, and least, an imperfect Latin, by the lineal descendants of the early Romans who here reside.

The 8th century has to be inquired of concerning the beginning of this now "Eden" of Switzerland.

Having partaken of a sumptuous dinner and adjusted things somewhat, we repaired—ten minutes' walk—to the "Cathedral," to attend the Organ Concert, concerning which we had been told so much. The latter occurs daily, we were informed, from 6.30 to

7.30 p. m. Fee of admission, one franc. As we approached, the antiquity and plainness of the edifice were apparent, but what was to me the most striking thing about its exterior was the unique "vane" at the summit of an elevated spire, at one extremity of the former of which was a "cock," while at the other was the figure of a "crescent."

An aged Rev. and "wiseacre" of our party volunteered the information that the one is a reminder of Peter when he denied his Lord and Master, while the other stands for Mohammedanism, by which sign they ever conquer.

Whether this speculation has any foundation in fact or otherwise, I bowed with seeming acquiescence before the statement of my superior, and assumed the correctness of his declaration.

On entering, we were politely conducted by the "Verger" to conspicuous sittings well forward. I remember a striking Crucifixion scene was before us, and a few well-executed paintings adorned those ancient walls.

The "pews," high, straight-backed and *very* uncomfortable, ought to be marked "B. C.," though in vain did I search for these appropriate initials; but we soon forgot the uncomfortableness of our situation, as the ponderous organ in the rear of and above us, which had been softly dispensing the minor strains, opened to us its more majestic thunder tones.

I will let another—more poetic than myself—describe "*The Organ Tempest of Lucerne.*"

"We came to fair Lucerne at even;
How beautious was the scene;

The snowy Alps like walls of heaven
  Rose o'er the Alps of green;
The damask sky, the roseate light
  Flashed on the lake, and low
Above Mt. Pilate's shadowy height,
  Night bent her silvery bow.

We turned towards the faded fane,
  How many centuries old!
And entered as the organ's strain
  Along the arches rolled;
Such as when guardian spirits bear
  A soul to realms of light,
And melts in the immortal air
  The anthem of their flight.
Then followed strains so sweet,
  So sadly, sweet and low,
That they seemed like memory's music,
  And the chords of long ago.

A light wind seemed to rise,
  A deep gust followed soon,
As when a dark cloud flies
  Across the sun at noon.
It filled the aisles—each drew
  His garments round his form,
We could not feel the wind that blew,
  We could only hear the storm.
Then we cast a curious eye
  Towards the window's lights,
And saw the lake serenely lie
  Beneath the crystal heights.
Fair rose the Alps of white
  Above the Alps of green,
The slopes lay bright in the sun of night,
  And the peaks in the sun unseen.

A deep sound shook the air,
  As when the tempest breaks
Upon the peaks, while sunshine fair
  Is dreaming on the lakes.

The birds shrieked on their wing,
  When rose a wind so drear,
Its troubled spirit seemed to bring
  The shades of darkness near.
We looked towards the windows old,
  Calm was the eve of June,
On the summits shone the twilight gold,
  And on Pilate shone the moon.

A sharp note's lightning's flash,
  Upturned the startled face,
When a mighty thunder-crash
  With horror filled the place;
From arch to arch the peal
  Was echoed loud and long,
When o'er the pathway seemed to steal
  Another seraph's song,
And mid the thunder's crash,
  And the song's enraptured flow,
We still could hear with charmed ear
  The organ playing low.

As passed the thunder-peal,
  Came raindrops falling near,
A rain we could not feel,
  A rain that smote the ear;
And we turned to look again
  Towards the mountain wall,
When a deep tone shook the fane
  Like the avalanche's fall.
Loud piped the wind—fast poured the rain,
  The very earth seemed riven,
And wildly flashed, and yet again
  The smiting fires of heaven.

Then from the church it passed,
  That strange and ghostly storm,
And a parting beam the twilight cast
  Through the windows, bright and warm.
The music grew more clear,
  Our gladdened pulses swaying,
When Alpine horns we seemed to hear
  On all the hillsides playing.

We left the church—how fair
  Stole on the eve of June!
Cool Righi in the dusky air,
  The low descending moon!
No breath the lake cerulean stirred,
  No cloud could eye discern;
The Alps were silent—we had heard
  The organ of Lucerne."

We returned to our hotel by the way of the beautiful "quay" before mentioned, beneath whose verdant tree tops we inhaled deeply of the refreshing and invigorating air, which unbidden came to us from across the now slightly agitated waters of the lake.

In due time, reaching the hotel, I remember we were soon afterward treated to a popular "duet" concert—lady and gentleman—which selections rendered, though to us all *excessively* "Dutch," the music we were obliged to admit was of a high order.

I don't forget, in this connection, that the hat was passed about once in five minutes, during its continuance, for a collection.

Well, the hour is late and it is time respectable people were in bed—good night—and to everybody pleasant dreams.

July 26th.—Another delightful Sabbath is with us, and in due time we repair to church—or rather to apartments in a conveniently near hotel—our party making up the larger part of the congregation.

The services were Episcopal, and a "begging" sermon was earnestly pronounced, at the close of which we were all cordially invited to contribute toward the church fund for this apparently struggling society. I believe there was a universal and quite generous

response to this invitation, that was well received. The Catholics, I learned, are very largely in the ascendency in Lucerne.

Later in the day, I recall visiting and inspecting the interior of one of their churches—known as *the Church of the Jesuits*, situated, I think, on the left bank of the "Reus," where services at the time were being conducted, and where I was particularly struck at the very elegant, and up to date the most extensive and gorgeous "altar" witnessed in all our travels.

It was here also I took note of a number of very ancient "confessionals," of interest as being where many of both sexes and of all ages have been duped to pour into the ear of both cardinal and priest, the great and little mistakes of a lifetime, and for which confession there was the promise, *especially* if the fee was forthcoming, of complete absolution.

Having lunched, the Rev. B., his chum Prof. C. and your humble servant resumed their journeyings in quest of other objects of interest at Lucerne.

Among other things visited were the three bridges which span the Reus, each not far from the others—nor, by the way, from where we landed—which are particularly noteworthy. Let us now refer to them.

The "Reussbrucke" is *not* covered, is accessible to carriages, comparatively new, and is an elegant affair; but the others, which are covered, are of greater historic interest.

There comes to me with great vividness the so-called "*Kappellbrucke*," crossing, as it does, the Reus close to the lake, and containing the old paintings representing scenes in the lives of St. Leger and St. Mau-

rice, and commemorating the heroic deeds of the Swiss. It is aged and venerable, as is also the *third* we next proceeded to inspect.

The "Muhlbrucke"—a footbridge, like the other was the most interesting. This bridge is near the arsenal. It is decorated overhead with paintings triangular in form, and represent the "Dance of Death." I took note how by degrees Death gained on his victims, as represented in the successive scenes, until in the last picture, at the opposite end of the bridge, finds him the undisputed conqueror. Longfellow, a former eyewitness of these paintings, I understand, has written impressively of these scenes, and finds much in them suggestive of the deceitfulness of sin, and that

> "We should suspect some danger nigh,
> When we possess delight."

One word more concerning the "Reus" as I viewed it from its left bank, and witnessed its waters roll swiftly on. The width of this river, I should guess to be at this point somewhat more than six rods. Its rapid motion excels that of any other body of water to which our attention was called in all our travels. While this is to be said of its current, yet along its shores it is calm and serene; what was a novel sight contiguous to the latter, were several blue, black and white swan, noticeable by their long, arched and velvety-glossed necks, as they were restlessly making the circuit within their laticed-wall prisons.

After a half-hour's inspection of the varied sights along the environs of this majestic river, we returned to our hotel, to study the mountain peaks so visible

from this point. Having arrived, I procured a fine telescope from the "clerk," who kindly loaned it, and accompanied by Col. D. of the Lewiston party, H. R. C., jr., my "protege" and one or two others, ascended to the fifth story, where a grand view presented itself of the most interesting Alpine scenery. Facing the lake and mounting the glass, we directed our magnifying vision leftward, first to Righi's lofty altitude, on whose summit we but so recently "viewed the landscape o'er," the irregularity of its "peaks," and the very steps of the hotel were brought to within the apparent distance of a few rods, though miles away.

Turning a little to our right, in the distance we spied, as at close range, a mountain more majestic than his fellows, along the slope of whose loftiest peak were the snows of an eternal winter, while from its jagged spurs were suspended massive, dripping stalactites, glistening like pendant diamonds in the effulgence of a noon-day's sun.

Slowly we followed along to the right and southward, to view this matchless, wintery Alpine range, each mountain bounded by the far-away horizon, while at closer range, along the environs of Lake Lucerne, the steep and irregular declivities and more moderate slopes, by pleasing contrast, were vast fields of living green, through which were to be seen tortuous ravines and vistas of rare beauty.

Moving the telescope still further to our right, it was finally focused in direct range of Mt. Pilatus—before mentioned. We here learned that its dizzy altitude is no less than 7,000 feet in height, and from this point of observation, seven miles distant.

Pilatus is of peculiar interest to the traveler, from the legend "that Pontius Pilate, when he was banished from Galilee, took refuge on this mountain, and where he, in a fit of remorse, threw himself into the lake."

The past has been an hour of great pleasure and profit, in the soul-inspiring contemplation of the glories of nature in a manner truly rapturously transporting.

After a season of "social commingling," and obtaining some points concerning the means of illumination, which we found to be general throughout the city was by incandescent electricity, though for retiring purposes, here as well as elsewhere on the Continent, the long-ago "tallow dip" invariably greased our way, each to his apartment. Retiring, we spent our second night in lovely Lucerne.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lucerne—Milan.

July 27th.—The morning was delightful and all were well and buoyant, except one of our number, a Mr. B., whom we left, with painful regrets, to the care of others. The clock struck 10, and this was the hour of our separation and departure.

The larger number left Lucerne for *Paris*, via Interlarken, Bern and Geneva, while the thirteen, of which the writer was one, under the supervision of a Mr. A. Brice, set out via the famous "St. Gothard" route for Italy.

Hand-shaking, kissing among the ladies, and a temporary farewell having been reciprocated, our little squad, with baggage, were borne rapidly to the station, and at 10.20 o'clock sharp, we bade adieu to Switzerland, for the memorable and long-looked-for scenes in historic Italy.

The early part of the route was along the shore of the lake and the *Bay of Uri*, where the sights were transcendingly charming. Passing "Arth-Goldau," whence is made the ascent to Righi, we soon thereafter reached Fluelen, twenty-seven miles from Lucerne, and situated at the end of the above-mentioned Bay; and next Altorf, the latter place celebrated as the scene of William Tell's exploit of shooting the apple

from the head of his son, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

The place where the tree stood, to which his son was bound and on which Gessler's hat was placed, is covered by a beautiful fountain.

Beyond Altorf, we proceeded through a delightful country to Amsteg, where, I recollect, the railway is adjacent to the Reus river. This river, though rapid in its course, is apparently not so much so as at Lucerne, probably because of our elevation, which at this point is considerable.

The river is serpentine in its course, and its environs truly picturesque and verdant. The fertility of the valley doubtless is derived from the overflowing waters of this stream.

We soon found ourselves above the tops of very tall trees, with vistas, boulevards and sloping lawns spread out below and beyond us, passing now and then through tunnels of varying lengths, when, at just 2.10 o'clock p. m., we reached our next important station at Goschenen, where the famous so-called "Gothard" tunnel begins.

Noting the approach, I timed our passage through it, which was just eighteen minutes, in which time we made the distance of nine and one-fourth miles, its exact length, which is the longest tunnel in the world.

The darkness was complete, and the dampness and chilliness of the atmosphere all through this "Alpine" dungeon were noteworthy phenomena, as observed by our little party.

The number of smaller tunnels through which we

passed over this route is fifty-two, with a total length, I am informed, of fifteen miles.

The Great Tunnel was commenced in 1872, was opened in 1882, and cost $47,500,000. Emerging from this latter tunnel, we soon found ourselves over a deep ravine called "Schollenen," contiguous to which huge rocks rise perpendicularly to an incredible height, while through the former the Reuss was seen rolling on to its destination.

Some of our party may have noted in this vicinity a massive block of granite dislodged from the cliffs, which the former has the tradition to endure that itself was thrown down by the devil.

In this region, also, portions of the highway below us was roofed over with stone, and niches were cut in the rock to protect foot passengers from avalanches, which, I learned, sometimes occur in the spring.

The never-to-be-forgotten Reuss was bound to keep us company as we crossed and recrossed this river by a zigzag route, over numerous bridges. Soon we obtained an excellent view of the so-called Devil's Bridge, constructed originally, it is said, in 1118. The span of this arch we learned to be twenty-six feet, and its height from the surface of the water to the keystone about seventy feet; but as the arch spans a cataract nearly vertical in its descent, the bridge thus acquires an elevation of nearly two hundred feet; while from the water's edge rises to fearful and majestic altitude the "bald" heads of "Alpine" granite, with now and then a "crown," whitened by the snows of untold ages. This awful, savage and sterile grandeur none but an eyewitness can truly appreciate,

and artists of many countries, it is said, have in vain striven adequately to delineate it.

Beyond the Devil's Bridge our route was "through a tunnel of one hundred and eighty feet, called the "Hole of Uri," and enters the valley of "Urseren," four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea."

Next in order we came to Andermatt. This village has a truly exciting history. Only glancing at it in passing, I will observe that the Russian army on the 25th of September, 1789, under the command of "Suwarrow," entered Andermatt, forced the French who occupied it to hastily retreat; and in connection therewith it is said to be beyond the power of language to paint the horrors of the inhumanity of those bloodthirsty Russian fiends. This is said to be the land at present flowing with milk and honey and abounding in cheese, as well; also many curious metals were here to be obtained.

We next came to "Hospenthal." From this point the railway leaves the valley of Urseren, not long after which we entered the "pass," which, we were informed, is six thousand eight hundred and eight feet above the sea, and forms a valley, on each side of which we saw mountains reaching up to the altitude of from eight to ten thousand feet, and, unbidden, kiss with their icy lips the fleecy clouds of heaven.

Passing through and thus having noted the abovementioned scenes and many more, ere long we came to "Bellinzona." Thence we soon skirted the shore of *Lake Lugano.* This beautiful lake is twenty miles in length and its environs are freighted with an end-

less variety of scenery. I remember its waters were tranquil as a sea of glass.

Soon afterward the railway crosses the *Val Tassino*, over a viaduct one hundred and thirty feet high, passing through several tunnels, and so near as to afford another fine view of the lake.

After a charming ride of seventeen miles we reached *Chiasso*, the last Swiss village, where our luggage again had to be inspected, which was this time done by Italian custom officers, after which, in less than two hours, we came to *Como*.

Como I learned to be a city of considerable commercial importance, and it is beautifully located; but what most attracted my attention in this connection was the charming lake of the same name on whose border this city is situated.

This body of water is forty-two miles long from north to south, and from one to four and one-half miles in width; is of very irregular figure, consisting of three long, narrow arms; one stretching north, another south by east, and another south by west, covering on area of sixty-one square miles.

Mountain peaks tower up on either side from two thousand to three thousand feet in height, "while from the water's edge their sloping sides were covered by a triple plantation of olives, vines and chestnut trees," strikingly contrasting with the more distant mountains, "whose crags and cliffs, partly from their excessive steepness, partly from the dryness of the soil and the burning effects of the sun, where no vegetable production is seen, but presenting an aspect of glaring, arid whiteness."

This lake, we were told, like Lugano, is from forty to six hundred feet deep, and deepens rapidly from its edge.

Our course since we left Lucerne has been nearly southerly, and from this point to our destination is not less so.

Passing through the villages Cantu, Desio and other places of little note, we came into Milan, Italy, just as the clock struck 8, and were immediately conveyed by omnibus to the Hotel Reichmann. Distance from Lucerne, 150 miles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Milan.

Milan is situated on the "Olona" river, in the center of the great plain of Lombardy. In form it is nearly circular, and surrounded, like most of the cities we have visited, by a wall. The large, ungainly bastions that once flanked these walls have been removed, and their places have been converted into pleasant walks, shaded by chestnut trees. Milan, thirty miles north of the Apennine mountains, is said to be one of the most opulent cities in Italy, and contains a population of about 215,000 inhabitants.

Though weary, yet after a generous dinner and a little rest, we were sufficiently refreshed to do a little sight-seeing.

The lateness of the hour limited our ability to visit other than the so-called *Victor Emanuel Gallery.* Five minutes' walk from our hotel, and this imposing structure was before us. It is six hundred and sixty feet long, seventy-eight feet wide and eighty-eight high. In the center is a "cupola" one hundred and seventy feet in height. Its decorations are rich with frescoes and sculptures. I remember the handsome shops occupying the gallery, and the glass roof for light, protection and beauty, that covered this wonderful arcade. Many and diversified were the articles of jewelry,

watches, souvenirs and other kinds of merchandize we inspected in these stores. Returning, we soon retired, with a brain excessively weary from the numberless scenes that had for weeks so intently engaged our attention. With face deeply buried in hands, trying to forget the past, I committed myself to the faithful care of "nature's great restorer"—sleep.

July 28th.—After another charming morning's refreshments, appreciating the limited time allotted us here, we early put forth herculean efforts to see the sights of Milan. The object of the greatest attraction here is the "Duomo," or Cathedral. Of course our squad—a "baker's dozen"—were desirous of inspecting this, one of the world's wonders. On our way a pretentious, circular-shaped building was pointed out as being the church of "St. Carlo Borromeo"(?), named in honor of this saint, and in commemoration of his invaluable services in connection with the great plague here in the 16th century. It is striking from its peculiar style and apparent antiquity. In ten minutes we were before this colossal, awe-inspiring edifice, and were capable of appreciating the statement, having hitherto seen the grandest, most artistic and *now*, with but a single exception, the largest cathedral, that "*this is one of the most impressive ecclesiastical edifices in the world.*" It is built of white marble. Its foundations were laid in 1386, by Galeazzo Visconti. "The name of the original architect is not known; but undoubtedly many of the greatest European architects contributed designs for its embellishments." Like the Temple at Jerusalem, the construction of this one went on very slowly till the year 1805, when

the labors were resumed with "great activity in consequence of a decree issued by Napoleon I., and to him, it is said, the construction of two-thirds of its facade, a considerable number of its statues and the almost perfect condition in which it now strikes the eye, are to be attributed."

The dimensions of the Cathedral differ by different writers, but the following figures are conservative and from a reliable source: It is four hundred and ninety feet in length, in breadth is two hundred and ninety-eight feet, its interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight feet, and its exterior to the summit of the tower four hundred feet.

"Its form is that of a Latin cross, divided into five naves, and supported by fifty-two pillars, each of which is more than ninety feet in height and twelve feet in diameter; the interior being ornamented with "fret" work, carvings, statues and paintings. It has the capacity for the accommodation of forty thousand people, and is reckoned as "the eighth wonder of the world."

"Its facade is of white 'Carrara' marble, and the building is adorned by one hundred and six pinnacles and twenty-five hundred statues."

"The roof is covered with slabs of marble, and above the dome rises an elegant tower or spire in the shape of an obelisk." "On the highest pinnacle is a colossal figure of the Virgin in bronze."

Vividly do I recall the effect of its interior to be indescribably grand. Having entered the chancel, it was seen to be entirely open and separated from the nave only by its elevation. In front of the chancel

and almost immediately above the steps, rises the altar, and behind it the choir.

Unlike many cathedrals, this one has no chapels, their absence contributing much to the simplicity and unity of the edifice.

The three large windows behind the choir, representing more than three hundred Scripture scenes, the former remarkable for size, variety and beauty, can only be referred to. These are filled up with tracery and stained glass, in whose colors ruby and dark blue predominate. Having in breathless awe for a season gazed upon these wonders, we advanced by the south or right aisle, preceded by an excellent local guide, and the first thing of note to observe was the sarcophagus of "Bishop Antimianus"—date 1045—with a crucifix. In the south transept we noted a monument erected by Pius IV. to his brothers "Giacomo and Gabriel de Medici." On the east wall of this transept is the altar of the Offering of Mary. Close at hand is the curious statue of St. Bartholomew, represented as flayed, with his skin hanging from his shoulder.

In the choir to the right, we noted the door of the Sacristy, which former was particularly striking from its choice sculptured decorations.

New and handsomely carved confessionals adorn these walls, for confessions, we were told, in various modern languages.

Passing on, we soon found ourselves before the elegant statue of Pope Pius IV., while next in order was the richly sculptured door of the north transept; thence passing to the rear of an altar, we observed

relics of missiles and fragments of the banners of the war of the Crusaders, while high above these was to be seen, carefully preserved, what was said to be one of the nails (rather fishy) used in the crucifixion of Christ, while not far distant, on entering the north transept and having passed an altar, we found ourselves before the magnificent "candelabrum," in the form of a tree of perfect symmetry, composed of bronze and gorgeously decorated with precious stones.

It was made in the 13th century, and we were seriously told that it is an exact copy of the so-called candlestick that adorned King Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.

Advancing now to the north aisle, we saw an "altarpiece" representing St. Ambrose absolving the Emperor Theodosius from ecclesiastical penalties. Near by is an altar of St. Joseph, on which we saw a painting representing the marriage of Mary; and conveniently near is the literal "crucifix" of St. Carlo Borromeo, which was borne by this great and good man during the plague of 1576. Not far distant, under a window, was an elegant combined monument of the Virgin and the two Saints John. Near the door is a font, which, at the same time, is the sarcophagus of St. Dionysius.

Omitting the "sights" in the subterranean chapel, we now arrived at the point of entrance, near to which is the door of the stairway, the latter leading to the roof by 194 stone steps; having ascended which, let the reader imagine the grandeur to be witnessed in looking over this extended marble surface and upon its lofty pinnacles and statues, at once

unique and probably without a rival. After which we ascended to the summit of the spire, and took a "bird's-eye" view of Milan and its decidedly picturesque environs.

Towards the southwest we extended our vision, if perchance we might see mountains Viso, Cenis, Blanc, St. Bernard and Rosa; to the left of the latter, Mt. Cervin (the Matterhorn) and the Miscabel; to the northwest the Burnese Alps, the peaks of the St. Gothard range, and to the south, in the distance, the peaks of the Apennines—all of which were dimly visible, excepting Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn.

At closer range within the city, we saw the white marble "Triumphal Arch," in memory of the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the former of which stand seven colossal bronze horses in majestic pose, with a mounted chariot of triumph conspicuously in their midst.

After viewing other objects of interest within the city limits, we descended and at once repaired to the *Municipal Palace*, only a stone's throw distant.

Having entered, we inspected its various apartments in the following order, viz.: First, the antechamber, then the Queen's toilet and bath rooms, bed and dressing-rooms, drawing, waiting and dining-rooms, Banquet Hall, State bedchamber (previously occupied by Napoleon I.—the Shah of Persia—and recently by the Emperor of Germany), the latter gorgeously decorated with gold, and said to be the finest in the world. It certainly defies description. Then followed the dressing, business, reception and throne rooms. This last was visited by Napoleon after his

coronation at Notre Dame, and I think, at his dictation, was made to conform so nearly to the throne and its environs there.

We each in turn sat upon this throne. Next follows the great ballroom, containing eighteen chandeliers, which are lighted by 3,050 candles, all elegant in the superlative degree.

Thence we passed to the apartment which contains the life-size busts of both Napoleon and Josephine, made of the purest white marble, which are striking; and lastly we ascended to the room overlooking the chapel, in which former were elegant and costly cushions, inside a railing, on which former the king, queen and prince kneel, and with bowed heads upon the latter, "offer up their adorations to the Deity" before a shrine of the rarest magnificence in the richly adorned chapel below.

Bidding now adieu to the palace, we hastened to the old *Dominican Convent* attached to the so-called "Santa Maria," and which we reached by carriage in five minutes, where was on exhibition the original and world-renowned painting of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo daVince, which was commenced in 1497 and finished in 1499.

Each character in this scene is so striking and the painting so suggestive and of such interest, I think it proper to dwell somewhat in detail on this wonderful production. Let the descriptive Mrs. Jameson tell the story:

"The purpose being the decoration in a rich convent, the chamber, lofty and spacious, Leonardo has adopted the usual arrangement; the table runs across

from side to side, filling up the whole extent of the wall, and the figures being above the eye and to be viewed from a distance are colossal; they would otherwise have appeared smaller than the real personages seated at the table below.

"The moment selected is the utterance of the words, 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me,' or rather the words have just been uttered, and the picture expresses their effort on the different auditors. The intellectual elevation, the fineness of nature, the benign, God-like dignity suffused with the profoundest sorrow in the head of Christ, surpassed all I could have conceived as possible in art, and faded as it is, the character there being stamped on it by the soul, not the hand of the artist, will remain while a line or hue remains visible. It is a divine shadow, and, until it fades into nothing, will have the lineaments of divinity. Next to Christ is St. John; he has just been addressed by Peter, who beckons to him that he should ask of whom the Lord spake; his disconsolate attitude as he has raised himself to reply, and leans his clasped hands on the table, the almost feminine sweetness of his countenance express the character of this amiable apostle. Peter leaning from behind, is all fire and energy. Judas, who knows full well of whom the Saviour spake, starts back amazed, oversetting the salt, while his fingers clutch the bag of which he has the charge. His face is seen in profile and cast in shadow; without being vulgar or even ugly, it is hateful.

"St. Andrew, with his long, grey beard, lifts up his hands, expressing the wonder of a simple-hearted old

man. St. James, minor, resembling the Saviour in his mild features and the form of his beard and hair, lays his hand on the shoulder of St. Peter—and the expression is, can it be possible? Have we heard aright? Bartholomew, at the extreme end of the table, has risen perturbed from his seat; he leans forward with a look of eager attention, his lips parted; he is impatient to hear more. On the left of our Saviour is St. James, major, who has also a family resemblance to Christ; his arms are outstretched; he shrinks back; he repels the thought with horror. The vivacity of the action and expression are wonderfully true and characteristic. St. Thomas is behind St. James, rather young, with a short beard; he holds up his hand threatening—if there be indeed such a wretch, let him look to it! Philip, young and with a beautiful head, lays his hand on his heart, he protests his love, his truth. Matthew, also beardless, has more elegance, as one who belonged to a more educated class than the rest; he turns to Jude and points to our Saviour as if about to repeat his words, 'Do you know what he says?' Simon and Jude sit together—supposed to be brothers—Jude expresses consternation; 'Simon with his hands stretched out in painful anxiety.'"

Several copies of this wonderful painting, well executed, were here on exhibition, but we necessarily took leave of these interesting scenes and soon reached the "Arch" before mentioned, and inspected its massive and elegant proportions, which are truly awe-inspiring. Thence we passed to the *Arena*, a vast amphitheater, having a seating capacity for thirty thousand people, near to which, I remember, is an elegant

"parade ground," where we saw soldiers drilling, of whom, we were informed, sixteen thousand are constantly stationed here.

Returning now to our hotel and having lunched, we were rapidly conveyed to the "station." At just 1 p. m. we took our departure, bidding farewell to Milan, and were on our way in a due easterly direction to *Venice.* We passed through fertile meadow lands for quite a distance, while the great "spurs" of the Alps on our left kept us company early on the way. Having made the distance of sixty-three miles we touched at "*Brescia*," a rather pretty and it is said to be a prosperous city.

After fifteen miles of further journeying we reached *Leonata*, not far beyond which we obtained the first view of *Lake Garda*, a widely extended body and of not a little interest to the admirer of Napoleonic history, for it is well known that in this very vicinity Napoleon achieved such incredible victories. Having passed several stations we came into *Verona* at 4 o'clock. This city, situated on the Adige, is of considerable historic interest, though its early history is much involved in obscurity. It fell into the hands of the Romans probably near the beginning of the Christian era. Constantine took it by assault in A. D. 312.

Here in a garden on the bank of the Adige, is to be seen the sarcophagus, made of Verona marble, called the tomb of "Juliet." It is supposed that Juliet died here in 1303. It is here at Verona that Shakespeare derived materials for his tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." After a twenty-minutes' pause our journey was resumed, touching at *Vicenza*, and in

due time we reached *Padua*, the oldest city in the north of Italy.

At just 6 o'clock we took our departure, and after a further journeying of twenty-five miles, amid charming rural scenery, a widely extended stretch of plane land on our right appeared to view, while in the distance from which, in the direction of the train, was seen the *Gulf of Venice*, and in its placid waters the "*City of the Sea.*" I, most assuredly, shall never forget this beautiful picture, nor the refreshing and invigorating breeze experienced as we approached, nor the slowly crossing of that portion of the gulf, which we did by a two-mile "Viaduct," at once elegant and of the most substantial construction.

CHAPTER XIX.

Venice.

Having arrived at the station and dismounted, the town clock struck seven. The distance to this point from Milan is 178 miles.

Near by is the "Grand Canal," to which we at once hastened, and on which were gondolas anchored at the foot of the stone steps, the latter of considerable length, in waiting like so many "hacks" at a railway station. Having selected the gondolas, and our luggage on board, it can well be imagined that we enjoyed this novel means of transportation, which we did for two miles, when we reached our destination, the "*Grand Hotel*," itself situated on the Grand Canal. Our rooms selected and baggage carried thither, we soon found ourselves much at home. However, an "economical" dinner, which, by our empty stomachs, we distinctly recall, was served at 8.30 o'clock p. m., after which we were treated to a fine "gondola concert" on the canal in front of the hotel. One little incident, among many in this connection, I quite vividly remember. Two ladies—natives—finely attired, sitting in front of me, indulged so excessively in cigarette smoking that I was early forced to change my position; to me a novel experience, for though often having been thrown into the most voluminous

fumes of tobacco, *I never before was so effectually smoked out.* We retired at a late hour and sweet was our repose.

July 29th.—On this lovely morning, I very early refreshed my memory, the better to give an intelligent "resume" of a primary history of this unique city. In the beginning of the 8th century, the Venetians, increasing in wealth, having passed from an early occupation of fishing and preparing salt by evaporation, finally came into possession of large numbers of coasting vessels, in which they transported the merchandise or troops of foreign races, at very remunerative rates, when they became exposed to the inroads of Dalmatian pirates, occupying the eastern part of the "Adriatic."

It was about this time that strong, castle-like houses of brick and stone began to be built in the sea, with towers at the angles and battlements all along the walls to effect their greater security. There were two methods of forming foundations; one with piles, consisting of white poplar, close driven into the stiff clay, over which were double layers of oak planks; the other consisted of the plank layers on the stiff clay without piles.

Hence the unique city of Venice in the northwestern waters of the "Adriatic Sea." It stands on one hundred and seventeen islands, separated by one hundred and fifty canals, united by three hundred and eighty bridges, and has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants.

At 9 o'clock sharp we set out, not far distant, for *St. Mark's Square and Church* and their immediate

environs. On the way we entered and glanced through the interior of the church of "*St. Moses*," where a few were very religiously at their devotions. Passing on, in five minutes we were within the enclosure of the said "Square"—called also "Piazza." This is the great center for business and pleasure; is five hundred and seventy-six feet in length, and in width varies from two hundred and sixty-nine to one hundred and eighty-five feet. The first thing to do on entering was to feed the pigeons, where a large number are daily fed, corn for us having been provided. I remember how eagerly several flew into my hand as I held out the tempting kernels.

Directly in front of our entrance and on the east side is the Cathedral, while on the three remaining sides are imposing structures, which seem to form an immense palace. On the ground floor all about the square are a succession of stores or bazars, containing a great variety of articles of merchandise, including jewelry, fine glass productions, souvenirs, etc., the latter of which all of our party largely purchased. It was in this vicinity I saw the most wonderful specimen of wood carving by hand ever witnessed. It consisted of a double image, life size, one side representing "Mephistopheles" in a bold, upright pose, while on the opposite side "Marguerite," a most modest maiden, was making obeisance.

On the left of the Cathedral is a high tower, in which is a large clock, and above this are two bronze human figures, which strike the hour upon the bell between them. I recall also the wonderful dial of this clock, on the face of which is not only the time of

day indicated, but the day of the week and month, the changes of the moon and the revolution of the planets of the solar system about the sun.

Near by and in front of the Cathedral "is a massive square tower of brick, called the Campanile, founded in A. D. 900; three hundred and twenty-five feet high, forty-two feet square, has a pyramidal roof, and on the apex is a colossal statue of an angel, externally formed of plates of gilt bronze."

We were now before and inspecting the unique "facade" of the great Cathedral. This church, the second, was rebuilt in 1071, to which additions were made in the 14th and 17th centuries. It was erected in honor of St. Mark and as a depository of his bones, which were among the treasures brought from the East.

The architecture is peculiar, mixed and quaint. The roof is covered with small cupolas and rows of arches piled one above another; also several large domes. It is without beauty and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, is admirable. On the right of the facade is seen, in "mosaics," the embarkation of the body of "St. Mark" at Alexandria and its landing at Venice; on the left the "Veneration of St. Mark" and the "Church of St. Mark;" while between, outside of the portico, stand the four bronze horses, "as much celebrated for their adventures as for their beauty. They are supposed to be the work of a Corinthian artist, and are said to have been presented to Nero, who caused them to be harnessed to the Chariot of the Sun, which surmounted his triumphal arch at Rome. They were removed by Constantine to his new capital, and at

the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, they formed part of the spoil which fell to the share of the Venetians. When Venice was taken by Bonaparte, these horses were conveyed to Paris ; but at the peace of 1814, they were restored to Venice."

Over the principal entrance, and beneath these horses, is represented "The Last Judgment." On entering, we at once reached the vestibule. We noted the floor here to be of marble and in mosaics, while the ceiling and walls are set in mosaics of glass, the ground work of which is gold.

I recall "The Judgment of Solomon" and "The Tower of Babel here," also set in mosaics, as unique and very striking.

On entering the church proper, we compassed its vast length 258 feet, and its width 210 feet.

About the central door is Christ, Mary and St. Mark, all in mosaics. In the three domes directly over the nave are represented God with David, Solomon and the prophets, the Ascension, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Trinity.

The mosaic pavement, I recall, is very uneven, owing to the settling of the floor, but we were informed it is to be restored.

Advancing now towards the altar, we observed two pulpits, supported by four elegant porphyry pillars, one of which is black *and said to be the only specimen known.* In the left transept were two fine bronze candelabra of the 14th century, and in the right transept were two bronze candelabra of the 15th century.

Here the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul, in mosaics, are very impressive. Now advancing we soon

came to the High Altar. It is covered by a canopy of "verde antique," supported by four marble columns. Underneath this canopy, we saw the sarcophagus said to contain the remains of St. Mark. Out attention was next directed to another altar, behind the high altar, containing four spiral alabaster columns, two of which are semi-transparent, and are said to have once belonged to King Solomon's Temple.

Near this altar, on our left, is the wonderful door of the "Sacristy," with relief, beautiful mosaics and inlaid cabinets of the 14th century, which we closely inspected; after which, we entered the chapel of St. Clement, to the right of the high altar, and viewed a relief representing St. Nicholas, St. James, St. Andrew and the Doge Gratti. Thence, we entered the baptistery in the right aisle close to the entrance, and looked upon, with great admiration, the bronze "font" of the 14th century, above which I remember witnessing the striking figure of John the Baptist.

In taking leave of this prodigious, unique and costly marble structure, I did so with head uncovered and in breathless awe; farewell St. Marks, I shall never behold your like again.

We now hastened to the "Palace of the Doges," which is close at hand, the dimensions of which are 230 by 220 feet. The present edifice is in the Moorish Gothic style, and dates from the 14th century.

From between two of the columns of its principal portal, we took note where the sentences of death were read during the time of the Republic.

On entering, we at once found ourselves in a spacious court, in the center of which we observed

two "cistern openings in bronze." Thence we ascended the giant staircase, at the head of which are the colossal statues of "Mars" and "Neptune," and now found ourselves well into the palace. Proceeding, we inspected, in the following order, the ante, reception and senate rooms, chapel, business, ante college, council of three and council of ten rooms, and were charmed at their magnificent stucco ceilings, mosaic floors and matchless paintings.

We now descended to the first floor to the great "Council chamber," whose dimensions are 165 by 78 feet in length and breadth, and with a height of forty-seven feet, on the frieze of which are the striking portraits of seventy-six Doges, while on the walls are twenty-one finely executed works of art, chief of which is Tintoretto's matchless oil painting of Paradise on the east wall, and which is said to be *the largest oil painting in the world.* Those on the other walls represent striking battle scenes between the Germans and Venetians, while hideous scenes of a similar nature in Venetian contests are largely spread over the ceiling. Thence we passed to the apartment in which is the colossal "Map of the World" of the 15th century, on which we gazed with curious interest, after which we entered the voting room, where the last "Doge" was elected in 1797, and of interest principally from this circumstance; then through the museum, bedroom of the Doge, dining and waiting-rooms. From the last named we ascended the stairway, that brought us to the memorable "Bridge of Sighs." The ancient doors still guard the entrance and exit.

This bridge is unpretentious, and would not be noteworthy except for its associations. It connects the palace on the west with the prison on the east side of the bank of the canal "Rio Palazzo," which it spans. Crossing this bridge we entered the prison.

The experience of another was our experience, as we descended to and passed these hideous cells, as follows, viz.:

"I descended from the cheerful day, into two ranges, one below another, of dismal, awful, horrible, stone cells. They were quite dark. Each had a loophole in its massive walls, where in the olden time every day a torch was placed to light the prisoners within for half an hour. The captives by the glimmering of these brief rays, had cut and scratched inscriptions in the blackened vaults. I saw them; for their labor with the rusty nail's point had outlived their agony and them for many generations."

We now made our exit and to scenes more pleasing for contemplation.

Our little party, by previous engagement, had agreed to sit for their photographs; so from near this point we boarded two "gondolas" and were rowed into a wide expanse of water, near to the shore of which the photographer in waiting snapped his "kodak" at us. As a result, most of this "squad" are supplied with their duodecimo "phiz," with the gondolas thrown in; also quite a portion of the Adriatic sea and its environs—all as a souvenir. Afterward, we drifted down the canals, soon reaching the lace factory, where thousands were engaged in lace-making—all by hand. It is just wonderful with what skill and dexter-

ity these unique designs and products were multiplied by the facile manipulations of these female employees. I learned, upon enquiry, that the price paid is one "franc," while the prison convicts, and they are many, received only the equivalent of twelve cents per day for their services. I recall inspecting a delicate specimen of lace here, such as Napoleon, it is said, once upon a time selected for his then consort, Josephine.

Thence our gondola journeying was to the glass factory, where glass-blowing, spinning, twisting and many other kinds of manipulation we witnessed, with an exhibition, also, of chandeliers, baskets, neckties, rings, etc., etc., all glass, and the choicest specimens of Venetian skill, as evinced in the taste, combination and arrangement of variegated colors, and their flexibility, so materially utilizing these useful productions. But we passed on and soon found ourselves at the "Realto Bridge," until recently the only bridge spanning the Grand canal.

This part of the city is called the "Rialto." The bridge was built in 1588; it is of one span—ninety-one feet. Its width is seventy-two feet, and it is covered with stores. I counted twenty-four, twelve on either side of the highway.

On the right, near the bridge, I remember was a fish market, while opposite were the fruit and vegetable markets. Having crossed the bridge, we were soon shown the Rialto church, which is small and of peculiar style; interesting from its antiquity and associations. It is maintained that it was erected in A. D. 428. Near by is the ancient house of "Shylock," and

other objects in connection therewith of early historic interest.

Thence we were rowed through various canals, by which we obtained an excellent view of many fine buildings, though at close range they appeared dingy, necessarily from excessive dampness. Of gondolas, there are 1,200 now in use in Venice, reduced from 3,000 since twelve years ago, when steamboats were introduced on the Grand canal.

The former are invariably black, covered with a canopy, or not, and rowed by a single oar near the stern, which, we were informed, was the original method of propulsion.

Venice is a city of varied associations. Next to our hotel stands the house where once lived "Desdemona," of Shakesperian history, and here were the homes of the famous poets Byron and Browning.

Incidents sufficient to fill a volume might be written, but we have neither the time nor space to do so. Reaching our hotel and going through the farcical routine of a dinner, we afterward in due time retired, spending our second night in Venice. No footfall of horse, nor the rumbling of carriage wheel disturbed our repose, though the clanging of numberless bells after 4 o'clock a. m. prevented the much-desired morning nap, the pleasure of which we all were obliged to forego.

July 30th.—After breakfasting (table d'hote "economical"), letter writing, purchasing of souvenirs, etc., made up the small duties of the morning. Another gondola ride, viewing some additional scenery, gladsomely whiled away the hours remaining for our tarry in this city in the sea.

Having been transported to the station, with bag and baggage, thence we took our departure for Florence at 3 o'clock p. m. The route was southwesterly. We had proceeded but a short distance when we reached *Master*, only of interest to us, perhaps, as being the point whence a railroad branches from the main line northeasterly into Austria.

In less than an hour the "Tyrolean Alps" appeared to view on our right, separating Italy from Austria. Thirty miles below "Padua" we crossed the Adige, and a few miles only, ere we reached Ferrari, we crossed the broad, majestic river "Po."

Distinctly do I recall the vast fields of hemp—a staple product—for miles in this region, and ready for harvest.

We paused briefly at *Bologna*, a cozy city nestling at the base of picturesque hills. From this point, as far as the eye could reach before us and on either side, appeared the barren peaks of the Apennine mountains. Having passed through and beyond them, we reached *Florence* at 11 o'clock p. m. Distance from Venice, 175 miles.

CHAPTER XX.

Florence.

Boarding an omnibus, our baggage on top, we expected soon to reach the hotel provided for our accommodation, when, to our surprise, several "banditti" surrounded the vehicle, while one large, fierce-looking fellow grasped the bits of one of the horses, and imperiously demanded money, which our conductor was forced to advance ere we could proceed.

We all breathed easier on reaching our hotel—the "Florence Washington"—and appreciated the fact, that through the tact of our leader we had escaped the clutches of "a pack of thieves."

Having supped a cup of hot coffee, we repaired to our comfortable apartments, and there spent the remainder of the night.

July 31st.—Early this delightful morning, accompanied by a gentleman of the party, we inspected many of the streets and buildings. The streets of Florence are narrow and many of them conspicuously unpretentious and untidy.

The city is intersected by the "Arno"—a dirty stream—which divides it into two unequal parts, the larger being on the north side of the river; the latter varies, here, in width from 300 to 450 feet.

Florence, in shape an irregular pentagon, is en-

closed by walls of about six miles in extent and communicates with the exterior by means of eight gates, which conduct to thickly peopled suburbs, and a lovely, fertile and salubrious neighborhood encircled by sloping hills, studded with picturesque villas, fruitful vineyards and gardens.

Florence and her environs viewed from an elevation appear one vast city. The first object of special interest visited this morning was the Cathedral. Arriving by carriage, we found ourselves before a majestic structure of brick, covered with variegated marble, towering three hundred and sixty-three feet to the summit of the cross, and stretching out in length four hundred and ninety-six feet. Its cupola is wider than that of the Pantheon of Rome, and consequently wider than that of St. Peter's, and was the first double cupola raised in Europe.

The foundations of this building were laid in 1298, its "facade" remodeled in 1860, and unveiled in 1883, with very great ceremony.

To the sculptured work and gorgeous paintings within its interior I will only invite the exercise of the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say that the descent from the cross—in sculptured marble—by Michael Angelo, and the paintings in the interior of the dome by Zuccheri and Vasari, and the portraits of Dante and Giotto, once seen can never be forgotten. The belfry in front of the Cathedral is also covered with variegated marble, and adorned with highly finished statues reaching up to the dizzy altitude of two hundred and seventy-five feet. Near to the Cathedral stands the Baptistery, an octangular edifice of rare

beauty. A number of granite pillars support its dome, and fine mosaics shed a rich coloring over it; the walls are lined and the pavement is inlaid with marble. It is dedicated to "St. John the Baptist," and all its ornaments have a reference to the Sacrament of Baptism. We were informed that it is the baptistery of the entire city of Florence. On its three great bronze doors—celebrated for their beauty—are figures representing important Scriptual events. Upon these I gazed with amazement and tried to appreciate the marvelous skill exhibited in the execution of this work, dating back, as it does, to the 13th and 14th centuries.

I do not wonder that Michael Angelo, as he looked upon this center door, declared it "worthy to be the portal of Paradise." Dante mentions this baptistery in his "Inferno" as "St. John's fair dome of me beloved." Thence we proceeded to the "Market" place, whither farmers and others from the neighboring country assemble, and where many were now gathered upon this quite extended level plane, and were somewhat boisterous under the stimulus of an active competition in trade. Near at hand I noted the "Statue and fountain of Venus," both quite pretentious, while not far distant was the mythological figure of "Medusa," with the head held by Perseus, brutally haggled from the body.

Passing thence we soon reached the "Uffizi Royal Palace and Gallery." The valuable collections are on the second floor. The gallery consists of two long parallel corridors, united at one end by a shorter one. On each side of the corridors stand ancient sarcophagi,

busts of Roman emperors, and statues; among others the original dancing fawn is of rare merit. Many of the paintings in the various apartments are by Titian, Raphael, Rubens and Rembrandt. I remember those of Luther, his wife and Melancthon to be very fine. In one apartment I took note of four hundred portraits of as many artists, each executed by the original. The life-size portrait of Galileo in advanced life, in an adjoining room, was very impressive. A magnificent table in Florentine mosaics, three hundred years old, and at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, is a gem of rare beauty.

In passing thence through the corridor to the "Pitti" gallery, we were shown, in the former, fourteen hundred portrait paintings, which cover four centuries. Among the choice paintings in the Pitti gallery—some five hundred—four of the Madonna, the portrait of Pope Julius II., and the ascension of the Virgin are the highest perfection of art. A circular table of unique design and of a highly polished finish, at a cost of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and the bronze statues of Cain and Abel, also a colossal blue vase, which belonged to France in the time of Napoleon I., the peculiar hue of which, it is said, cannot be reproduced, all these are certainly for splendor unsurpassed.

From these galleries we next proceeded to the Royal palace, of massive stone, once the residence of kings, and after glancing at its elaborate interior decorations descended to the spacious court yard, where we inspected the life-size marble statues of Americus Vespucius, Dante, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci

and many others, all well executed and in standing pose. Moving on, and after inspecting the exterior of an antiquated chapel, the great stone arch and "City Gate," each to be highly honored for antiquity, we soon arrived at the "Church of the Annunciation." Externally the building is ordinary, but its interior is gorgeous in the extreme. It contains an elegant altar of gold and silver that hitherto was matchless in all our travels, without doubt, in intrinsic value. I could not but think how many a poor man's pocket was repeatedly drained in contribution to this needless expense. Good authority states that this altar is one of the most costly in all Europe.

We next passed to the *Bishop's Palace*, formerly the Parliament House. It contains many paintings of rare excellence; notably that of Pope Pius V., clothed in sacerdotal dignity, and as if he would like to excommunicate us from his presence, while statues of many celebrities in "Carrara" marble, all about us, were but mementos of the stirring events of bygone centuries, in both church and state, in which they whom these statues represent figured so conspicuously.

After lunch we resumed our carriage drive, headed for the famous "Michael Angelo's Piazza or Terrace," situated in the southeastern part of the city. Never shall I forget the well-paved boulevard beneath the over-hanging verdant trees, and the charming footpath on either side, evidently "cast up" for the genteel, as we followed leisurely along the winding ascent, the distance, I should guess, of two miles, then the gentle slope to our immediate destination.

On arriving at this considerable elevation, the city

in its entirety appeared to view; its churches, with their lofty spires and domes, its palaces, palatial residences and its river, while encircling them all are the old walls and gates. In the distance mountains rise to the height of 3,000 feet, "covered with cypress, ilex, chestnut and pine."

From our position westward, at a closer range, we saw the house and observatory where Galileo made many of his observations, while in another direction was seen the church of the "Holy Cross," in the crypt of which lie the bones of Michael Angelo.

Near by where we stood was a colossal bronze statue of David in his youth, by the above-mentioned artist, and which is strikingly imposing.

Returning in due time we reached the Statue gallery near our hotel, where we inspected finely executed work, both in soft and hard marble. The former, "Castellamare," is susceptible of a soft, smooth finish and designed only for interior ornamentation, while the "Cararra" is for monumental and more enduring work. The latter, I learned, is much the more expensive. Continuing our drive we soon passed the elegant, colossal statue of our revered George Washington, while not a great distance away stood the spacious and well-preserved house of the renowned "Americus Vespucius."

Evening being upon us we repaired to our hotel, with weary bodies and hungry stomachs, and after a very "economical" repast, reminding us of Venice, four of us planned to precede the party to Rome, from this point, to thereby save time in making Naples, Pompeii, Resina and Vesuvius. This brave "quartet,"

myself in this trait of course excepted, being the only ones daring to make the exploit. All things in readiness, we took our departure by the 11.20 p. m. train, brushing the dust from our feet, though cherishing pleasant memories of the city itself, and singing, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

We proceeded up the valley of the Arno, some twenty-five miles in a southwesterly direction, thence moved in a southeasterly direction, touching at Arezzo, Cortona, Terontola, Perugia, Chiusi and Orvicto.

All the way eastward and on our left the "Apennines" kept us company, till within thirty-eight miles of our destination, while the muddy Tiber steadily followed us on our right, even to the gates of the city.

Passing several unimportant stations, with no pause, we reached, early in the morning, the so-called "Campagna," a widely extended territory contiguous to Rome, and soon the golden dome of St. Peter's reminded us we were near the "Eternal City." Slowly, as if to give us a more protracted view, without having had a wink of sleep, did we, at 7 o'clock a. m., roll into the commodious station, after a ride of 197 miles.

We were soon conveyed by a buss to the "Hotel d'Angleterre."

CHAPTER XXI.

Rome—Naples—Vesuvius.

After breakfasting at 8 o'clock, we did a little sight-seeing on our own account.

August 1st.—The first objects of special interest engaging our attention, were the massive brick walls of the "Thermal Baths" of Diocletian, built, it is said, in A. D. 302.

The great hall of these, now a church, by Michael Angelo, and granite pillars, each forty-three feet high, remain as in the days of Diocletian. The anterior walls are still in a good state of preservation.

Here is exhibited the wonderful skill of the Romans, as seen in the construction of the "reservoirs," "impervious to moisture in conveying hot water, and in the construction of "flues" for carrying hot air. It must have been of a very high order.

Thence we proceeded to the great Egyptian Obelisk, standing in a triangular space in the northern part of the city, from which proceed its three principal streets. The "Corso" is the central, that on the left the "Via Babuino," while on the right is the "Via Ripetta." These diverging streets proceed in a straight line to their respective destination; and it was a sight to behold, especially along the Corso, which is said to be the finest street in Rome, being fifty feet

wide and extending a mile to its termination in the "Piazza di Venezia," near the north foot of the Capitol. It is lined with splendid palaces, while many carriages and pedestrians give it at once an animated and imposing appearance.

Two handsome churches, with lofty spires, standing in front (though conveniently apart) of the obelisk give special dignity each to the others and indicate the skill and taste of the designer and builder. But we are going to Naples; so, returning to our hotel, we lunched, then indulged in two hours' sleep, after which, having obtained the necessary information concerning the route, etc., we were conveyed to the station, where excursion tickets were with difficulty procured, when, "shut in" to our compartment at precisely 4.30 p. m., we commenced our memorable journey.

Our course for some distance was parallel to that of the *Appian Way*, of which we shall hereafter speak, the tombs upon which were plainly visible.

The Campagna is covered with the ruins of the Claudian and "Anio Novus" aqueducts, of a truth the most striking of all the ruins about Rome.

Now appeared to view the Sabine hills, from which Sabine women were carried to Rome in the latter's early conquest. As we approached the "Alban hills," I remember passing through vineyards and olive yards, and through "cuttings" made in the currents of lava which once flowed from the now extinct volcanoes of these hills.

On our left, in the distance, we next saw "Monte Cavo," surmounted by a white edifice, and adjacent the village known as "Rocca di Papa." Below on

a less elevation, is the village and palace of "Castel-Gandolfo," which, we were informed, is the favorite summer residence of the Popes, all these overlooking the lovely lake of Albino. Soon afterward we passed a "threshing floor," on an elevation at our right, in the midst of a field of grain, which floor was evidently the ground itself.

The cattle were treading the grain, while an individual, with a large, peculiar fan, was driving away the chaff as the grain was falling from a vessel, which was being agitated by the manipulations of another person at a medium elevation, strongly suggesting the Scriptural account, and doubtless the whole scene was but a counterpart of the method of separating the chaff from the wheat long before the beginning of the Christian era.

The Apennines on the east, and at our right at a variable distance, frowned on us all the way, and bald and barren, indeed, are they from base to summit.

The stereotpyed expression of one of our party, which he often applied to these, as also he did to the Alpine mountains, I cannot but adopt as quite appropriate and highly descriptive: "They are grand, gloomy and peculiar."

Arriving at Naples at 11 o'clock p. m., we were conveyed by buss to *Hotel Royal des 'Trangers.*" Distance from Rome, 162 miles.

Sleepy though we were, I can never forget that route and ride.

Some "fete" was being celebrated, and the city was illuminated with gas, more brilliantly than was any other city on the Continent, or anywhere else in our

travels. One street was elegantly festooned with jets, inside closely set bell glasses, for a long distance, and everybody seemed happy. The principal street over which we rode was broad—unlike many—and was paved with stones a foot square, set obliquely, and though much worn showed traces of its original and remarkable beauty.

I recall passing objects rather unsavory, and at a certain open market in particular, which was crowded with people making their purchases for Sunday, such an odor was emitted we instinctively held our breath, and were glad the driver here took the hint to quicken the pace of his horses. This journey must have covered fully two miles, when we reached the hotel, the nearest from the station in the city, and which we did at 11.40 o'clock. Having been treated very hospitably, we retired, with the injunction to call us at 6.30 o'clock sharp next morning.

August 2d.—We arose early, after a profound sleep, and, awaiting breakfast, surveyed the Bay of Naples, on which the "Hotel Royal" is situated.

Truly, Naples is exceedingly fortunate and picturesque in her situation, built as she is at the base and on the slope of a range of volcanic hills, and rising from the shores like an amphitheater. Its circumference, including its suburbs, is nearly eighteen miles, and is the largest and most populous city in Italy, containing, as it does, 464,000 inhabitants.

Its palace and many palatial residences are on an elevation, while upon its highest point stands an imposing castle called "St. Elmo."

In the form of a beautiful crescent, the city crowds

the waters of the bay, the former protected by high, thick walls of masonry, at once commanding the admiration of the world. This bay is twenty miles wide from Cape Miseno on the northwest to Cape Campanella to the southeast, and its environs dispute, it is said, only with Constantinople in the claim of occupying the most beautiful site in Europe.

Let the reader imagine my opportunity, as I stood upon these walls and extended my gaze west and northward upon the scenes above mentioned, while before me my vision embraced the gigantic, rocky island of Capri seventeen miles southerly, and Procida and Ischia to the southwest, while to the east of south Castellamare and Sorento respectively appeared to view. Directing the eye eastward along the border of the bay, Vesuvius, ten miles distant, from its impregnable base towers up 4,000 feet, while from its lofty, yawning chasm was seen belching forth sulphurous steam with smoke and lava, whose effect was at once both grand and awe inspiring. This scenery was unspeakably enjoyed, until we were summoned to breakfast, which consisted of the most tempting viands that the Continent had hitherto offered. I call this little "squad" to witness, that we here partook of the best beefsteak since we set foot on the "City of Rome." Enough English could be spoken and written to enable us to obtain an itemized receipt, which we did for the expenses incurred, and which I still pleasurably keep as a souvenir of this hotel's hospitality.

CHAPTER XXII.

Pompeii—Herculaneum—Resina—Vesuvius.

At 7.30 o'clock we were conveyed to the station, from whence by rail, at 8 o'clock, we began our journey to "Pompeii." On the way to the station I was particularly struck at the loftiness of many of the edifices, and especially the elegant "Barracks" provided for the soldiery.

Having procured tickets, we had no time to spare, but jumped on board and at once were on our way to the famous "ruins" of the buried city. Being constantly on the "watch tower," a number of interesting objects greeted our vision on the way. A macaroni factory of some pretentions was noteworthy for its novelty, if for nothing else, and a large oleander tree in full bloom, the like of which we confessedly had never seen before.

Then farther on at our right we took note of a lovely village which skirts the bay, and enjoyed an extended view of the bay itself, in whose waters, not far distant, stands the dilapidated ruins which, we learned, are those of the "Castle of Mary," but *the unique* sight of the route witnessed occurred as we were nearing our destination. This consisted of an old man in rags—a beggar—with both hands extended for alms, his head bowed and to one side, with the

most "woe-be-gone" expression imaginable, and a dozen poorly clad boys and girls with him purposely to intensify the deplorableness of the situation. How vividly do I recall this scene, and how disheartening it is to think that begging is so reduced to a science that able-bodied men will so dexterously malinger for a few tiny crackers, or oftener for a "centime," with which to obtain a drink of the poorest whisky.

Brakes down, and we were soon at a convenient hotel, where we at once effected arrangements with one of "Cook's" agents for the "sights" of the day, and a guide selected, him we followed, with others, at once to the "ruins." Distance from Naples, eighteen miles. It was now 9 o'clock, and the walk to the site was very charming.

After a short distance through a garden, we commenced and continued a slightly tortuous ascent to our destination. Vines, plants and floral exhibitions greeted us on either hand, which were fragrantly attractive; but what charmed me most were several "Century" plants, or rather trees in bloom, at least fifteen feet in altitude. There are "funeral" monuments also that border this famous pathway; hence the name it bears—the "Street of the Tombs."

It does not fall within the scope of these "memoirs" to enter minutely into the history of any place visited, but a glance at Pompeii and its environs seem necessary, the better to understand and appreciate its discoveries.

"Pompeii, an ancient town of Campania, is situated on the shore of the Bay of Naples, and at the mouth of the river Sarnus, almost at the foot of Mt. Vesu-

vius. To its proximity to that volcano it owes its celebrity; the peculiar circumstances of its destruction by the great volcanic outburst of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, and of its rediscovery in modern times—1748—having converted that which would otherwise have been known only as an obscure country town, into a place of world-wide fame, as one of the most interesting relics preserved to us from antiquity.

"Of its previous history comparatively little is recorded, but it appears that like most other towns in the beautiful region in which it was situated, it had a population of a very mixed character, and it passed successively into the hands of several nations, each of which probably contributed an additional element to its composition. After its conquest by several races it fell into the hands of the 'Samnites,' and at a later period took a prominent part in the outbreak of the natives of Central Italy, known as the 'Social War' (91–89 B. C.), when after a seige by Sulla it was reduced by Roman arms.

"A military colony was settled in the territory by the dictator Sulla, and the whole population became Romanized. Before the close of the Republic it became the resort of the leading nobles of Rome. In the year 63 (A. D.) an earthquake vented its force upon Pompeii, which nearly destroyed the city. While the inhabitants were actually engaged in rebuilding and repairing their ruined edifices, the entire city was overwhelmed by a much more appalling catastrophe.

"In A. D. 79 the neighboring mountain Vesuvius, the volcanic forces of which had been slumbering for unknown ages, suddenly burst into a violent eruption,

which, while it carried devastation all around the beautiful gulf, buried the two cities Herculaneum and Pompeii under dense beds of cinders and ashes."

I confess my inability at the outset to adequately describe what was before us; but here we were fronting the huge, wide and deep arch, ruggedly festooned with stalactites of lava, through which the entrance was effected to the ruins, and passing thither we soon entered an apartment on our right, a sort of "museum," where among many others the following relics were observed: A large door, tree, two gates and a wine cask, each embedded in lava, of whose antiquity more than eighteen hundred years are voluntary witnesses; two men, one a soldier, with stick in hand; a woman and maiden, probably mother and daughter, in a pose of contortion, while a "Canine" with mouth open, exhibiting a tooth as perfect as at the time of the city's destruction, and all in a good state of preservation; and the evolution of time, by the way, notes no changes in the general contour of either man or beast. Other objects of interest here on exhibition were the skeletons of horses, fish bones, scales, lamps, fountain images and a great variety of pottery. I was particularly struck by a specimen of charred clothing, in such a state of preservation as to be identified as such, and this proves that the incandescent matter thrown out by the volcano reached Pompeii before the rains, which only flooded it when it was already covered with pumice, stones and ashes. "These torrents of water and ashes carried away, in all directions, movable and fragile objects, and covering them up prevented their destruction."

Passing out and on we soon entered, on our left, a "hotel," inspecting its ruined court, kitchen and bathrooms, taking note also of the dressing-room preparatory to bathing, its pots, aquarium, double bedroom, original frescoe on its walls, and its elegant floor in mosaics. It was probably once two stories in height, but the walls of only one story remain.

I remember soon afterwards entering a large "ruins," which was of less interest than the prison underneath. Damp and gloomy was this dungeon, where the criminal must have eked out a most miserable existence. Next we were within the midst of the ruins of the "Temple of Venus," standing in a wide space, surrounded by a portico of columns, while outside of these was a wall bounding the sacred edifice. I think it was here I observed the high altar, on which, in both Latin and Greek, were significant inscriptions.

The next object of visitation was the "Forum." This covers a space of four hundred and eighty by one hundred and five feet. As the forum was the focus and center of all the activities of Rome, so it was here, and by its environs conclude it was surrounded by public buildings of a commanding character.

As instances, we found along the street of the forum the "Temple of Fortune," the Thermæ, or public baths, and the School of the Gladiators.

A certain portion of the forum contains three triumphal arches, built of brick and lava encased in marble. The Civil Forum we found paved with marble and surrounded on three sides by porticoes. "The north end of the forum, where alone the portico is wanting, is occupied by a building, the most imposing

in the whole city, known as the Temple of Jupiter. It was raised on a base of considerable elevation, and had a portico with six Corinthian columns in front," and, if I am not "mixed," a triangular arch above the entrance. We now proceeded to the Pantheon (under dispute). I recollect the fine marble columns at its entrance, and its once beautiful court. Thence we passed to the smaller so-called Temple of Mercury or Augustus. Here, I remember, were the statues of Augustus Cæsar and wife, each said to be an exact copy of the original statues; also a somewhat pretentious altar which was used for sacrifice.

Another great ruins, answering to the "House of Parliament," and close at hand a Temple ruins, originally built of brick, also the place of sacrifice, and the Exchange Place, were in their order inspected. Our attention was next directed to a copy of the original statue, in commanding pose, of the great "Mark Anthony," and great indeed was the sculptor thereof. A little further on we saw quite a variety of original statuary but recently unearthed, and protected from manipulation by a grate-iron door, through which we could see at some distance; and only a few steps farther we were at the ruins of an oil factory, near to which was a dog's kennel, "natural as life." We soon had advanced to the Great Market Place, where were the remains of ninety-six columns, furnishing a hint of the capacity of this wonderful enclosure. I shall never forget our approach to the "Great Theater," next in order, through its grand corridor, and inspecting its vast area with its many semi-lunar steps of deep descent, so well intact and preservation, and

trying to imagine Nero upon the stage, where he so often sang and otherwise entertained the immense audiences here convened. How could anybody have tolerated strains of music from the lips of this foul-mouthed, blood-thirsty tyrant? At a little distance stands the "Smaller Theater," where "tragedy" was exemplified. This theater was not fully unearthed, the steps being somewhat covered with "debris," though the general outline of its interior is definable.

It was here that the renowned "Glaucus" won his laurels and wealth as an actor and tragedian. Proceeding now by a southerly course we soon reached the "Barracks," where sixty-three skeletons, arms of gladiators, and many other valuable relics had been discovered. Not far distant, westerly, we soon came to the "Temple of Hercules," said to be a misnomer, but generally conceded to be the most ancient edifice in Pompeii.

"It is maintained that the period of its destruction is unknown, as it cannot be ascribed wholly to the earthquake of A. D. 63. Its ruins present us with all the characters of a true Greek temple, resembling, in its proportions, that of Neptune at Pæstum, and probably of as remote antiquity. Only the basement, a few columns and some other architectual fragments remain; enough, however, to restore its plan and to give an idea what may have been its style and capacity." The ruins are in the midst of a large triangular space adjoining the large theater. They were to me of intenser interest than any other ruins, from their greater antiquity.

Another ruins which we next inspected, contiguous

to the great theater, was the temple dedicated to "Iris," as a remaining inscription testifies; and though small "is of interest as the only remaining temple dedicated to the Egyptian goddess, whose worship became so popular under the Roman Empire." But, mentioning these ruins in the order in which they were viewed, we next came to several large stone mills for grinding purposes. The grinder is of conic form, to which is attached a shaft; the former is made to fit a cone-shaped cavity, and by adjustment the degree of fineness of the grinding was accomplished.

Our attention was next directed to one of the principal streets, which we found in a good state of preservation. I should say it was about twenty feet in width, which, from others inspected, we noted is much more than they will average in the city. Like most of the streets, this one is straight, and all of them are paved with large polygonal blocks of hard basaltic lava, fitted closely together, though marked, as I saw, by deep, wide "ruts" from the passage of vehicles in ancient times. What to me was exceedingly singular were the numerous stepping stones raised above the level of the carriage way *and in the road*, which must have been an obstruction to the passage of vehicles, and argues that foot passenger travel was much more general than any extensive traffic by wheeled vehicles.

Thence we advanced to a once elegant residence, in which was an original statue of considerable merit; also observed a lead water pipe in "situ"—as it was eighteen hundred years ago. It truly was a curiosity. The great Thermæ, or baths, near by, with apparatus for supplying both water and heat, we next approached.

The place for depositing the bather's clothes, and much more of genuine interest, though in ruins, can be deciphered. There are several such ruins, one of which is much larger than the rest.

A gymnasium stands not far away, furnishing evidence that the Romans were familiar with the healthful practice of calisthenics. Another thing with which they were evidently familiar is evinced by the "wine-room" of another ruins, where ample provision had been made for the exhilerating beverage, of which provision we took cognizance as we passed through. The next edifice was said to have been occupied by a friend of Augustus Cæsar. The two most noticeable things observed amid the ruins of which were the *steam pipe in bronze*, and the small, original windowpane of thick, translucent glass. It was the only specimen, with one exception, brought to our notice. I learned that the windows were generally small and contributed nothing to the external decorations of the houses. We also became familiar with the fact that drugs were not unknown to the Romans—for close at hand stood an "apothecary's shop," while conveniently near was also a "soap manufactory."

Cleanliness and medicine ought to go together, and perhaps they did with the Romans, more likely than otherwise, for the *baths* were immediately accessible.

About this time, we observed a quaint, original fireplace in an unpretentious ruins, over which latter is a balcony. A "butcher's market" was only a few rods distant, and contiguous to which was another wine apartment, with, in this instance, a cellar which

added to the capacity of storage, and perhaps to safety. A bakery oven and grain washer we noted, also, as curiosities of the first century. The house said to have been that of "Lucretius," must have been originally an elegant affair. A splendid ruins of a mansion, excavations revealing which, three years since, indicate superior skill and taste on the part of the designer and builder.

We must not pass without further reference to the Temple of Fortune, at which we had now arrived and entered by several steps. It evidently suffered very severely by the earthquake referred to, but existing remains show that its walls were covered with slabs of marble, and that the columns of the portico were of like material.

A little northeasterly, and we came to "The House of the Faun," in which we saw the statue of the "Faun" and pronounced it a perfect representation of a drunken man. Here, also, is the other original windowpane, through which light came so sparingly, as it did through all of their small windows. The interior walls of this interesting edifice were stuccoed, and a pavement, a little in advance, set in mosaics of a most charming pattern were both well preserved. The latter is said to have existed in the time of "Alexander the Great," in the midst of which mosaics, we were told, until recently stood the statue of the above-named conqueror, but which now, with a large collection of other valuable relics, is found in the "Museo Borbonico" at Naples.

We now proceeded to apartments which were evidently once complete for cold and hot baths. I viewed

the double walls between which steam was originally introduced, and by means of which one apartment could have been heated to any degree of temperture desired. Our Turkish baths, therefore, were doubtless understood and enjoyed by the ancients.

Next in order, we passed to the once beautiful home of "Glaucus"—before mentioned—and from what remains of its extensive decorations, though not a large edifice, was probably one of the most richly adorned of all the private mansions of Pompeii.

No "single" gentleman of the present day can reasonably ask for a habitation more uniquely designed or elegantly finished than this palatial residence of the handsome and high-minded, popular Athenian "bachelor."

Novelty, as well as variety, being one of the attractive features of the ruins, we next came to inspect a "staircase"—the marks of the steps on one side of the wall to a second story being plainly visible. Lastly, we were shown several receptacles, where were found wine, meat, bread, etc., etc., in such condition as to be indentified without difficulty.

Perhaps before dismissing these interesting "ruins," an account of the style of architecture, the materials used in the construction of the buildings and the variety of their embellishment, etc., may add somewhat to the interest of these relics—indeed, the account would be unfinished without such addenda.

"The architecture of Pompeii must be regarded as presenting in general a transitional character from the pure Greek style to that of the Roman empire.

The temples (as already observed) have always the

Roman peculiarity of being raised on a podium of considerable elevation, and the same characteristic is found in most of the other public buildings. All the three orders of Greek architecture—the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian—are found freely employed in the various edifices of the city, but rarely in strict accordance with the rules of art in their proportions and details; while the private houses naturally exhibit still more deviation and irregularity. In many of these, indeed, we find varieties in the ornamentation, and even in such leading features as the capitols of the columns, which remind one rather of the vagaries of mediæval architecture than of the strict rules of Vitravius or the monotonous regularity of Greek edifices.

"One practice, which is especially prevalent so as to strike every casual visitor, is that of filling up the flutings of the columns for about one-third of their height with a thick coat of stucco, so as to give them the apparence of being smooth columns, without flutings below and only fluted above. The unpleasing effect of this anomalous arrangement is greatly aggrevated by the lower part of each column being almost always covered with red or yellow ochre, so as to render the contrast between the two portions still stronger." The architecture of Pompeii suffers also from the inferior quality of the materials employed. "No good building stone was at hand, and the public, as well as private, edifices were constructed either of volcanic 'tuff,' or brick, or the irregular masonry known to the Romans as 'opus incertum.' These which belong to the earlier or Oscan period of the city (before the establishment of

the Roman colony) are for the most part of the former material, while those erected under the Roman empire, and especially those subsequent to the great earthquake of 63, are generally of slighter construction and of a less durable character.

"In the private houses even, the columns are mostly of brick covered merely with a coat of stucco. In a few instances only do we find them making use of a kind of "travertine" found in the valley of the Sarno, which, though inferior to the similiar material so largely employed at Rome, was better adapted than the ordinary tuff for purposes where great solidity was required.

"The portion of the portico surrounding the forum which was in the process of rebuilding at the time when the city was destroyed, was constructed of this material, while the earlier portions, as well as the principal temples that adjoined it, were composed, in the ordinary manner, of volcanic tuff.

"Marble seems to have been scarce and was sparingly employed. In some instances, where it had been freely introduced, as in the great theater, it would seem that the slabs must have been removed at a period subsequent to the entombment of the city."

Returning now to the hotel, and having partaken of a lunch "stingily" provided, and at an exhorbitant price, we made ready for the, to us, long to be remembered conveyance to Mt. Vesuvius. Everybody connected with the hotel, directly or indirectly, expected and demanded a fee, and it was with great difficulty we escaped without being literally robbed. The vehicle used as the means of transportion, which

we finally succeeded in entering, was but the poorest apology of a covered carriage, to which were attached three medium-sized, poorly kept horses, while the driver, at once an ignorant, sullen and a perfect type of a southern Italian, tangibly illustrated most perfectly that the law of adaptation had, in this triple outfit met with no visible infringement. Drawing both watches—I carried two—the Italian time was just 11.30 o'clock a. m.; the time at New York was 5.40 o'clock a. m.

Our direction was towards Naples, along the Mediterranean coast. The road is level, but was covered with a fine, ash-colored soil, at this time filling the air, which, coupled with the heat (ninety-eight degrees Fahn.), soon nearly caused our suffocation.

Ruins of towers and edifices of long ago were quite noticeable, especially on our left, all the way to Resina, which latter place we reached after a most tedious ride of one and one-half hours.

Resina is built in part on the site of *Herculaneum.* The entrance to the excavations at the theater of the latter place—being a prominent ruins—is reached by the main street of Resina. Herculaneum, at the west base of Vesuvius, it is generally conceded, was destroyed at the same time as was Pompeii.

"The opinion that immediately after the first outbreak of Vesuvius, a torrent of lava was ejected over Herculaneum, was refuted by the scholars of the last century, and their refutation has been recently confirmed.

"It is now generally believed, that for a distance of nine miles there flowed a muddy eruption, which,

in Herculaneum and the neighboring places where it was most abundant, raised the level of the country more than sixty-five feet. The matter transported consisted of soil of various kinds—sand, ashes, fragments of lava, pozzuolana and whitish pumice enclosing grains of uncalcined lime, similar in every respect to those of Pompeii. In the part of Herculaneum already excavated, the corridors of the upper portions of the theater are completely filled up to the head of the arches with pozzuolana and pumice transformed into tuff (which proves that the formatiom of this stone may take place in a comparatively short time). Tuff is also found in the lowest part of the city towards the sea, in front of the few houses that have been discovered; and in the very high banks that surround them, as also in the lowest part of the theater there are plainly to be seen earth, sand, ashes, fragments of lava and pumice with little distinction of strata, almost always confused and mingled together, and varying from spot to spot in degree of completeness.

"The vast amount of steam emitted by Vesuvius, when this unprecedented eruption occurred, doubtless condensed into copious rains, and explains how the lighter material was carried so far, and when found, in such a state of concretion.

"The mass as a whole, therefore, has had the name applied as 'aquous lavas.'"

One word concerning Resina, ere we commenced our direct ascent to the great volcano. History notes that in December, 1631, seven currents of lava, with inundations of mud not less destructive, burst forth at

once and overwhelmed several villages at the foot of the mountain, and that Resina was consumed by the burning torrent.

It is believed that 4,000 persons perished in the catastrophe.

Resina gives evidence on either hand of this fearfull destruction. Its people, also, give unmistakable evidence of great degredation in the present condition of society. Nudity, filth, beastliness and barbarity may be summarized as their chief habits. The inhuman abuse of their mules so largely used by them before "dogcarts" is at once scandelous and sickening; but we were glad to get beyond these scenes, which we did shortly.

The ascent at first was gradual, in the midst of a barren country, but a little farther on, fertile spots appeared, on some of which we observed the fig and lemon tree well developed and heavily ladened with their respective fruits.

We had proceeded quite a distance by a winding route, when the horses, because of the intense heat, which had somewhat increased, "gave out," and could not even by brutal beating be made to advance. Determined to see what had been "the dream of a lifetime," we dismounted and, with coat on arm, slowly proceeded up the ascent.

Let the reader imagine, under the circumstances, what may be implied in the experiences of the rest of the journey. The distance, it should be borne in mind, to the base of the "cone" is greatly increased by the zizzag course, more than quadrupling what it would be in a direct line. Seeking shelter now and

then from the heat, beneath the bushes along the route, we frequently took courage as the mountain occasionally appearing to view, *seemed only just before us.*

Never shall I forget the unpretentious "hut" at which I called on this wearisome journey, and asked for water, *and how conspicuously absent it was*, and how a bottle of "musty" mineral water, at an exorbitant price, was offered as a substitute, two swallows of which were all that I could persuade myself to imbibe (which I tasted continually the remainder of the day), and proceeded on my way. Who shall dare say, as we reached our destination after miles of travel, without a fiber of dry clothing, and the dust of three cities upon us, that we did not need and well deserve a general ablution?

It was just 4 o'clock when we climbed the stone steps which brought us to the hotel at the base of the "cone," and to the car that was to take us farther up the mountain. Once beneath the shade of this house, panting and even gasping for breath, with quickly beating carotids, we each felt that the object sought was not worth all this arduous toil, this herculean effort. However, after a little rest, and refreshment from a glass of water, we boarded the "car" preparatory to the ascent. Perhaps I should here state that this "railway" up the cone was under the control of the so-called "Cook agency," of which we each had purchased a ticket for the Vesuvius trip, while at the hotel at Pompeii.

The building containing the engine (stationary), the propelling power, is adjacent to the hotel at the

base of the cone, and the ascent, which is very steep, begins within this enclosure. The car is built on an incline and runs on two cables. There are two cars, and the arrangement is such that one may descend while the other car is ascending. In about ten minutes we were three-fourths of the distance up the cone, where is a covered landing, the terminus of the road; thence to the summit by a steep, winding path, a guide preceding us—the latter half of which distance a *second* guide,—*for a fee*,—very courteously and efficiently assisted us in scaling the heights.

Guide number one then directed us to follow him, which we did by, part of the way, a narrow, irregular footpath. Jagged, frowning rocks were on our right, while on the left appeared the "old" crater, from whose extended surface numerous small jets of steam were constantly bursting forth. An exudation of a hot, sulphurous, porous compound, yellow as gold, but which changed its hue on cooling, was found in abundance adjacent to these vapory outlets, a piece of which I obtained and still hold as a "souvenir."

Resuming our journey eastward, by this narrow path, at the instance of the guide we endeavored to cover with the hand, small apertures at our feet, but which from the intense heat we could only approximate by about fifteen inches. Beneath us was a peculiar muttering, seething sound, which is difficult of description. I can compare it only to a great, smothered ebullition with an occasional groan of an expiring, distant thunder peal! This of itself was truly awe inspiring, and tremblingly did we feel that our feet pressed dangerous and forbidden ground; but

still following our guide, we hastened on and ere long approached the "new" crater. What we now wonderingly *saw* was as grandly impressive as what we could so impressively *hear*.

A vast volume of sulphurous steam and smoke ascending to the sky, emitting its suffocating fumes, warned us to approach no nearer; we had come to within eighteen feet of this awful, yawning chasm, when, after viewing its dangerous environs and the very "site" whence the unfortunate victim had but recently descended into the "fiery pit," we were ordered hastily away to escape danger from falling lava and the pernicious effects of the suffocating atmosphere, the latter already apparent.

Retracing our steps, in due time we reached the western margin of the summit of the most celebrated volcano in the world, and were 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Who that can appreciate sublimity, can do otherwise than envy us in our position, with the inimitable and varied scenery that on every hand spread itself out before us so lavishly?

Naples on our right, that great city of nearly a half-million souls, appeared but the size and much resembled a gentleman's white pocket handkerchief. Resina and Herculaneum were before us, while Pompeii to the south of west and Stabiæ, on whose buried ruins is situated the famous Castellemare, still further southward, all appeared like glittering gems along the crescentic coast's horizon; while from the base of the cone sloping towards the sea were seen vast bodies of black, cumulus heaps of lava, barren as the clouds,

lifting high their ponderous forms, perpetually testifying of Vesuvius' most destructive power.

We now directed our vision northeastward, to view the lofty, semicircular cliff not far distant, and about 200 feet below our altitude, which half encircles the present active cone, and descends in long slopes towards the plains below. This precipice, known as "Mt. Somma"—a part of Vesuvius—forms the wall of an ancient, prehistoric crater of vastly greater size than that of the present volcano. Mine was the opportunity now to gaze upon this widely-extended and long-slumbering pit of the infernal regions; the very site, also, from whence proceeded that awful eruption that engulfed the above-mentioned cities adjacent to the sea.

Strabo tells us that "along its slopes, even to its summit, at the beginning of the Christian era and for many previous centuries, that numerous vineyards and trees adorned its base."

He tells us further "that on the barren summit lay a wide, flat depression, surrounded with rugged walls of rock, which were festooned with wild vines. The present crater walls of Somma are doubtless a relic of that time. It was in this lofty, rock-girt hollow that the gladiator Sparticus was beseiged, and from whence he escaped by twisting ropes of vine branches, and descending through an unguarded notch in the crater rim;" but vineyards, trees, villages and vine branches are no more; rather is it now one vast barren desert scene. As thitherward my wondering eyes were fixed, in imagination did I try to picture its former verdancy, long ago living activities, and the leaping

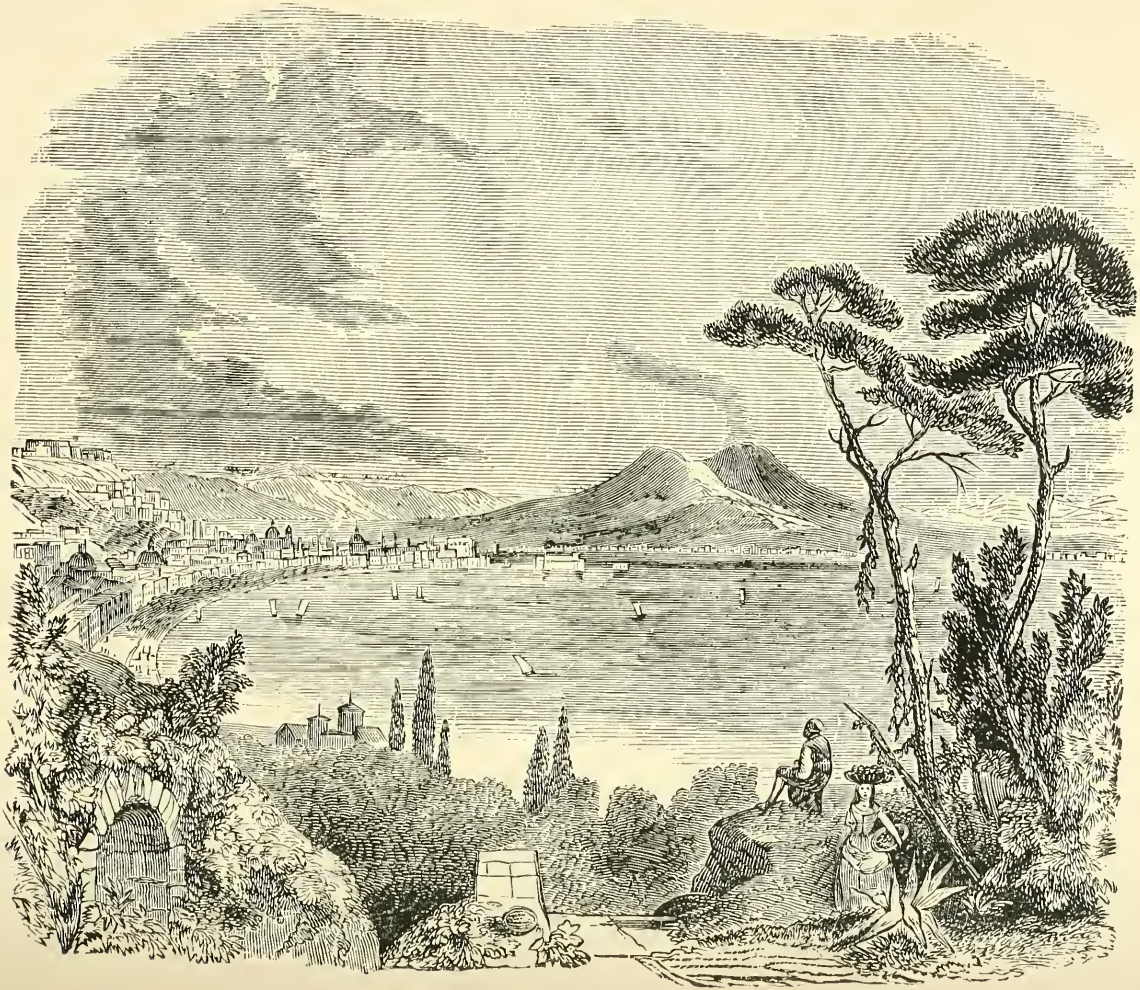
forth, also, of the destructive elements which, without warning, effected so complete a desolation. But turning from these inimitable scenes of rugged grandeur, we directed our gaze westward to scenes of another character. No tongue can describe the glories of this western revelation.

The Mediterranean sea, whose crescentic shore and famous islands picturesquely in view were excelled in grandeur only by the distant and far-widening expanse of its placid blue waters, fringed along the horizon by the golden rays of an Italian setting sun. The commingling of these rays with the blue ocean waters, constantly varying in tint as this luminary was descending, presented a scene of amethystine splendor, such as the eye of mortals very exceptionally beholds. A cool zephyr was now fanning our heated and tanned faces, as we drank in these unspeakable glories far and near from this imposing elevation.

Forcefully came to mind that couplet of youthful remembrance,

> "Could we but climb where Moses stood
> And view the landscape o'er,"

and in imagination I saw this great leader, as he ascended from the plains of Moab to "Nebo's" loftiest height, and with a wishful eye beheld westward the extended plains and sloping hills of the "Promised Land," covered with vineyards and groves of olive, "sweet fields arrayed in living green," while far away appeared Philistia's possessions, Carmel's barren heights, and the cities of Tyre and Sidon; not forgetting to gaze with rapture upon the lovely valley at his



BAY OF NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

feet, where the swift waters of the Jordon in majesty "rolled between," and wondered if Moses could but have stood where my feet now pressed, and surveyed "the landscape o'er," if he would not have conceded that the grandeur of the long-desired "Canaan" was but a shadow in comparison to these latter glories. Truly, this was the sublimest half-hour of my existence; had it been practicable I would have suggested the erection of four tabernacles, one for Smith, one for Bartmass, one for Armstrong and one for your humble servant, where we could have abided for a season; but the "fates" had decreed that we must not longer tarry; so we began slowly our descent, reaching in due time the car, when, after feeing our guide, we therein descended the cone.

After a little rest we were conveyed by carriage to Resina, where we boarded another conveyance provided, and were rapidly borne to Naples, arriving at 9 o'clock p. m. After a good lunch, and having been almost constantly besought by beggars for an hour and a half, we took our departure for Rome, reaching the latter, without accident or incident, at 6.45 o'clock a. m., on Monday.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rome.

August 3d.—On arrival at our hotel we found the party there, they having arrived the Saturday evening previous. While "making my toilet," preparatory for breakfast, I remember falling asleep, but was awakened by a gentleman in time for lunch, and to join the company for "sight-seeing" at 9 o'clock sharp.

Our first object of visitation was the pretentious marble *Column of Marcus Aurelius*, one hundred and forty-one feet in height. Its spiral relief represents victories in Germany from A. D. 167 to 179, arranged in twenty tiers. "The most remarkable piece is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies."

"The column of Trajan, of which the Aurelius column is a copy, is situated in the so-called Forum of Trajan; it was built of Carrara marble, and presents a series of low relief, representing subjects taken from the wars of Trajan against the Dacians, and comprising fully twenty-five hundred human figures, besides horses, fortresses, etc." It is indeed very imposing. At this forum, among the many broken pillars set up within its enclosure, one colossal, polished column was to be seen lying outside, a memento of primitive,

unique architectural conception and artistic grandeur. Thence we passed to the *Pantheon*, and noted its eight colossal Corinthian columns fronting the entrance. An inscription in the frieze of the portico announces that it was built by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, in 27 B. C. In the main the building is a rotund. Its interior height is no less than one hundred and forty-two feet and of equal width, while its wonderful dome is more than seventy feet in diameter. The entrance is guarded by bronze doors, which I remember from their great height and thickness. The walls between the recesses are twenty-three feet thick, and the means of lighting is by a circular opening twenty-eight feet in diameter, in the center of the vault. The floor is of Oriental marble and of very peculiar "setting." Among others who lie buried here are Raphael and Victor Emmanuel, whose tombs are both elegant and imposing.

This edifice has been subject to inundations from the Tiber. I saw the watermark on the walls, some two feet above the floor, to indicate the height of the river twenty years ago. What an opportunity was mine to gaze upon this structure, and to note much that has existed, without material change, since before the Christian era. Many and striking, indeed, have been the events and scenes that have transpired within these walls all down through the ages.

Next we proceeded to St. Peter's Cathedral, via the stone bridge, Pons Ælius, which spans the muddy Tiber, a good-sized river, and excepting the Po, is the largest in all Italy; crossing this we found ourselves before the pretentious mausoleum of Hadrian.

Continuing our journey westward, we soon reached the Piazza of St. Peter's, which is a large, open space fronting the Cathedral. "The buildings along the piazza are concealed by a superb colonnade, forming two semicircular porticoes, and consisting of two hundred and eighty-four columns, with an entablature on which one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, each eleven feet in height, stand sentinel. In the center of each of these colonnades rises a magnificent fountain. The waters, after having been forced into jets, are received into a basin of granite. I remember the famous Egyptian obelisk that rises to an imposing altitude between these fountains." We were informed that it contains one hundred and sixty-six cubic yards of granite, weighing upwards of three hundred and thirty-six tons, and is *the largest wrought stone in Europe.* It is called the Obelisk of the Vatican.

We were fortunate in having secured the guideship of the renowned Daniel Schifi, who, as interpretor for thirty years, has devoted his time, and is, as a matter of course, well informed in Roman history, and during this time has been known as the "Guide of Rome." He was Mark Twain's guide once upon a time, so he told me, through the city.

We now advanced, ascending the many steps to, and entered between massive columns, the vestibule, which in itself is prodigious. Pushing back the great "leathern" door, we were soon standing within the greatest and most resplendent church ever made by human hands. The vastness of its dimensions, the exquisiteness of its adornments and significance of its

emblems are truly awe inspiring. The interior, beyond question, surpasses the wildest dreams of the imagination.

"Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold and haughty dome, which vies
In air with earth's chief structure, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim."

"The extreme length of this edifice within the walls is six hundred and seven feet, and its width four hundred and forty-five feet; the height from the pavement to the cross is four hundred and fifty-eight feet. Owing to these immense proportions objects within the area loose much of their effect by contrast, and appear comparatively diminutive. Thus the 'Balda chino,' a splendid bronze canopy over the high altar and immediately under the dome, though one hundred and twenty feet high, appears not more than thirty feet; and the chair of St. Peter behind the altar seems scarcely to rise from the pavement, though seventy feet above it."

To me, also, the effect was as strikingly manifested of the mosaic paintings on the interior of the great dome, which, as seen from below, were so much diminished that the pen in the hand of the Prophet, in one of the lower compartments seen from below, seemed to be less than eighteen inches, though in reality is six feet in length. We may mention, also, in this connection in passing, that upon the four pillars and the great arches sustaining the dome is a magnificent entablature, upon the frieze of which is the famous inscription, that in English reads thus:

"Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build

my church; and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Thence we passed on to inspect some of the objects before us at a closer range, and first, a little way westward along the center of the "nave," we noted a marble sculptured image representing two cupids, symmetrical, and on either side appearing at this point to be about two feet in length, but coming to their base found them to be five or six feet in height. Turning now to the right to make the circuit of the church we first came to the mausoleum of Paul III.; the statue is in bronze, the marble figures represent Prudence and Justice. Opposite is the monument of Urban VIII., with a bronze statue of the Pope, and marble figures that represent Justice and Charity.

Along the south side of the church, by the left transept, we observed the tomb of Alexander VIII., with his bronze statue and figures of Religion and Prudence in marble; near this was the altar of St. Leo, over which was a massive marble bas-relief, representing the Pope in a threatening attitude. Further on was the tomb of Alexander VII., on which the Pope was represented kneeling, surrounded by figures representing Justice, Prudence, Charity and Truth. We were told that the figure of Truth was originally so nude that Pope Innocent XI. ordered the drapery, which now so modestly covers it. Entering now the south transept we observed the mosaic copy of the crucifixion of St. Peter; further on, over the altar of St. Peter and St. Andrew, was the mosaic copy of Ananias and Sapphira. Over the door opposite was the monument of Pius VIII. in a kneeling posture,

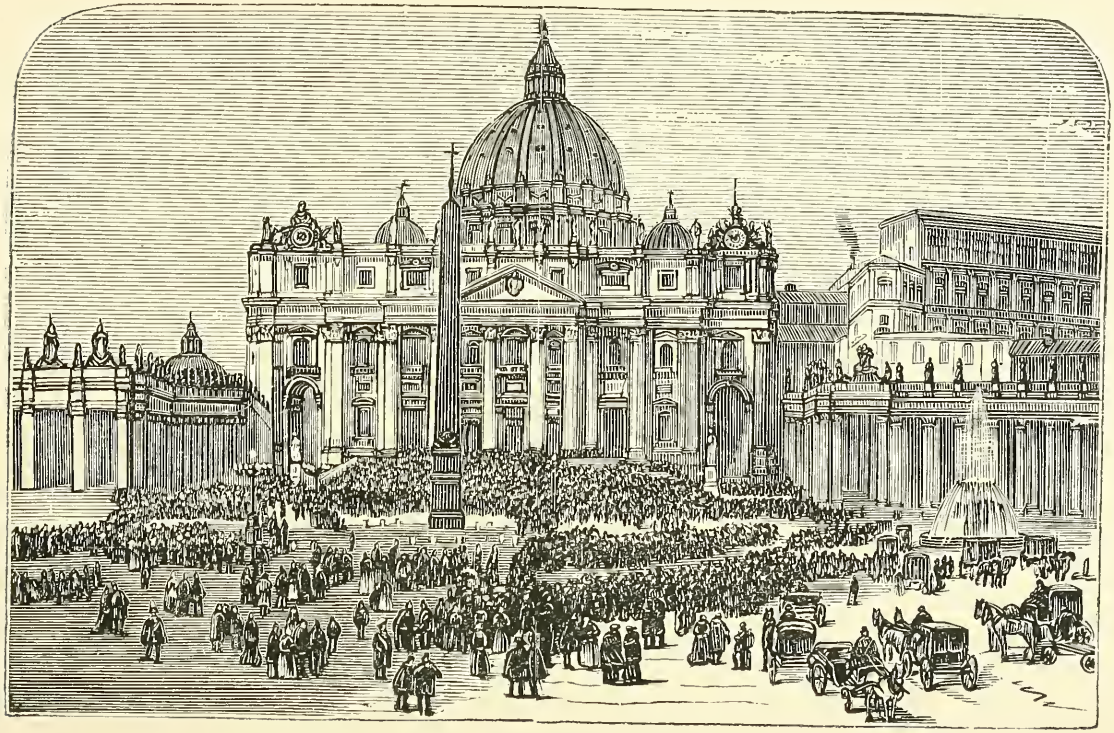
with St. Peter and St. Paul on either side, and the Lord behind in the act of giving His benediction. Entering next the left aisle we soon came to the tomb of Leo IX., while opposite was that of Innocent XI. Passing now under a pretentious arch we noted the elegant tomb of Innocent VIII., which is in bronze. I think it was about this time we came to the bronze statue of St. Peter, in a commanding, upright pose, and took note how polished was his "big toe" from the innumerable manipulations thereof, and of course I had to pinch it myself as a matter of imitation, to keep up the silly fashion of past and present generations. If my memory serves me, this figure was not far from the *High Altar*, which latter is under a superb canopy, and was executed in 1633, being all in bronze gilt, supported by four twisted columns ninety feet in height. Underneath this altar is "*the Chapel of the Confession*," where are preserved the remains of St. Peter. This chapel is highly ornamented, and contains one hundred and forty-two lamps (lighted), and which we were told are always kept burning. Here Pius VI. is buried, and before his tomb is his marble statue, in a kneeling posture, which is quite impressive.

This Chapel, Altar and Canopy are all directly under the great dome, and taken together probably present the grandest and most imposing architectural exhibition of which any church on earth can boast. Behind the altar the chair of St. Peter, before mentioned, on a closer inspection we found not only to be of bronze, but that it encloses the wooden one, said to be the identical chair used by St. Peter and his successors.

This Cathedral is also noted for its superior music, which latter was being dispensed by its renowned choir; the "falsetto" voice of an elderly gentleman of the latter, heard above the rest, was by our party pronounced the most perfect to which they had ever listened. We now passed to the north side of the church, and soon entered a chapel, in which was a marble group, "The Picta," representing the Virgin with the dead body of Christ on her knees. "On either side of this chapel are two smaller chapels closed with bronze doors. In the one on the left are preserved the relics of St. Peter. The other contains a marble column, said to be the one against which our Saviour leaned when he disputed with the doctors in the Temple at Jerusalem."

After inspecting the tombs of the Gregories, we came to the elegant tombs of Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII.; the latter represents the Pope in the attitude of prayer. Not far distant is the famous "circular" stone on which Pope Pius IX. was declared infallible.

Vividly as I recollect the above described objects of such great interest, there is one other work of art here that lingers in my memory, perhaps more than the rest; it is Raphael's great painting of *Christ's ascension.* It seemed as if I could verily hear the last comforting words of the Master and witness the original glory surrounding this parting scene. Of its kind it is a production of the rarest merit. This elegant painting was to me doubly impressive by the striking contrast with the adjacent "confessionals," which taken together furnish tangible illustrations of



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

the true and beautiful on the one hand, of the false and ungainful superstitious relics of the early ages on the other.

With all the magnificence and glory to be conceded to St. Peter's, in justice I shall be pardoned in mentioning the fact that her windows are proportionably small and ordinary; the plain glass set in sash, closely resembling in all respects the windows of the old mansions of our own New England; nevertheless, St. Peter's, as a whole, excels in grandeur all other cathedrals our eyes have ever seen.

Having taken our departure, we turned directly to our left to the Vatican. This magnificent palace, or series of palaces, is said to have originated in a house which existed in the time of Constantine, but rebuilt by Innocent III. in the year 1200. Its exterior is of brick.

On entering, we passed at once to the "*Museum of the Vatican.*" Here are "mosaics" said to be 2,000 years old, and they are indeed unique. Near the entrance are two large sarcophagi of dark porphyry, said to contain the remains of the mother and daughter of Constantine the Great, and within this apartment are rare specimens of Greek statuary and other sculpture work executed before the Christian era; also busts of Augustus, Tiberius, Julius Cæsar, and Nero, of great antiquity. I remember, also, the double statue of "two sons"—a parting scene—said to have been executed 200 years B. C., as of great merit. The museum contains, moreover, an original stone "bath-tub" of Diocletian.

We next entered, by a superb stairway, the *Pope's*

Palace; here we found an imperious equestrian statue of Constantine; a little farther on and we were in the *Pope's private Palace.* Here, by request, we spoke in an undertone, lest we should disturb the quietude of his highness the Pope himself.

In this apartment was a painting, which, indeed, was a very striking scene, representing *The Day of Judgment*, by M. Angelo; also, here were several choice paintings, executed, it is said, by Raphael when but sixteen years old. After inspecting a life-size bust of Pope Pius IX., we took our departure, on tiptoe, with uncovered heads, into the courtyard of the Vatican. Here we learned more, both by inspection and from our fertile guide, of this assemblage of palaces or irregular edifices, upon which the most celebrated architects have been employed. These buildings, as a whole, are three stories in height, and contain an infinity of saloons, galleries, chapels, corridors, a library and the immense museum from which we have just proceeded. A beautiful garden, also, must be included as belonging to the Vatican, and the immensity of the latter may be imagined from the knowledge that it contains twenty courts, eight grand staircases, and 200 ordinary staircases.

Hastening on we soon reached the *Capuchin Church*, or to the "charnel house" or Cemetery of the Friars under the church; this we found divided into recesses or apartments, five in number, faced on all sides and overhead with the bones of 5,000 "Capuchin" monks of the 15th century; also adorned with lamps, festoons, crosses, etc., of the same material.

A few skeletons we saw dressed in their tunics, and

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

set in various attitudes, each in a "niche," "built up with reeky shanks and yellow, chapless skulls." Soil brought from Jerusalem covered the grounds of a part of these enclosures.

Thence we proceeded to the *Sextine Chapel*, built by Sixtus IV. about 1473, and found it worthy of note. The dome is, indeed, immense and gorgeously decorated. Within, the *Last Judgment*, in frescoe, by Michael Angelo, is certainly one of his great masterpieces.

The costly and unique mosaics interwoven about the altar, and the striking image of Pius V., representing the time of the Crusaders, as well as the paintings, Moses going into Egypt, death of Moses, Moses after killing the Egyptian, drives away the shepherds and waters the flocks of the daughters of Jethro, sees the Lord in the burning bush, temptation of Jesus, baptism of Jesus,—all these are very choice selections and once seen can never be forgotten.

Passing now to the *Church of St. Peter's in Chains*, erected to receive the chains with which, it is said, Peter was bound in prison, I inspected, within a covered enclosure, these chain relics with much curiosity. The object here, however, to me of greatest interest, is the colossal statue of Moses in a commanding sitting pose, with the figures of Rachel and Leah in niches, one on either side.

The statue represents Moses chagrined at the folly of the children of Israel in worshiping the "Golden Calf," as he found them doing on his descent from the mount. It really seemed as if I could hear him in angry tones reprimand them for this most stupid act of idolatry.

It is said that Michael Angelo, after the work was completed, was so struck by the life-likeness of the image, that he, forgetting himself, struck it with his mallet, cracking it above the knee, saying at the same time, "*Why don't you speak?*" I took note of the imprint of the mallet and the resulting mutilation.

Thence we passed to the *Golden House of Nero.* On the way and near the Colosseum I observed a military band, reminding me much of the so-called "Centurian's band" of ancient Roman notoriety, and which was preceded by a brass band, the latter dispensing music such as only the Italians can so effectually render. I can now hear those life-inspiring strains, and witness the martial steps of the soldiery, so perfectly in keeping with and completing the charm of the music.

We were soon before the ruins of Nero's Golden House; the latter was built of brick, and existed in the days of Titus. The space occupied by these ruins covers an area of about one and one-half miles. The most interesting of those remaining are in connection with the "*Baths of Titus.*" A part of the high walls of the subterranean apartments still give evidence of architectural skill, of which the more modern genius might well take pattern. In passing through the many apartments, among others of interest we inspected the medium-sized room in which this inhuman wretch, Nero, killed his mother. Thence we passed to a number of the private baths, which are in such condition as readily to be identified as such.

Another has said of these ruins, taken as a whole, that "many remains exist of the Golden House of

Nero, which show that this gorgeous palace covered an almost incredibly large space of ground, extending from the Palatine over the Velia and the site of the temple of Venus and Rome to the Esquiline, filling the great valley between the Cœlian and the Esquiline, where the Colosseum stands, and reaching far over the Esquiline to the great reservoir now called the 'Sette Salle.' No other extravagance or cruelties of Nero appear to have offended the Roman people so much as the erection of this enormous palace, which must have blocked up many important roads and occupied the site of a whole populous quarter.

"It was, no doubt, partly to make restitution for this enormous theft of land that Vespasian and Titus destroyed the Golden House, and built the Colosseum and public 'Thermæ' of Titus on part of its site."

Passing from what remains of these ruins we soon arrived at those of the *Colosseum*. Standing at the base of these huge, frowning walls I questioned the possibility of a sufficient imagination from any source to depict these ruins. This, for kind and magnitude, is doubtless the most imposing ruins in existence.

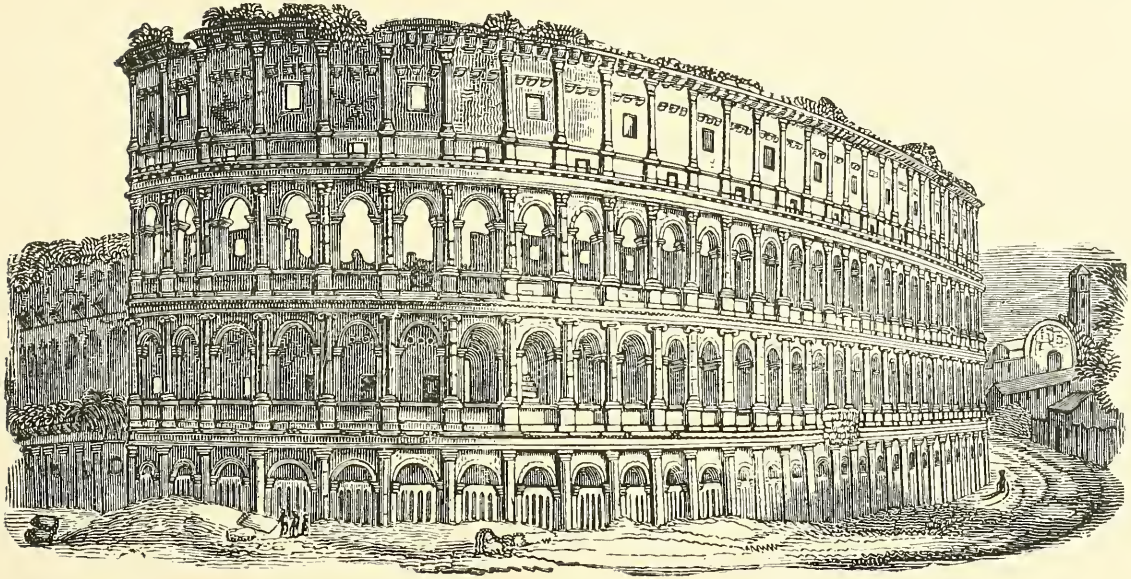
This structure was originally in the form of an "ellipse," built principally of "travertine," a kind of imperfect limestone, with walls of great thickness, towering up one hundred and seventy-nine feet; its longer axis is five hundred and eighty-four, and its shorter four hundred and sixty-eight feet, with an area of two hundred and seventy-eight by one hundred and seventy-seven feet.

This *Flavian Amphitheater*, as it is also called, was commenced by Vespasian on his return from his war

against the Jews, continued by his eldest son Titus, A. D. 80, and completed by Domitian, his youngest son, who succeeded Titus. It was calculated to hold from eighty to one hundred thousand people, who congregated to witness the exhibition of those gladiatorial and wild beast combats which so much delighted the Roman populace. At its inauguration by Titus, five thousand wild beasts and ten thousand captives are said to have been slain. "The early Christians also stained it with their blood."

There were four arches of as many principal entrances, corresponding with the areas of the building (as above mentioned), wider than the others, and probably led to the seats of distinguished visitors in the "podium," or place of honor, in which a particular place called the "Suggestum" was set apart for the emperor. The nature of the connection between the corridors of the lower stages, the concentric rows of seats which sloped down from the gallery to the arena, and the arena itself, were apparent to us as we closely inspected its interior.

As I stood within this inimitable enclosure I tried to reproduce in imagination some of those exciting scenes, so inhumanly enacted early in the Christian era. I seemed to see the gladiators equipped for the contest, and the blood-thirsty beasts leap from their dens below, upon the arena, accompanied with a most hideous yell, and as the floor of the arena became drenched with blood, quantities of sand strewn upon it to cover the former and to prevent its becoming slippery; and many victims, amid the deafening shouts of an exultant populace, instantly torn in pieces or



COLISEUM, ROME.

dying later from exhaustion by the loss of blood. It is said "two aquaducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human 'gore' which a few hours' sport shed in these '*Imperial Shambles.*' Twice a day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery. A virgin always gave the signal for the slaughter."

The subterranean passage from which the wild beasts leaped upon the arena, and the very point at which they reached the latter, we inspected with exceeding interest. The magnitude of these walls may be the better appreciated, perhaps, to learn that the Italian government has, at a cost of a million dollars, erected a brick tower to prevent the further downfall of a certain section of this masonry.

We were informed that many of the stones, during the middle ages, were carried away for building purposes, and that Michael Angelo worked up a large number of its stones into a palace for one of the Roman noble families. What remain of these vast walls not interfered with, look as if they would stand "till the consummation of all things." I don't wonder that Byron, speaking of these walls, says:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

Let the same writer describe the cause of its dilapidation as follows:

> "Arches on arches! as it were that Rome
> Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
> Would build up all her triumphs in one dome.
> A ruin, yet what ruin! from its mass,
> Walls, palaces, half cities have been reared;
> Yet of the enormous skeleton ye pass,
> And marvel where the spoil could have appeared."

We observed one other thing here of special interest before our departure, and that is the stream of water that constantly runs under the arena. This is the identical rivulet, it is said, that watered the famous garden of Nero, on the site of which the Colosseum was erected.

Moving now in the direction of the Forum, we soon noted, on our left, *Constantine's Arch*, erected to that emperor by the senate and people of Rome, in honor of achieved victories, which is the largest in Rome; and passing under which arch is the "Via Triumphalis" leading to the *Appian Way*. It was in this vicinity I was particularly struck in viewing both the basin and the brick cone of a fountain called "Meta Sudans," at which the gladiators were wont to wash. A little distance further brought us to the famous *Arch of Titus*.

This massive, single arch was also erected by the senate and people of Rome, in commemoration of the capture of Jerusalem. On the crown of the interior of this arch is the figure of a man seated upon an eagle; also may be seen under the arch various relievos, representing on one side the emperor seated in a car conducted by the Genius of Rome and attended by Victory, who is in the last act of crowning him with a wreath of laurel; on the other the table of shewbread, the seven-branched Golden Candlestick, the Incense Vessel and the Jubilee Trumpets, copied probably from the originals.

On the interior are the four Victories, which are in a better state of preservation than the more prominent sculptures. In imagination I saw those vast

armies commanded by Titus and other emperors, as they passed over the half-worn pavement and beneath this arch, with measured tread in their onward march, clothed with the most gorgeous pageantry, and filled with the pride of conquest, returning victorious with their royal captives and inestimable spoil, so incident to Roman triumph. Another has said: "Cicero's feet may have stepped on yonder stone, and Horace may have been wont to stroll near by, making his footsteps chime with the measure of the ode that was ringing in his mind."

Next in order we came to the Temple of Venus and Rome, which consists of two "cellas," annexed by their semicircular tribunes, together with a flight of steps between some church and the Arch of Titus; but passing other ruins we finally reached the Forum.

This, as is known, was the place of the assembly of the Roman people, and from its ruins must have been adorned with majestic monuments and buildings of unique design. The present surface of the soil is twenty-six feet above the ancient level.

It is said that three centuries were devoted by the learned, without being able to locate the exact position of the Roman Forum, but no doubt now remains.

Many have long awaited the time they could look upon the original "rostrum" of such historic and thrilling interest. Only a few years since Generals Grant and Sheridan passed by without the sight.

Our little party were more fortunate even than they, for this very "platform" that echoed the most profound logic and oratorical eloquence of many ages, from Cicero, Mark Anthony, Cataline and others, was

like all else about this wonderful enclosure, *fully exposed to view.*

Beginning now with that part of the Forum which we would naturally reach coming from the Colosseum, we observed among the first the striking ruins of the *Regia*, where Julius Cæsar lived up to the time of his death. A little beyond and opposite is the *Basilica of Julia*, occupying a greater part of the southwest side of the Forum, begun by Julius and finished by Augustus Cæsar, who dedicated it in honor of his daughter. A little further on stand three columns of the *Temple of Castor and Pollox*, which were dedicated 482 B. C. These columns are regarded as perfect specimens of Corinthian architecture.

The famous *Column of Phocas* also stands near the Basilica of Julia. Quite a little interesting history is revealed by this peculiar column. Another has said: "In the age of Phocas (602-610) the art of erecting a column like that of Trajan or M. Aurelius had been lost. A large and handsome Corinthian pillar taken from some temple or basilica was, therefore, placed in the Forum on a huge pyramidal basis quite out of proportion to it, and was surmounted with a statue of Phocas in gilt bronze. It has so little the appearance of a monumental column, that for a long while it was thought to belong to some ruined building, till in 1813 the inscription was discovered. The name of Phocas had, indeed, been erased, but that it must have been dedicated to him is shown by the date.

"The base of this column, discovered by the excavations of 1816 to have rested on the ancient pave-

ment of the Forum, proves that this former center of Roman life was still at the beginning of the 7th century unencumbered with ruins."

We next observed the ten columns of the *Temple of Antoninus* and *Faustina*, situated in the northeast part of the Forum, and are in a good state of preservation. The ruins to me not less interesting than all the rest, are those near to the *Arch of Septimus Servius*, and before mentioned, namely, the rostrum, and is of additional interest to what I have already said concerning it, being a "clue" to the identity of all its environments.

Of this Arch of Servius, the following cannot fail to be of interest to the reader: "It was erected A. D. 205, in honor of that emperor and his two sons Caracalla and Geta." It is adorned with "bas-relief," relating to his victories in the East. After Caracalla killed his brother, he caused the name of Geta to be erased, of which erasure I took particular note. Retracing now our steps as far as to the south end of the Forum, we reached a gateway, passing through which we ascended a staircase half way, and turning to the left, entered a garden near the Arch of Titus, where, it is supposed, was the house of Octavius, and where Augustus Cæsar was born. The palace subsequently built near this site of Augustus Cæsar was the beginning of the *Palace of the Cæsars.* In time it overran the "Palatine," and it is said Nero extended it to the two neighboring hills.

It would be simply impossible to do justice in an attempted description of these extended ruins, so I will but glance at a few of the more prominent scenes

of interest. The vast ruins of the Palace of Augustus closes the entire valley. Vespasian built his palace on the top of this edifice, filling up the chambers of the former palace for foundations to his own. The ruins which we now saw, we were told, are for the most part those of Vespasian's palace. "The emperors did not reside in their palace on the Palatine; coming only from their own houses every morning to transact business here. To avoid public observation, a subterranean passage was made around the whole palace, by which they could enter the palace and reach the 'Rostra' in front, where they received the salutations of the people. This passage is still perfect and retains its mosaic pavements.

"Having reached the palace by this passage, he could enter the main halls by a private passage, still existing, and from these halls, passing across the end of the 'Basilica,' reach the portico in front, where he had his public reception by the people.

"This house was the ancient law court; here it is of great width." Here is to be seen the leg of the chair on which the emperor sat, and here also a part of the bar to which prisoners were brought. Not a few think that the ancient Basilica, in which St. Paul was tried before Nero, occupied this site.

Passing now over to the eastern slope of the Palatine, we were shown where once lived Caius Graccus, and the wealthy Clodius, the enemy of Cicero, and here Cicero had his home. It is said he purchased his house of Crassus for 30,000 pounds. From this point the ruins of the house of Mark Anthony are not far distant.

A little beyond, and were seen fragments of the wall of Romulus on this same slope. Palatine Hill, then, is of great historic interest. It has been said "Its history is the history of Rome." Here was the famous fortress "Roma Quadrata," which Romulus enclosed within the limits of his "new city." Beyond this, on the right, are the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Stater, which was built by Romulus. On this hill the Sabine king, "Anchus Martius," had his palace, and here Tarquinius Priscus afterward lived; but though interesting, as are all of these ruins of the Palatine, we must leave them.

After lunch and a little rest, we took a drive over the Appian Way to the famous church of *St. Sebastian*, which, having entered, we at once, with lighted tapers, and, preceded by a "monk," descended to the burial vaults or "catacombs" beneath this church, where, tradition says, the bodies of Saints Paul and Peter rested for a season previous to their removal to the basilicas, which bear their names.

Having descended, we traversed perhaps twenty rods along these cold, damp, subterranean labyrinths, noting frequently, on either side, "niches" in which were primitive sarcophagi; here also were inscriptions concerning the buried dead.

These catacombs extend for miles, and their "blind way" interlace each other in a haphazard manner, while the galleries rise tier upon tier like the berths in a ship, in which greater accommodation was found for the burial of the dead.

These catacombs were originally designed for the burial *only* of Christians.

Emerging from these we re-entered the Appian Way, and drove over it a few miles toward Alba Longa, trying to realize, as we did so, that it was the old Roman road over which mighty armies were often wont to pass, and flushed with victory returned in triumph amidst the "eclat" of an ambitious populace, with new trophies and accessions for the "Eternal city." This road was built by Appius Claudius more than 200 years B. C. At a certain point we halted to observe, on our left, the equally famous Aqueduct, which forms the most prominent feature in the landscape of southeastern Rome. This aqueduct, built by this same Claudius more than 200 years B. C., though in ruins, some sections are still in a fair state of preservation. The new aqueduct is adjacent, running parallel with the old one, built on the same plan and was finished 300 years ago. Rome is supplied with water by the latter, we were informed, from Lake Regulus.

Taking now our leave of the Appian Way, we soon found ourselves before the *Church of St. John.* It is a magnificent edifice, and what adds largely to its imposing appearance are the colossal statues of the twelve apostles upon the summit of its "facade."

Of the 300 churches in Rome, St. John's is among the most striking.

Thence we repaired to our hotel and, having dined, in good season we committed ourselves to sleep, which from excessive weariness was doubly refreshing.

August 4th.—Rising early and having breakfasted, at 9 o'clock, the usual time, we set out by carriage for our second day's "sightseeing" at Rome, and first we

halted at the "site" where once was the great *Judgment Hall*, interesting, of course, from its varied and striking associations. Thence we drove to the church of *St. Marie in Via Lata.* Within this edifice there is an original painting of the "Madonna," by St. Luke, so it is said, though concealed from view. If this statement is apochryphal, there are other objects of great interest here which are not. I think it is generally conceded that the prison underneath this church is the original one in which Paul and Luke were, once upon a time, incarcerated. Over the doorway of the entrance is an inscription which is taken from the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

We took note, also, where they were let down into this dungeon. Within the prison are images of Paul and Luke in marble. It is maintained that here St. Luke wrote the book of the Acts, and it is not at all improbable. On an ancient column within these walls is an inscription which, translated, reads, "The word of the Lord shall never be destroyed."

There is a tradition that the keeper of this prison was converted to Christianity under Paul's preaching.

Thence we passed to the so-called *Mamertine Prison*, which is somewhat distant, but is adjacent to the Forum. This prison consists of two cells, the one above the other, to which the original entrance into the lower was by an aperture in the floor of the upper cell, the entrance into the upper cell being by a similar aperture in its roof.

This upper cell is twenty-seven feet in length by twenty in width. The lower, which is of an oval

form, is twenty by ten feet. The highest of the former is fourteen feet and that of the latter only seven. Sallust says: "In the prison, known by the name of the 'Tullian Prison,' on descending a little, you come to a dungeon, on the left, sunk to the depth of about twelve feet. Dead walls on all sides of it render escape impossible; above it is a cell vaulted with stone. Its uncleanliness, its darkness and its smell make it a truly disgusting and horrible abode." This accords, for the most part, with my memory of this lower dungeon.

Formerly the only means of entrance was by the above-mentioned aperture, which latter is two feet in diameter and of equal thickness, and was also the only means of light and ventilation. Constantine the Great caused steps to be laid to the lower prison, by which we descended to this interesting dungeon. The reader is doubtless aware that distinguished prisoners were here incarcerated. It was within these walls that the conspirators of Cataline were convicted and executed; it was here, also, that Paul and Peter were imprisoned, and tradition points to the small column sacredly guarded to which it is said they were chained.

I can now, as never before, fully appreciate what is meant by the *outer* and the *inner* prison. The small spring of water of such traditional interest I noted also within this lower enclosure. Truly, it was to me of great interest to inspect this world-renowned dungeon because of its associations, as well also for its antiquity, antedating as it does the Christian era by several centuries.

Emerging thence we passed now a little further down the slope of Capitoline Hill, on which latter is this "double prison," and in rear of the Arch of Severus we came to the *Temple of Concord*, of which there remain only some traces of the "cella." It was at this temple that Cicero, in tones of matchless eloquence, pronounced against Catiline. Close at hand are the three Corinthian "cararra" marble columns, belonging to the *Temple of Vespasian.* I remember leaning against one of these columns for a few minutes' rest.

Adjacent to these columns is the *Theater of Marcellus* (50 B. C.), begun by Julius and finished by Augustus Cæsar. The superstructure evidently is of more modern date, but its first story walls of massive stone do not in appearance belie its reputed antiquity. It was tenanted on the first floor, to my knowledge, by a few specimens of the low, filthy offscourings of Rome.

We now advanced to the so-called *Jews' Quarters*, quite an extended level tract of land, and occupied by the Jews from B. C. 78 until about ten years since, at which time, because of their filthy habits, intensified, they were compelled to vacate by order of the Roman authorities.

Near the border of this land stands the *Temple of Juno*, a part of whose walls are in a fair state of preservation; the broken and varied pieces of Corinthian columns that largely make up the gable of its facade, are of a truth a curiosity. Here, it is said, within this temple Paul preached to the Jews. In front of this edifice is a large rock, on which the Roman Sena-

tor Rienzi often harangued the populace in the middle of the 14th century.

Advancing now a little distance we reached and entered the *Church of St. Andrew*, famous and particularly noteworthy as occupying the very site where stood the *Curia*, or *Senate House*, in which latter, by the hand of Brutus and his co-conspirators, Julius Cæsar received the stealthy, fatal stab. Passing up the nave I stood over the spot where occurred this treacherous assassination.

Outside of and adjacent to this edifice are the grounds, the site of the first stone theater building in Rome, built 56–52 B. C., by Pompey the Great. Though having suffered many profanations, the ruins of its foundations and the baths, also, of Pompey are definable.

Adjoining stands the *Spada Palace*, which, on entering and ascending a flight of stairs, the chief object of interest here now greeted us, which was the colossal statue of Pompey the Great, and said to be the identical figure, at the base of whose pedestal "Great Cæsar fell." The pose is a standing, authoritative one, with the left arm and hand extended forward, in which latter is a large ball representing the world, while in his right hand is firmly clutched a sceptre, and the attitude evidently represents "his dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." This statue was discovered in 1553, the body near the spot where it originally stood in the Senate House, though the head was quite a distance away. It is quite a magnificent piece of sculpture work, and well illustrates the height of perfection to which

the Romans had attained in this art, even before the dawn of the light of the New Dispensation.

We next advanced to the *Jesuit Church.* The chief attraction here is its charmingly magnificent and costly "High Altar"; its glittering gold and silver really dazzles the eye of the beholder.

The unique marble images of Calvin and Luther in a supine attitude, while Catholicism, personified with spear in hand in a threatening pose on the one side, and the triumph of Popery represented on the other side of the base of this altar, are, to say the least, sculpture work of rare merit and of model execution.

In a small apartment, which we next entered from the nave, was a miniature painting of the "Madonna," set within a halo of diamonds, which is at once a great curiosity, as well as of rare beauty, and many were crowding on to see it. It is said to be, for its size, the most costly "gem" in Italy. Passing thence to a convenient restaurant, having lunched and enjoyed an hour of relaxation, we resumed our journey and were soon at the entrance of the *Capitol* on *Capitoline Hill.* Ere we ascended the stone steps leading to the piazza fronting the Capitol building, we observed the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, as if to guard the entrance, and which, it is said, were found in the ruins of the theater of Pompey the Great.

Ascending the steps we were confronted by the great equestrian bronze statue of "Marcus Aurelius," the only entire antique equestrian statue known. A large ball is in his extended left hand, representing the world, and his right arm and hand are also extended forward; the steed without bit or bridal is in

the attitude of marching on, and the pose of both horse and rider is that there is no limit to the sway of this conqueror.

Before us was the Capitol, an imposing edifice, which is reached by many stone steps. As we stood gazing upon its magnitude and beauty, I could not but contrast it with the greater splendor of the ancient Capitol, on whose site stands this modern structure, and in imagination saw the polished marble glittering in the sun's rays along its summit, and the statues of gods standing sentinel on every hand, while gold and silver and precious stones made it pre-emiently the admiration of the world. Upon its rostrum within, I seemed to see the dignified form of Cicero, and to hear fall from his lips, with burning eloquence, the fiery accusations against Catiline, and Caius Graccus pathetically enlisting the tearful eyes of his hearers, as he asked, in the language of despair, "If he could find refuge there while the blood of his brother still smoked on its pavement," and guilty Brutus, with crimson cheek and downcast eye vainly attempting to defend himself in the motive that eventuated in the stealthy, fatal stab of his best friend, Cæsar.

Fronting this edifice our attention was directed towards our left, where, close at hand, stood the *Temple of Jupiter Tonans*, one corner of whose walls, long antedating the Christian era, still remains. Moving now to the right of this Capitol and contiguous thereto were to be seen the foundation wall behind the *Senator's Palace*, forming a portion of the ancient *Tabularium* or *Record Office.* These remains consist of enormous, uncemented blocks of stone of great an-

tiquity, which, history notes, were laid as the basement for the original Capitol seven hundred years before the Christian era. It was truly a most wonderful sight to behold, and illustrates well the triumph of architectural design and skill in the ages of the long, long ago; but proceeding on our journey, in a few minutes we found ourselves at the base of the steep *Tarpeian Rock.* Personally, I remember leaning against it in the shade, and while here resting for five minutes obtained from our "dragoman" the following history:

"This rock is on Capitoline Hill, was originally 160 feet in height, but much having been removed for building purposes has lessened its altitude by at least sixty feet." It derived its name, in early time, from the following circumstance:

A Roman maiden was bribed by a Sabine general in the offer of a pair of bracelets to reveal a secret that was treasonable to Rome; afterwards matters were adjusted between the Sabines and the Romans, and Tarpeia, the maiden, was the victim of a misplaced confidence; for this general not only *did not give her the bracelets*, but was the cause of her condemnation and execution, which latter was effected by throwing her down from the summit of this rock, and this was the beginning of a long list of executions by a similar method.

Ascending from this position now by a winding passage, we were soon upon the highest point of this historic rock. Its summit was now a garden, comprising trees, flowers, plants and tortuous pathways. The view from this elevation was both extended and

charming. Directly before us, rising from a valley, was Palatine Hill, with the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars appearing to view. On our left, looking down, we saw the entire ruins of the Forum, while not far distant were the frowning, sombre walls of the Colosseum, which greatly added to the dignity of the scenery. Truly, the soil our feet pressed is historic ground; it was here where Horace used to walk and muse; here, perchance Julius Cæsar, alone, planned some of his military campaigns, eventuating in such incredible victories and conquests, and here, perhaps, Mark Anthony, Cicero and others meditated in twilight silence, receiving the inspirations that later, in tones of burning eloquence, made ring the forum arches, and filled the world with their renown by their matchless oratory.

Of the tragical scenes occurring in ages past on this once barren rock, but now a field elysian, let Byron ask and answer his own question:

"Is this the rock of triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? This is the steep
Tarpeian, fittest goal of Treason's race?
The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Yes! and in yon field below
A thousand silenced factions sleep—
The forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero."

In the midst of many pleasing reflections we descended, and next in order entered the *Conservatory House*, within the porch of which were seen the original colossal statues, in standing "pose," of Augustus and Julius Cæsar. On entering we were treated to a fine view of a series of paintings of the

battles of the Punic wars, the most striking of which was that of *Hannibal with his army crossing the Alps.* It really seemed as if I could hear him give the word of command to those toiling soldiers, as they were scaling the heights. This representation of the first army attempt to cross these mountains is truly matchless in conception, and in execution is the perfection of art. Then, too, the battle scenes here between the Romans and Etruscans will not soon be forgotten. A little farther on and the life-size images of the so-called *Sacred Geese* were to be seen, suggestive of the opportune cackling of the original, by which Rome was apprised of her danger and great loss of life averted. Next we were before the marble "bust" of Garibaldi, his sword and military dress, all mementos of interest of this great and good man. Thence we passed to an apartment containing many original busts of Roman leaders and other dignitaries of the Roman Empire; also Roman and Greek statuary of great antiquity. The King's chair, something like a bed, was particularly striking. A Venetian statue of the sculptor Canova is noteworthy, as was also the Etruscan bronze statue of a boy, executed, it is said, 300 years B. C.

Thence we passed to the *Museum of the Capitol.* This was built by Pope Clement XII. in the last century. It is a ponderous structure and contains many objects of great interest; among the first noted were two stone coffins, in one of which is the skeleton of a man, in the other the skeleton of a woman with a ring on the finger and a little god by her side. These would seem to indicate that she was of noble rank.

Both coffins and their contents were discovered last year, and are supposed to belong to the fifth century. A little distance, and we were before the striking figure of the God of Mars. Soon we came to the original statue of the dying Gladiator. He is represented naked, reclining on a shield, with a short sword, a broken horn by his side and a knotted cord round the neck.

His demeanor is manly, patient and resigned. He supports himself on his left arm, and seems laboring to suppress the expression of agony. After gazing for a while upon this wonderful work of art, we turned, only to find ourselves before the original bust of Brutus, the memorable assassin of Cæsar. Adjoining is the *Hall of Philosophers*, into which having entered we took note of the busts of Rome's scholars and orators; among others Cicero, and if the features of the face are authentic, he must have had a commanding presence indeed.

We passed thence into the *Hall of Emperors.* Here the "Cæsars" and other emperors were represented in original statuary, and the spectacle was indeed imposing. In the midst of these figures, I remember, was the marble statue of the mother of Nero, in a unique chair in a graceful sitting pose. In making our exit we passed the image of the Fawn, also marble, which is of much notoriety, and last but not least, the bronze wolf, so strikingly lifelike we quickened our pace lest he should pounce upon us ere we had made our escape.

The day was wearing away, but we must see the *Baths of Caracalla.* Arriving and passing into the

midst of them, we learned that they were commenced by that emperor, A. D. 212, and I can say that, next to the Colosseum, they present the most striking proof of the grandeur of ancient Rome. Think of it, reader, these Baths occupy an area of 140,000 square yards; the baths *properly so-called*, however, cover a space 720 by 375 feet, and were surrounded by porticoes and gardens. We could see here evidences of distinction shown to the bathers in the plain rooms for the lower orders of society, contrasting with apartments fitted up for the more fastidious and wealthy, with bathing vessels of granite, porphyry, basalt, etc.

We now hastened to the *Church of St. Paul*, quite a distance away. This, like most of the churches in Rome, is imposing; its special features of attractiveness are within the interior. Its floor of mosaics was polished almost to the point of glistening. Its massive, eighty marble columns and unique altar, a gorgeous canopy, over which, supported by four oriental alabaster pillars and resplendent interior ornamentation throughout, place this edifice on an approaching level with any basilica in Rome. It is said that the remains of St. Paul, in the crypt, lie directly under this altar and its canopy.

But ere the sun went down we were desirous to see Rome from a high point of elevation, so driving on we finally came to the foot of *Pincian Hill;* dismounting and ascending on foot we were soon upon its summit; proceeding westward we were soon before a good-sized edifice, the French Academy, the foundation stones of which were part of the building in which Galileo was for a season detained in 1616 for his astronomical

views; near to which building stands a plain, cylindrical monument erected to his memory, on which is an appropriate inscription, relating to the revolution of the earth on its axis. Proceeding now a little further westward, we soon found ourselves on the border of an extended piazza, immediately overlooking the *Piazza del Popolo,* which is in the extreme northern part of the city. Upon this hill Pincian is an elegant position from which to view, describe and appreciate the "Eternal city," as it was so charmingly spread out in its entirety before us.

"Modern Rome occupies the plain on either side of the Tiber and the slopes of the 'Seven Hills.' The city is built on marshy ground and is divided by the Tiber into two unequal parts; that on the left bank being Rome proper, and that on the right bank being the Leonine City or Trastevere. Its walls are twelve miles in circuit, and contain sixteen gates, of which four are built up. They enclose a space, of which about one-third only is inhabited, the greater part to the south of the Capitol being under cultivation.

"The site of the ancient Campus Martius constitutes the lower and most densely populated part of the city."

The population of Rome, in round numbers, is 275,000.

It was, indeed, a golden opportunity to view the "Eternal city" to such an enviable advantage. Ten thousand scenes, unprecedented, of world-wide interest, have, within the scope of my vision, been enacted since Romulus, 750 years B. C., first took possession. I gazed with awe and a solemn joy as, in

imagination, I mingled the good with the evil all along down the ages.

Directing now our attention a little south of west across and adjacent to the bend in the Tiber, we observed the imposing mausoleum of Hadrian; further westward are the towering golden dome of St. Peter's and the palaces of the Vatican.

"Of the 'seven hills' of ancient Rome, all are situated on the left bank of the Tiber, and only three of these lie within the limits of the modern city. "They form part of the declivity or ridge as bounding the Campus Martius. Their names are the *Quirinal*, the *Viminal* and the *Capitol*. The first occupies the western edge of the declivity, nearly opposite to the center of the Campus Martius; the second is immediately to the east of it, and the third to the southwest.

"The other four hills are the *Esquiline*, southeast of the Viminal; the *Cœlian* considerably east, but south of the Esquiline; the *Aventine* close to the river; and the *Palatine*, which has an intermediate position, forming a kind of central nucleus between the Capitol on the northwest, the Cœlian on the east, and the Aventine on the southwest. These four hills and the space within and around them, covering a large extent of ground to the south and east of the present city, have no habitations, except a few convents and villas no longer tenanted, and are for the most part under cultivation. In ancient times, however, they stood in the very heart of the city, and are the 'sites of some of its noblest ruins.'"

Repairing at twilight to our hotel, almost distracted from excessive "sight-seeing," and after having

dined we retired, and at once our mental activities were quieted in the embrace of involuntary slumber.

August 5th.—We arose early and made ready for our departure. The destination was Pisa. Reaching the station we were soon "all aboard," the Mediterranean railway train, at just 8 o'clock, was bearing us away, and we were now indeed on our return trip.

With a wishful eye and a lingering look did we gaze upon those scenes, until the last speck of the golden dome faded away in the distance. Rome, the pilgrim spot of the human mind, the most noted for heroism, military greatness and widely-extended, undisputed conquests, adieu!

The air at this time of day was balmy, and before us, we could say, "Every prospect pleases." With open eyes we were on the alert, first on one, then on the other side of the car, that we might see all the many sights along this picturesque route.

The Apennines lifted their barren peaks in the distance, and at 9 o'clock the blue waters of the Mediterranean on our left were within a "sling-shot" of the railway; one hour later the surf was dashing against the sandy shore only about seventy-five feet away.

Passing the islands Giglio and Pianosa in the order named, at 12.30 p. m. the largest and most noteworthy *Island of Elba* appeared in the distance to view. This island is of interest as having been the place of banishment of the great Napoleon and from whence he sailed for the more desolate spot, his last home, the island of St. Helena.

Its widely-extended, barren and uneven heights were of interest from the above-mentioned associa-

tions. The remainder of the route was without special interest until reaching *Pisa*, which was done at 2.20 o'clock p. m., when we repaired on foot, only a short distance, to the *Royal Victoria Hotel.* Distance from Rome, 180 miles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pisa.

Our apartments selected, luggage adjusted and having partaken of a very poor and scanty lunch at an outrageous cost, we set out by carriage for the inspection of the four and the only objects of interest that would be likely to attract the attention of the traveler, viz.: The Leaning Tower, Baptistery, Cathedral and Campo Santo or Cemetery.

Perhaps a few words at this time respecting Pisa as a city may not be amiss. Pisa stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the north by the marble Apennines, pines and other forest trees, and on the south and west is open to the Mediterranean sea. The muddy Arno intersects and divides it into two parts, nearly equal. Pisa is said to be one of the most flourishing cities in Tuscany; having a population within the walls of nearly 27,000, and if we include the suburbs, a total of nearly 45,000 inhabitants.

Its great antiquity may be inferred from an ancient writer, who says "that in 225 B. C. it was already the friend of the Romans."

Ten minutes' drive brought us to the *Campanile.* This celebrated tower stands at the end of the front of the Cathedral, some two rods distant and opposite the Baptistery, which is just about as far away. It

consists of eight stories formed of arches, supported by pillars and divided by cornices; the undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continution of the inward wall and surrounded by an iron balustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about 180 feet, and leans thirteen feet from summit to base. The staircase winds through the inward wall. The form and proportion of this tower are graceful, and its materials, which are marble, add to its beauty. Whether the obliquity of the tower is to be ascribed to accident or to design, about which there is dispute, I leave to the "wiseacres" to decide.

"Notwithstanding its threatening appearance it has now stood more than 600 years, without rent or decay." I heard the chime of the wonderful bells in the belfry while standing at its base, which we learned was on the occasion of some "fete," in honor of the Holy Virgin. We next passed to the *Baptistery, or Church of St. John*, a unique structure, which was completed in 1162. The main building is circular, raised on several steps, supports a leaden-roofed dome, having a second dome above it, surmounted by a statue of St. John.

The well-proportioned interior is noted for its wonderful echo, contains a pulpit which is said to rank as the greatest masterpiece of Nicolo Pisani; also here are a variety of sculpture pieces and a colossal octagonal marble font of exquisite workmanship.

Thence we proceeded to the *Cathedral* here, the grandest as well as the most ancient. It was commenced in the middle and finished before the close of

the 11th century. It is built of marble. The church is in the form of a Latin cross.

"In the central point of section rises the dome, supported by columns and arches which are adorned with pediments and pillars surmounted with statues. The dome is not high, but rather low and elliptic. The edifice stands on a platform raised five steps above the ground. The front towers up five stories, formed all of half pillars supporting semicircular arches. The sides are divided into three stories, all adorned with marble half pillars." Its exterior, therefore, may well be imagined as very unique.

The interior, which we next inspected, consists of a nave and double aisles, with choir and transept. "The aisles are formed of four rows of columns of oriental granite." The altar and the pulpit rest upon porphyry pillars. Unlike most cathedrals, the roof is not arched, but of wood, divided into compartments, and gilt, which is said to be a style extremely ancient.

The doors are of bronze and finely sculptured. These interior decorations are long to be remembered, but not less so than the mammoth, bronze chandelier suspended in the nave by a long rope, the swinging of which, Galileo the Pisan, made the important discovery of the isochronism of the vibration of the pendulum. I myself swung it, and watching its oscillations, with head uncovered in veneration of this great scientist, tried to imagine the elation and pride of his mind, when he first realized the accuracy and importance of this hitherto unknown mathematical law. I left it swinging as we took our departure, thence passing to the *Campo Santo*, our last place of visita-

tion at Pisa. We found it, as another has described it, a cloistered cemetery, constructed, it is said, in the 13th century; a vast rectangle, 383 feet in length by 127 feet in width, surrounded by arcades of white marble. The arches, like the Roman, are round and with few exceptions include an intersection of small arches, rising from slender shafts like the mullions of a Gothic window; this latter is supposed not to be original, the arcades having to all appearance been open primitively down to the pavement. At all events, as I saw them they were not unlike so many Gothic windows stripped of their glass.

Having passed to within the gate, we noted some rare paintings and statuary; of the former may be mentioned the execution of certain historical pieces from the life of Job; Noah inebriated; Building of the Tower of Babel; The Last Judgment and the Inferno. The statuary is of both Greek and Roman origin and antedates the Christian era. Along the walls were noted a number of Egyptian sarcophagi and other antiquities supposed to date 200 years B. C. A pagan altar that dates 300 years B. C. was, indeed, a striking curiosity. Intermingled with these antiquated relics, I took note of a few modern statues, rendering the more vividly the contrast of the former with the latter; but the object above all others within this enclosure, the most striking to me, was the unique statuary representing Christ bearing his cross to Calvary. It really seemed that I could hear the agonizing groans expressed beneath this heavy burden, which he was scarcely able to bear.

Taking now our leave of this remarkable "city of

the dead," from choice I went on foot through a region that well may be denominated the "slums" of the city, that, the better, I might be able to witness something of the low life of the lowest of its people.

The degradation and filthy habits of these latter must not here be mentioned, but a duplication of the experiences of Resina and Herculaneum, with the combination of odors such as our olfactories took cognizance of at both Cologne and Naples, must suffice to express the condition of these Pisans, who were given over evidently to work all manner of uncleanness.

Well, the day had passed and the evening shades found us weary and finally at our hotel. The dinner afterward provided was of the most "economical" character, after partaking of which, we in silence retired, anxiously awaiting the morrow that we might take our departure. Sleep was only in "cat naps," and few and far between were pleasant dreams, for the combat with mosquitoes was just frightful; you certainly would have thought so could you have seen my face next morning; nevertheless, I fought successfully my way through, and we all finally made good our escape, minus a little skin and blood, thankful that ours was no worse a fate.

August 6th.—It was exactly 9 o'clock when we took our departure from Pisa, our destination being Genoa. The route was by the Mediterranean railway, as before.

The Apennines, on our right in the distance, presented the most charming scenery, seemingly towering higher and still higher as we were approximating nearer and still nearer, revealing more clearly their

glistening marble peaks, white as the spotless snow. At 10.20 o'clock we reached *Massa.* In the vicinity of this station were large quantities of cararra marble, brought hither for transportation from the Cararra mountains, which latter were near to hand, eastward, appearing in all their rugged grandeur. Not far distant is the city of *Cararra*, nestling at the base of these mountains, and is interesting because of its marble quarries and the "studios" of many sculptors who here reside. We were informed that the "marble works" here employ some 6,000 workmen.

All the above was crowded within the embrace of my vision in the few minutes allotted us at the station. Faithful to the whistle scream, the signal for starting, we moved on, passing through Avenza, Sarzana, Spezia, Sestri, Levante, Chiavari, Rapallo and, near our destination, Nervi, which latter town was in the midst of beautiful "lemon groves." I must not at this point omit to mention the large and numerous "olive groves" on our right, near the railway, noticeable soon after leaving Cararra and intermittingly additional groves of these ungainly trees showing up for a long distance on the route. To me they were a novelty, and I was much interested in them. I took note that among the thousands of these trees, there was not one that was not twisted more or less in trunk, ungainly, whose leaves did not appear seared, and that was not of apparent stunted growth.

We passed through many tunnels in our journey, scarcely for a long distance well emerging from one before entering another. About midday we entered the great "Roma Jura" tunnel, and after emerging

from this subterranean passage, it would be difficult, indeed, soon to forget the charming view of the Mediterranean on our left, whose blue waters extended as far as vision could reach, while the angry surf was dashing against the rocky shore beneath us. At an altitude of, perhaps, seventy-five feet, the sublimity of this scenery on this summer's day, let the reader in the full exercise of his imaginative powers attempt to fancy. A little farther on appeared to view a field of fig trees, on which were figs apparently about half grown. Thence to our destination was but a short distance, which we reached at 2.40 o'clock p. m., having made, in five hours and forty minutes, the distance from Pisa to *Genoa*, which is 105 miles. Our hotel, to which we immediately repaired, is the *de Londres*.

CHAPTER XXV.

Genoa—Turin—Paris.

Genoa, called also from its beautiful situation and the attractiveness of its streets and mansions, *The Superb*, is located between two rivers, the Bisagno and the Polcevera, on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, near the middle of the Gulf of Genoa, and contains nearly 140,000 inhabitants.

The first and only object of interest between the station and the hotel, but only two minutes' walk, is the colossal, white marble monument to Christopher Columbus, which was erected in 1862. The square pediment, at the corners of which are the figures of Religion, Geography, Force and Wisdom, forms an elegant basis for the rising circular pedestal adorned with prows of ships, surmounted by marble figures representing Columbus standing, and the figure of America in a kneeling pose. "The pediment is highly decorated with bas-reliefs of scenes in the life of the great navigator."

This memorial of their distinguished fellow-townsman reflects great and enduring credit upon the Genoese.

At the hotel, our apartments selected, etc., and after a little rest, we were soon treated to more than an average good Italian dinner by a genial, courteous

"host"; after which, in open carriage, we proceeded to a general inspection of the city. We made a steep and winding ascent, passing over broad streets and by fine, palatial residences—one distinctive feature of the latter of which is, that they are squarely built and are also of good height and I think of flat roof. I distinctly recall halting at early twilight upon a high, level eminence overlooking a part of the city south, from which we viewed the extended plain stretching out on either side, that part immediately before us forming a beautiful crescent, while beyond, the gulf heavily burdened with vessels completed the charm of the scenery.

Of these latter city environs let another testify: "The fine harbor, of which the diameter is rather less than a mile, is semicircular and formed by two piers, at the extremity of one of which stands a lighthouse tower 300 feet high. Vessels of the largest class can enter the harbor, which, notwithstanding the heavy swells occasioned by the southwest winds, is safe. As yet, however, there is no landing pier for passengers, all of whom, at considerable inconvenience, are carried ashore in rowboats."

The aspect of Genoa from said eminence, whence we viewed these picturesque environs, is not inferior in beauty to that of any other Italian city. The hills of Carignano on the east and of St. Benigno on the west, joined by the Ligurian Alps on the north, form a splendid amphitheater, in the center of which Genoa is built, and which situation makes effective the display of its architectural and artistic magnificence.

In a northward direction, towards which I partic-

ularly directed my gaze, was presented elegantly white towering edifices, so superbly gorgeous and at such high elevation, I am warranted in saying they were fit emblems of "mansions in the skies."

It may not be uninteresting to have, in a word, our memories refreshed as to the kinds of business transacted at this port, now before us.

Genoa is the great commercial depot of a wide extent of country, of which the chief raw exports are olive oil, rice, fruits, cheese, steel, etc.; the manufactured goods exported are velvets, silks, damasks, gloves, flowers, paper, soap, jewelry in silver and coral, in all of which industrial branches the excellence of the Genoese workmen is incontestable.

"The imports are principally cottons, woolens, cochineal, indigo, grain, hides, etc. The annual imports are valued at $65,000,000, and the exports at $15,000,000."

We descended this elevation by another route, passing the old residence of Garibaldi, and on the plains below was the equestrian bronze statue of Victor Emanuel, of commanding pose.

Having purchased a few souvenirs, we proceeded to our hotel and were soon "tucked" in for the night. Our sleep was protracted and refreshing.

August 7th.—Having breakfasted, we made ready for our departure, and at just 9.15 o'clock we commenced our long, tedious and more than embarrassing journey for the city of Paris.

Our direction was northeasterly. After crossing the "Polcevera" river, we had proceeded not far when we entered the largest tunnel hitherto met in Italy, it

being more than two miles in length. The Alpine peaks on our left, white with snow, were plainly visible. Passing several stations, we came to Alessandria, a fortified place and an important railway center.

Within five miles of *Turin* we crossed the river "Po," I remember, by a long bridge, and in due time were within the city, which latter we reached at 12.45 o'clock p. m. Distance from Genoa, 103 miles. Having dined at the station, we resumed our journey at 2.20 o'clock. After several hours' ride, having passed four small stations and through a number of tunnels, we entered the valley known as the "Dora Riparia." The frowning Alps, of dizzy altitude, were now on either hand.

At 5.16 o'clock we entered the famous *Mt. Cenis Tunnel*, the dividing line between Italy and France, and emerged from thence in twenty-five minutes. The length of this tunnel is seven and one-half miles, is nineteen feet high and twenty-six feet wide, and lined almost throughout with masonry. It was completed on Christmas day in 1870.

The air is not so disagreeable in this as we found it in the St. Gothard tunnel. Mt. Cenis presents a more imposing front on the Italian than on the French side, where, on the former, it slopes gradually toward the beautiful valley of the Arc.

We now soon came to Modane, France, where our baggage was inspected by the custom officers, after which our journey was resumed and continued through the night, briefly pausing at only a few stations, with now and then a slight "cat nap," when at 7 o'clock a. m. we reached our long-looked-for *Paris*. Omni-

bus in waiting conveyed us at once to the *Hotel St. James.* Distance from Turin, 505 miles.

August 8th.—Here our little party of eleven—two having left us at Florence—rejoined fifty of the sixty-five we left at Lucerne when we went into Italy. The reader may be assured that this meeting was a most enjoyable one, and many were the experiences, both agreeable and otherwise, that were reciprocally interchanged at this our mutual headquarters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Paris—St. Cloud—Versailles.

Paris, the most beautiful city in all our travels and probably in the world, with a population of about 2,345,000, "the capital of the empire, and the center of wealth, art, science and fashion, is situated in the valley of the Seine and built on both banks of the river, and two islands in it." In a word, it may be said Paris is noted for its broad and cleanly streets, avenues and boulevards, its palaces, parks, gardens, fountains, statues, arches, elegant public buildings, cathedrals, and its matchless art galleries. There are eight railway termini in Paris.

I was overwhelmed as I contemplated what was before me, being at a loss to know how or where to begin even a faint description of some of the scenes that came under my observation.

Preparatory to breakfast, I visited the *Garden of the Tuileries*, less than a "stone's throw" from our hotel. This garden is laid out in the form of a square, and is interspersed with the choicest of flowers in endless profusion, with numerous pathways arranged at right angles each to the others and tastefully laid out, while marble statuary adorning its four corners completes the charm of this Eden.

Among these statues, notably are Alexander the

Great, Julius Cæsar and Pericles. This immense garden, covering a space of eighty acres, is bounded by the Place de la Concorde, the Seine, the Rue de Rivoli and the grounds of the Palace of the Tuileries, the latter of which, as is known, was laid in ashes by the Communists, on the eventful 23d of May, 1871.

On the opposite of these grounds of the palace stands the Arc de Carrousel, with its largely vacant summit, where once stood the four bronze horses before mentioned, now on the portico of St. Mark's church at Venice.

Returning now to St. James hotel and having breakfasted, we resumed our "sight-seeing" at once with the party, repairing first to the *Louvre*.

This palace, by the way, was begun by Francis I. in 1582, and when Napoleon I. came into power, the roof not being on, his was the work to complete it. The bare grounds, where once stood the Palace of the Tuileries, give the Louvre an unfinished appearance; the former joined either extremity of the latter, which, I could see, originally formed the Louvre into a magnificent parallelogram; but it was left to Napoleon Bonaparte to commence and to Napoleon III. to complete the work of joining these two palaces.

The principal colonnade was built in 1685, and consists of twenty-eight columns and pillars of the Corinthian order. It is considered one of the finest colonnades in existence. The other "fronts" are also very fine. I must not omit to mention the southern front, which is decorated with forty Corinthian pilasters, and the exquisite ornamentation work over the central compartment truly defies description. As we

entered the court we found it one grand piece of French architecture. Its divisions into arcades, the ornate architecture of its numerous pavilions, with the pediments and entablatures so profusely adorned with statues and allegorical groups, call forth all the artistic appreciation for which the beholder may have capacity.

The *Museum of the Louvre* is not less wonderful. It has truly been said that there are fifteen distinct museums that constitute the general museum. They are: The Museum of Painting, Ancient Sculpture, Sculpture of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, Modern Sculpture, Drawings, Engravings, Naval Science, of the Sovereigns of France, Assyrian Antiquities, Greek and Etruscan Antiquities, Ethnographical, Algerian, Napoleon III., the Sauvageot Collection. While we saw all the above, we can carry in mind only a few selections of paintings and sculpture work, which we will now proceed to specify.

First, the Marriage Feast of Cana (by Paolo Veronese); the Holy Family (by Raphael); Christ taken to Calvary; the Pilgrims at Emmaus (by Rembrandt); the Virgin weeping over the body of Christ (by Van Dyck); the Sabine women and the Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine (by David); a collection of twenty-two large allegorical paintings, relating to Marie de Medicis (by Rubens); Jesus crowned with thorns (by Titian); the Virgin, Jesus and St. Ann (by Leonardo da Vinci), etc.

These paintings may be said to be choice specimens of the schools represented, and in size are lifelike and of a high order of art. Next, we passed to the

sculpture apartments. In the *First Room* we noted Achilles quitting Deidamia; Priam beseeching Achilles to give up the body of Hector. *Second Room*—the Roman Consorts, Bacchus triumphant over the Indians, Bacchus and the four seasons, Cupids holding wreaths, Mithras sacrificing a bull. *Third Room*—Rome seated on a rock. *Fourth Room*—Roman soldiers before the Temple of Jupiter. *Fifth Room*—Emperors Marcus Aurelius, Trajan, Hadrian, the Antonines. *Sixth Room*—Augustus, Otho, Nero, Galba, Claudius, Vespasian, Antoninus and Julius Cæsar.

In one of the galleries are Venus leaving the Bath, a winged Victory, the imposing Fighting Gladiator, and adjacent stood the colossal Esculapius—the god of the Healing Art.

On a lower floor I observed also, with great interest, the massive stone sarcophagus, said to be that of Rameses III., of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, and a section of a literal column of the Palace of the Persian Artaxerxes, the latter probably the most unique of its kind in existence.

I must not omit to mention that in the center of one of the picture galleries is a glass case, guarded by an officer, in which are the sword of Napoleon I., elegantly decorated with diamonds, his watch, and also the crown of Charlemagne.

Next we proceeded to the *Palace of Justice.* This range of buildings stands on the site of a fortress erected by the Romans. "The present buildings occupy the places of those destroyed by the insurgents on May 24th, 1871." The front was imperiously grand and the gates and iron railing were truly elegant.

Thence we passed to the *Hotel de Ville.* Here we received the information that the present structure was preceded by an almost identical edifice, which latter was also destroyed by the Communists in 1871.

The present building, before which we now were, was opened for business with great ceremony, on July 14th, 1882. In the upper portion of the "facade" is set a large clock of superb elegance, as well of utility, a noticeable feature, and is said to be a facsimile of the clock in the original building. Of its kind this is doubtless the most magnificent edifice in Paris.

The new *Palace Royal*, succeeding the one destroyed in 1871, we next visited. It is of imposing walls, in the form of a square, within which is a charming garden, comprising trees, plants, flowers, fountains, walks, etc. This latter we visited also in the evening, under illumination, and, if I have a just conception of "paradise," this spot must be, indeed, of close resemblance.

One hundred and eighty arcades, comprising two stories, with fluted pilasters, surround this garden, while inside the arcades are numerous jewelers' shops and other stores with a profuse and brilliant display of their respective merchandise. A military band plays in this garden every evening in summer, Monday evenings alone excepted, which with other attractions make this a favorite place of resort. In the Palace Royal, adjacent, are said to be some of the finest restaurants in Paris. Our party can, however, testify *to one notable exception*, as a day or two later we put one saloon to a thorough test. Without exception, it was generally conceded to be the most "dishey" lunch we sat down to while on the Continent, but we must let

bygones be bygones and push on, as we did to the *Place de la Concorde.* This is an extended plane, adjacent to the eastern part of the Garden of the Tuileries, and is the boundary of the Champs Elysees on the west. Here stands the imposing Obelisk brought hither from the ruins of "Thebes" in 1836, covered, as it is, with its characteristic Egyptian inscriptions, which we, *being somewhat in haste, did not stop to decipher.* Here we noted two spacious fountains with jets, whose waters were thrown at a great height, and which by gas illumination gave the appearance of liquid silver, though in their descent were more like countless, sparkling diamonds coming from the skies.

Appropriate and significant colossal statuary were stationed about these lovely grounds. Leading north of west from this point is the *Champs Elysees*, probably the most elegant boulevard in existence. All along the way, on either side, were choice trees, shrubs, flowers, and refreshing fountains. The numerous promenades were ever filled with pedestrians of all grades, except the lowest of Parisian society.

We took note, on our left, as we proceeded up its slight ascent, of the Palace of Industry, an enormous structure of "cut stone," in which the World's Fair was held in 1855.

Our "courier," an elderly and considerate gentleman, gave us ample time, as in open carriages we slowly passed up this road "Elysian," which with great delight we did to its upper terminus, where stands the famous *Arc de Triomphe.*

This site, the *Place de l'Etoile*, one of the most beautiful in Paris, "is the center of twelve avenues

stretching out from it like the spokes of a wheel." The arch can be seen upon its elevation the long distance, in a straight line from the Tuileries Gardens, but its magnitude is not realized until the base is reached.

The arch at Milan and the numerous ones at Rome are but pigmies compared to this one. Confessedly *it is by far the largest and most magnificent triumphal arch in existence.* "The first stone of this monument was laid on the 15th of August 1806, the anniversary of the birthday of the Emperor Napoleon I. It was designed to commemorate the victories of the French army, which in the space of four months had destroyed the forces of Austria and Russia. The events of 1814 caused a suspension of the works. After the revolution of 1830, the work was commenced anew, and the whole was completed in 1836, and inaugurated the 29th of July in that year.

"The northern pier, on the front towards the Champs Elysees, has a group representing the departure of the army in 1792, the most prominent figure in which is the Genius of war calling the nation to arms. On the southern pier of this front is a group commemorative of the victories of 1810. It represents Napoleon crowned with laurels by the Goddess of Victory, while Fame proclaims his triumphs and History engraves them on her tablets.

"Figures emblematic of conquered cities are at his feet. Of the groups in relief in the compartments above the cornice, that in the southern compartment on the eastern side represents the surrender of Mustapha Pacha at the battle of Aboukir. The northern,

the death of General Marceau. On the western front, the northern group represents the taking of Alexandria, the other the passage of the bridge of Arcola. Above the cornice, on the northern side of the structure, is the battle of Austerlitz, and on the southern side that of Jemmapes. The freize represents the departure of the armies, distribution of the flags, and the return of the armies."

Again and again did I survey this mammoth structure, and tried to appreciate its grandeur and the signficance of its striking emblems.

Night was approaching, but we were bound to see *Place and Column Vendome.* So, returning by the Champs Elysees and bearing toward the left, we were soon upon the grounds. "The Place Vendome was constructed by Louis XIV., and is bounded on every side by magnificent and lofty buildings. The Column, which occupies the place where once stood a statue of Louis XIV., was erected by Napoleon in 1806, and the Place there received its present name, which it derived from the fact that upon its site once stood the hotel of Cæsar Vendome, son of Henry IV. and Gabrielle."

The column is composed of stone covered with bronze plates, made from cannon taken from the Austrians. The bas-reliefs represent events in the military campaign of 1805. It is 135 feet high. On the top is the statue of Napoleon dressed in Roman costume.

The Commune destroyed this magnificent column in 1871. The present one was completely, substantially and elegantly rebuilt in 1875.

Returning now to our hotel, so weary I could scarcely stand, and after a little rest and a bountiful dinner, committed myself once again, in Paris, to "nature's great restorer"—sleep.

August 9th.—All in readiness, we set out by carriage at 9 o'clock for *Notre Dame*, taking note on the way of the *St. Germaine Church*, originally built in the 10th century, and successively restored in the 15th and 18th centuries. "The porch has fine walls and arches, surmounted by a balustrade which runs around the building and is adorned by frescoes on a gold basis. The portico of the south transept is remarkable for its sculptures." I was much interested in the "square" tower of the 12th century, which is in the angle formed by this transept and the nave of the choir, for it was from the belfry of this tower that the signal was given on the 23d day of August, 1572, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

A few cracks of the whip and we were at Notre Dame. As we alighted, the striking bronze equestrian statue of Charlemagne, on the elegant grounds fronting the cathedral, greatly impressed me. I thought for the moment of some of the conquests effected by this mighty conqueror in the 8th century; from his sole rule over the Frankish kingdom to his coronation as Emperor of Rome, and finally the triple accession to his undisputed dominion, embracing France, Germany and Spain, over all of which at one and the same time was he the Imperial Dictator. But we turn to Notre Dame, the most wonderful church in Paris, and which, from its associations, requires more than a passing notice. "The present building was con-

structed between the 12th and 15th centuries, and in its present state of restored magnificence ranks as one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture. Pope Alexander III. laid the first stone. Its west front, transepts, portal, choir, etc., were designed and erected by different architects, begun in 1223 and finished in 1714. The Cathedral is of cruciform shape, with an octagonal east end, two flanking towers with flying buttresses, and a new central spire 135 feet high above the roof, remarkable, as in every other part, for its delicate and elaborate tracery. It is 390 feet long and 102 feet high, and with transept 144 feet wide.

"Most of the painted windows are modern, but the grand rose windows, which give a characteristic beauty to this superb edifice, are of ancient date."

Having well surveyed the exterior, we now entered, to be struck with greater amazement at its even more wonderful interior designs and its gorgeous embellishments.

This is composed of a principal nave, flanked on either side by two collateral naves, which are continued around the choir. Thirty-seven chapels surround the interior of this grand edifice. Twelve large pillars sustain the principal vaults, and comprise altogether 297 columns. There are also 113 painted windows. The carvings on stone, on the portals and arches of the western front, are very quaint and interesting. Elsewhere I noted the following carvings:

The Sounding of the Last Trump; The Separation of the Righteous from the Wicked; Christ on His Throne worshiped by the Virgin and St. John. On

guarded by a high, open ironwork fence of the most unique design and elegant adornment.

I seemed to see, in imagination, before this very altar a reproduction of those notable events transpiring on December 1st, 1801, in the presence of Pope Pius VII., whom Napoleon had invited to place upon his brow the crown, attended by a retinue of officers of State, all appearing in the most gorgeous, dazzling pageantry; and this man, who had elevated himself to be Emperor of France, take the crown from the hands of the Pope, and with his own complete the coronation, saying as he did so, "*The Emperor is greater than the Pope!*" After which I seemed to see Josephine, in modest kneeling pose upon the middle step before this altar, receive upon her brow the diadem of royalty, there placed by these same Imperial hands.

But we could not longer linger, so hastened to the *Church of the Madeleine.* This church is not far distant from the Place de la Concorde. We learned it was begun in 1764 and completed in 1852, and is in the Grecian style. The building is oblong. I remember its elevation was reached by twenty-eight stone steps, by actual count. It is three hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and thirty-eight feet, and surrounded exterioraly with Corinthian columns fifty feet in height. The elegant bronze doors measure thirty-three by sixteen and one-half feet. The bas-reliefs represent the Ten Commandments.

In the front gable is represented in sculpture work, Mary Magdalene at the feet of Christ, which is at once touchingly impressive.

On entering we observed thirty-four statues, male and female saints, by different artists, along the galleries. On the magnificent, spotless, white marble High Altar is sculptured the assumption; also behind this altar is a most striking painting, representing Mary Magdalene at the feet of the Saviour, surrounded by the Apostles, Evangelists and others.

This church probably represents the most perfect style, inside and out, of ancient Greek architecture of any modern building in Europe.

Directly south and opposite the Place de la Concorde stands the *Old House of the Bourbons*, known as the Chamber of Deputies, or Lower House of Parliament, and its facade is like that of the Madeleine. Thence did we next proceed and surveyed its massive exterior. Our attention was directed to the very spot on one of the steps fronting this edifice, where stood Gambetta when he proclaimed France a Republic.

We drove thence to *Parc Monceaux*. This beautiful promenade, we learned, was opened to the public in 1861. It comprises eighteen acres, elegantly laid out, in which are trees in great profusion, and a large number and variety of plants. Within this enclosure is an elegant "rotunda," with an entrance on either side. "An 'imitation' ruin is noticeable near by, consisting of a colonnade of Corinthian columns, standing upon the border of a small lake." From this lake issued a stream which crossed the park and fell into an artificial grotto. As we slowly rode through this park, I was impressed that but few spots on earth of the character of this resort could surpass it in variety and picturesqueness of beauty.

From this point we visited and inspected *Trinity Church*, which is at once magnificent throughout.

The shades of night were again upon us, and we were all soon at our hotel, where, after having been duly refreshed, we retired for another night in Paris.

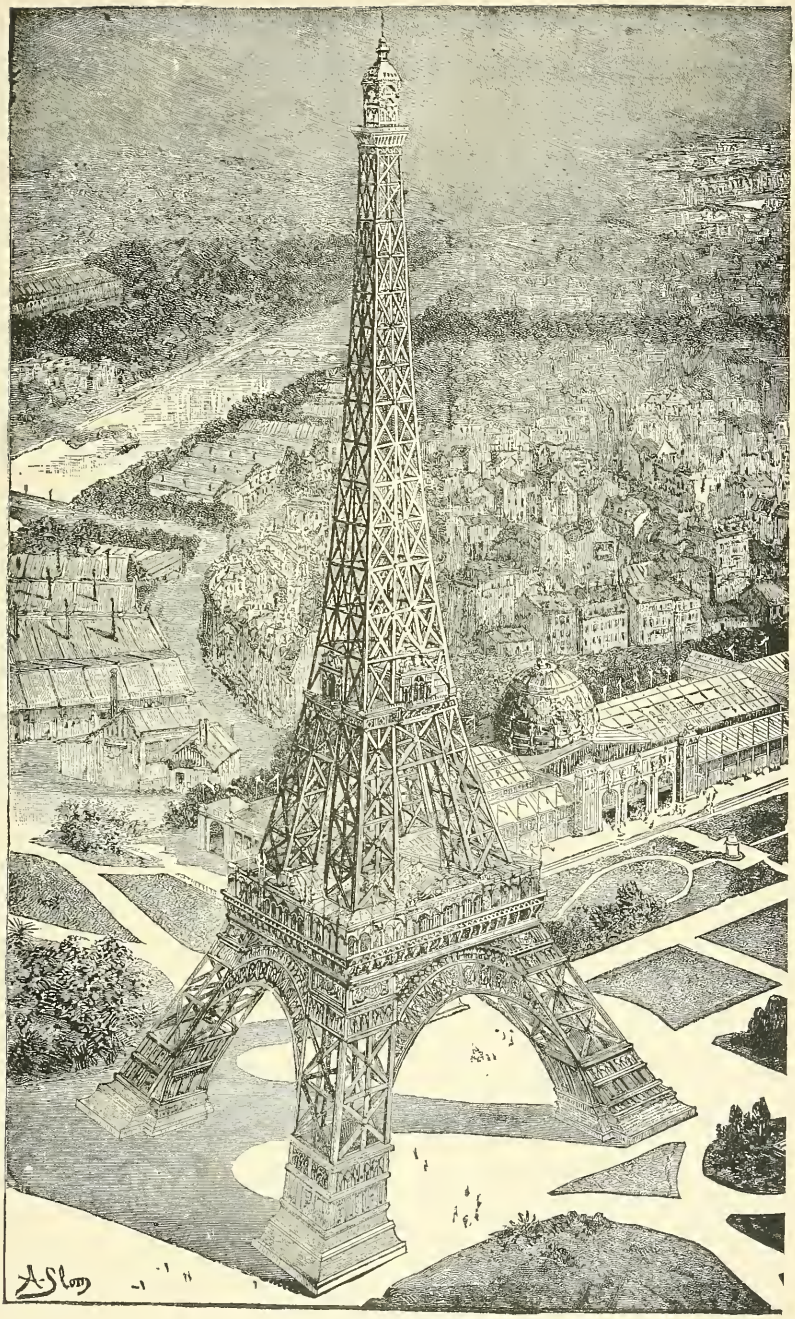
August 10th.—This morning, in keeping with all others since coming on to the Continent, was cloudless, and early the air was balmy. All in readiness, we again, at 9 o'clock, resumed our tour by carriage for another day's "sight-seeing," and first we proceeded to the *Aquarium*. This is a circular grotto five hundred feet in circumference, is under rock and soil, and the passage through it is by a winding pathway. It contains almost every variety of fern. Overhead were irregular arches, festooned by what in appearance resembled stalactites, the latter rendering it very unique. Light was received from the outside, along the border and over the receptacles, into and out of each of which is ever running water. The large numbers, many varieties and sizes of the "fin" race in these receptacles presented a charming spectacle, and was, indeed, a restfull contrast from sculptured works of art and much architectural monotony.

Right to hand stands the palace of the *Trocadero*, which is an annex of the late Universal Exhibition. It is most charmingly situated. Some idea of its magnitude may be inferred by knowing that its central pavilion, forming an immense amphitheater, is over four hundred feet in circumference, which, by the way, is used for fetes, concerts and great public ceremonies. The wings, which are immense, are used as museums.

The magnificent *Concert Hall* connected with the palace in the form of a "rotund," is occasionally used for special concerts, etc., and with the galleries has a seating capacity for eight thousand people. I took note that means for its illumination were not apparent, but upon inquiry learned that the purposes for which it is used is only by the light of day.

The palace itself has a dome as high as the roof of Notre Dame, and its towers are sixty feet higher. This mammoth structure, from its immense proportions and great height, is grandly imposing. Our greatest delight here, however, was experienced in the ascension to the summit of its loftiest tower, and thereupon witnessing the magnificent view of Paris and its extended environs, all of which were to be seen from every point of the compass.

The ascent was made by a commodious elevator called "lift," which, by the way, was propelled by hydraulic pressure at good speed, and so evenly that we could not detect the slightest motion. Strange to say, this was the only perfect "lift," or even commendable one I found in all my travels. Having surveyed with "field glass," this wonderful city and its distant hills, never to be forgotten, we descended and proceeded but a short distance, when we found ourselves at the base of the *Eiffel Tower*. This, the highest and otherwise the most wonderful tower in the world, built by M. Eiffel in 1885, situated near the Seine and Champ de Mars, consists essentially of a pyramid composed of four great columns independent of each other, and connected together only by belts of girders at the different stories, until the columns unite toward



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS.

the top of the tower, where they are connected by ordinary bracing. Seventy-three hundred tons of cast and wrought iron were used in the construction throughout.

"There are four independent foundations, each standing at one angle of a square about three hundred and thirty feet on a side. The tower terminates at a height of eight hundred and ninety-six feet above the ground, with a platform fifty-three feet square. Above the platform rises the campanile, in the lower part of which is situated a spacious and complete laboratory for the prosecution of scientific research and observation. Four latticed arched girders rise diagonally from each corner of the lower part of the campanile, and unite at a height of fifty-four feet above the platform. By means of a spiral staircase, yet another gallery is reached nineteen feet in diameter and surrounding the 'lantern' which crowns the edifice and brings the height of the structure to nine hundred and eighty-four feet. The number of pieces of iron in its composition is 12,000. There were used 2,500,000 rivets, weighing four hundred and fifty tons. It is provided with elevators, by which the ascent can be made."

In all parts of Paris this prodigious tower can be seen, but its gigantic proportions can only be appreciated when we stand within the enclosure of its mighty columns. Surely, it is one of the world's wonders. Thence we hastened to the *Hotel des Invalides*. On the way we halted to note the mammoth Machinery Palace, now empty, but so replete with machinery and famous for its mechanical activities during the late Paris Exhibition.

Arriving at the grounds of the Invalides just before twelve o'clock, we were told that the great "noon" gun would soon be discharged, consequently we were dreading its report all the way to the hotel and for some time after effecting an entrance; but for a wonder the piece remembered us in mercy and did not speak at all.

"The project of gathering together in one asylum, the soldiers who had been disabled in the wars of France, was originated by Louis XIV., who laid the foundations of the Hotel des Invalides in 1620. It was ready for the reception of pensioners in four years later.

"In 1790 the hotel was called the Temple of Humanity. Napoleon changed it to the Temple of Mars. In 1814 it took its original name, which it still retains. Here, soldiers who have been disabled or who have served thirty years in the army and have obtained a pension, are furnished a retreat for the remainder of their lives." We were credibly informed that about 700 were inmates of this asylum.

We passed to the *Old Church of the Invalides.* "It is separated from the dome, under which is the tomb of Napoleon, by a railing and consists of a single nave with two aisles which support the gallery." Along both sides of this arched nave were flags taken in various battles.

From the Place Vauban we now entered the dome, under which is the celebrated tomb of Napoleon. The church as seen from this side is a majestic edifice with a front of 138 feet, surmounted by the enormous gilded dome rising 323 feet above the ground. The

statues of St. Louis and Charlemagne are placed in niches, each on a side of the entrance.

As we entered the building, the first object that forcefully impressed me was the circular, white marble balustrade surrounding the crypt, which latter is twenty feet deep and thirty-six feet in diameter, where, directly underneath the dome, is the sarcophagus which contains the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Leaning on the balustrade, I studied the visible contents of this world-renowned crypt. The sarcophagus is of red Finland granite twelve feet long, six feet wide, thirteen and one-half feet high and formed of four blocks—the receptacle, the lid and the two supports.

Around the sarcophagus and in niches of the walls surrounding the former, are twelve elegant, white marble statues facing the tomb.

The immense monolith of porphyry of which the tomb is composed, weighs 135,000 pounds and cost $28,000. The entire cost of the monument, we were informed, was $1,800,000.

Who in such a presence could be other than entranced in gazing on so unique and supereminently magnificent a mausoleum?

We lifted our eyes, and back of this tomb on the summit of the tenth white marble step stood the *High Altar*, surmounted by four elegant spiral columns of black or variegated marble, which support a gorgeous canopy. The light streaming in upon these columns from a yellow stained glass window produced the appearance of liquid gold, shimmeringly trickling down these tortuous ravines.

To the right of the principal entrance and in an adjacent apartment was an elegant lighter colored sarcophagus, in which were the remains of Joseph Bonaparte, while in the apartment directly opposite stood a striking bronze statue of Jerome Bonaparte, the latter requesting, but the French refusing, to have his body here interred.

From the rear of Napoleon's tomb, and to the right of the High Altar, we descended a few steps, when we found ourselves in a small apartment, within which were the tombs of Duroc and Bertrand, who served Napoleon so faithfully, the latter following his remains from St. Helena. At the left of the stairway is the entrance to the mausoleum, over the door of which is inscribed in gilt letters the familiar portion of the Emperor's will, "I desire my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." Thence ascending by an opposite stairway, and taking another farewell look at the great emperor's last resting place and its environs, with a wistful and lingering regret we bade adieu to the impressive scenery within the Hotel des Invalides.

We proceeded afterward directly to the *Bourse or Exchange*, situated in the so-called Place, to which it gives it name. The building is rectangular in shape and in dimensions is 212 by 126 feet. There are sixty-six Corinthian columns around it, and at each angle a figure in sitting pose, representing Justice, Commerce, Agriculture and Industry, respectively.

The place where business is transacted is on the floor of the entrance. It is surrounded by an elabo-

rate gallery, from which the busy scenes below may the better be witnessed. From 12 to 3 o'clock were the hours for the bargain and sale of stocks, shares, etc., and we chanced to be on time to look down from this gallery upon, to me, a very novel scene; about 100 men, I should say, were gesticulating and vociferating in the most excited manner, tossing up pieces of paper, running hither and thither, presenting more the appearance of lunatics than men of business; and yet we were seriously told that it was *unusually* quiet on this occasion.

In magnitude and importance, we learned, that this Exchange ranks only *second* on the Continent.

Thence we proceeded to *The Church of St. Eustache.* On the way thither we passed and took note of the *Post Office*, which is elegant and of gigantic proportions.

This church, situated near *Central Hall*, was rebuilt in the 14th and 17th centuries. On the left of the former stands a small tower ornamented with fluted Corinthian columns, in itself quite unique.

A large arched door guards the entrance to the church. "It contains large foliated pilasters, two ranges of galleries, several rows of balustrades, a mullioned rose window and small spires."

On entering, before us were two side aisles, with chapels extending along either side of the principal nave and continuing behind the choir. Among the paintings and bas-reliefs, the statues of the Twelve Apostles in the transepts were particularly striking.

This church is of interest, bearing as it does the marks of mutilation of the Revolution in 1789, and also of defacement by the Insurgents of 1871.

Next we passed to the *Market* which is said to be one of the largest in Europe, where almost everything edible in the vegetable and animal line were represented. The read ercan imagine, perhaps, something of what this collection embraces or comprehends.

Thence we proceeded to the *Museum of Natural History*, stopping briefly on the way at the *Morgue*, where, we were told, about 1,000 bodies are brought yearly, and where several corpses were now here awaiting identification.

A little farther on we passed the *Wine Market*, covering 100 acres, where thousands of casks were piled to a considerable height, containing, or to contain, the exhilerating "nectar," of which 500,000 barrels are yearly consumed.

Six million acres in France, we were informed, are devoted to vine culture, and producing more wine than any other country in the world.

After a plain lunch at a restaurant close at hand, we were shortly at the Museum, which is believed to contain the finest collection of animal and vegetable products ever brought together. Originally established in 1650, it has been considerably enlarged and now covers seventy-seven acres of ground. On entering, we observed that the garden comprises three longitudinal walks, along the sides of two of which are linden trees in profusion, while along the sides of the other are thickets of walnut trees, a nursery ground, a cafe, restaurant and the botanical, geological and mineralogical galleries.

Another part of the garden contains the menagerie, the reptile house, the cabinet of comparative anatomy,

etc. The so-called English garden comprises the orangery, the gardens of naturalization and of seeds, etc.

In these various departments were to be seen almost an endless variety of their respective exhibits. I was particularly struck while at the aviary, by the long-necked, red flamingo of Africa, and in the department of comparative anatomy, by the skeletons of all the varieties of the human race and of all known animals, including two whales—Spermaceti and Australian—the skin of one of which was in perfect form, entirely separate from the bony skeleton. The latter was also here on exhibition. All of these collections, it is needless to say, were highly instructive and add largely to our information along the line of natural history.

Thence returning to the St. James hotel, our attention was directed to the *Mint*, a superb edifice, and is situated on the left bank of the "Seine," opposite the "Louvre."

Here were coins and medals, the former comprising those of nearly every country in the world. It was in this vicinity that I took note of the very striking bronze statue of Voltaire, in a standing attitude. Moving on, we shortly came to the *Grand Opera.* This is said to be the most elegant opera house ever constructed. Its area is 462 by 380 feet, with a seating capacity of 2,500.

It was six years in the process of construction, though the work was interrupted two years by the war with Germany and the Commune. It was first opened in 1875.

A number of our party attended a "performance,"

on one of the evenings of our tarry in Paris. Otherwise engaged, I had to forego this pleasure ; those who did, testified to the surpassing grandeur of its interior. I certainly can witness to its imposing, exceedingly elaborate exterior, the finishing touch of which is the colossal bronze statue on its summit, representing the Goddess of Music in a standing dignified pose, grasping with both hands and holding high over head a gilded lyre.

Arriving at the hotel and our wants having been supplied, we retired and spent our third night in Paris.

August 11th.—Refreshed, rejuvinated, and thirsting for additional scenery, we made ready and at the usual hour were seated in a capacious, elevated open carriage behind "four-in-hand," and at the crack of the whip were off for *St. Cloud* and *Versailles*. With a cloudless sky and balmy air, truly, every prospect pleased, and, indeed, doubly enhansed as we again passed over the Champs Elysees even to the Arc de Triomphe. Thence we soon entered the so-called Bois de Boulogne, passing through verdant forests, long champs, and by elaborate residences, among others, a mansion of one of the Rothschilds, beautiful cascades, etc., skirting the Seine river, being pestered in this vicinity by a number of young beggars for quite a distance. We finally crossed the bridge of St. Cloud and soon were at the foot of a hill close to the Park Gate. Distance from the Louvre, five and one-half miles. Here dismounting, we proceeded up the hill, where, on a beautiful plateau not far distant, stands the ruined Chateau of St. Cloud, which, we learned,

was erected in 1572. "Having been a country seat of several distinguished men, it was purchased and rebuilt in 1658 by Louis XIV. for his brother the Duke of Orleans, and afterwards bought by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette, who occupiéd it in 1782. It was the usual summer residence of the Imperial family."

This once so wonderful palace has a no less interesting modern history, for only a few years later it became the famous resort of Napoleon I., owing, it is said, to the association it had in connection with his first rise in power. It will be remembered that it was here, in 1799, that Napoleon, by the aid of his Grenadiers, dispersed the celebrated Council of Five Hundred, thereby causing himself to be nominated and here proclaimed First Consul; and here also was he proclaimed Emperor of France.

Within this same Chateau, in 1815, the capitulation of Paris was signed, when Blucher made the palace his headquarters. Here Charles X. signed the proclamation which fettered and silenced the press and was the immediate cause of the Revolution of 1830.

Here Louis Philippe retreated for recreation, and Queen Victoria staid in preference to Versailles, which had been prepared for her when she visited Paris in 1855. Here Napoleon III. was also much attached, and made this his country seat, whence from his bedroom window he could survey Paris from end to end.

"St. Cloud was in the possession of the Germans during the investment by the Prussians in 1870, till on the 13th of October of that year it was fired, the French say by the Germans, but most probably by

shells from Fort Valerien itself, and by the French to prevent the Prussians taking up their residence there."

I stood and gazed first on the ruined walls of the Chateau and then on Fort Valerien, not very far distant, and tried to fancy the original splendor and glory of this palace, and contemplated its present dilapidation and decay. Only a part of its walls remain. Its numerous statues, vases, pictures and other costly adornments are now in ashes; and many are the traces still left at St. Cloud of the ruthless devastations of this ever memorable war of 1870.

In passing will say that here a number of our party, myself included, purchased a "field glass" as a souvenir, and with which, from this point, surveyed the city of Paris and its environs with a truly novel interest. In passing to the rear of the Chateau we came to the famous park and gardens, which latter comprise more than one thousand acres, full of promenades and narrower pathways, remarkable for the elegance of their design, interspersed in the midst of which were trees of beauty and verdancy, while cascades and fountains were not wanting to complete the magnificence of these "fields elysian."

A little distance now brought us to our carriages, before mounting which a photographer snapped his kodak at us, and it not missing fire, the result was that later we had, for a couple of francs, this little group in photograph as another souvenir of St. Cloud.

Entering now the carriages, we resumed our journey through a delightful country, reaching the *Grand Trianon at Versailles* at just 12 o'clock. Distance

southwesterly from Paris, 12 miles. Versailles, I will here state, has a population of 30,000 inhabitants.

The Trianon was erected by Louis XIV. for Francoise de Maintenon, his consort, who, it is said, had become wearied of the pomp and immensity of the Grand Palace itself. Among many objects of interest here, I noted the *State Bedroom* of the kings and queens of France, in which, besides its elegant furniture, the bedstead with its environs wrought with gold was particularly striking. In another apartment was an Italian marble table, composed of small pieces beautifully adjusted and polished to the point of glistening. We now passed to the so-called Grand entrance, which was used by Louis XIV. as a summer dining-room, and which contains fine statues and vases. This is the hall where was tried Marshal Bazaine.

In another apartment we were struck with admiration by the unique tapestry covering its chairs and other furniture. Advancing, we soon reached a most charming Laver of malachite, a present to Napoleon I. by Alexander I. of Russia; a thing of rare beauty and merit. We next witnessed in another apartment a large gilt wreath, in which was set a unique timepiece, a present to Louisa the second bride of Napoleon. Near by is the library, and next we passed to the *Private Rooms*, in which were furniture, consisting of bed, bath, chairs, secretary, etc., all intact and as used by Napoleon and Louisa. Adjacent was a table of great cost, presented to the former by Pope Pius VII.

We now passed to the "suite" of rooms prepared

for the reception of Queen Victoria in 1846, of which the bed-hangings are of the richest Lyons silk. It is said "Her majesty did not see fit to avail herself of these rooms after their extravagant preparation."

Taking now our departure, passing from the spacious courtyard in front of the Trianon, bearing to our left we soon were at the building containing the *State Carriages*. This structure is ordinary, containing a single spacious apartment, in which we found, *First*, the carriage used by Napoleon and Josephine at their coronation. *Second*, the carriage used on State occasions by Napoleon and Louisa. *Third*, the carriage used by Josephine in her conveyance to Malmaison, her home after the divorce. *Fourth*, a smaller carriage belonging to Prince Napoleon, and *Fifth*, the Coronation Carriage of Charles X., the largest and most costly, and which Napoleon sometimes used, weighing 14,000 pounds and costing $200,000. These wonderful vehicles are all gilt with gold, as are also the State harnesses in this same apartment, all of which defy description.

Remounting our carriages we were soon at a restaurant near the Chateau, where we lunched, which repast was so stingily provided we could not but recall Palace Royal, and concluded that the hosts of both houses were twins, having souls microscopic. Well, never mind, we shall never select this as a permanent boarding place. Thence we proceeded to the *Grand Palace of Versailles*.

It is said that the erection of this structure occupied eleven years, and was finally completed in 1672, but the court was not removed there until 1680. The

architect was Mansard. When we stop to think of the disadvantages in the transportation of the marble and other materials used in its construction, much of it brought by hand, and that its cost was but a little less than $200,000,000, the reader can form, perhaps, something of an idea of the sacrifice made, and what is the grandeur of this Chateau and its environs.

Another has said: "The site was a most unfavorable one for the creation of pleasure grounds, and vast sums of money were necessarily expended before the original design was completed. Rivers were turned from their courses, that their waters might be conducted to the fountains, and an army was employed upon the work. All the arts vied with each other in their zeal to carry out the design of a palace which should be the most splendid of all royal residences. Louis XII. and Louis XIV. resided here, and sometime after 1725 Louis XV. made it his abode; and the unfortunate Louis XVI. made it his constant abode until he was taken to Paris at the beginning of the Revolution in 1792.

"It had been profanated, but Napoleon came forward just in time to prevent its destruction in 1799, and contemplated its restoration, but the Russian campaign prevented the execution of his design; but Louis Philippe conceived and carried out the scheme of converting it into a great national gallery for works of art, illustrative of the military glory of France." Here was the seat of government of the Commune from 1871 to 1880.

The first thing that attracted our attention as we came upon the extended grounds fronting the Cha-

teau, was the equestrian bronze statue of Louis XIV., "who is proudly commanding an invisible regiment, evidently to his own satisfaction."

Our attention was next directed to the balcony of the Chateau, from the second story of which, in front of the palace, Marie Antoinette endeavored to pacify the revolutionary rioters of 1789, and with what impotent success, the reader is but too familiar.

Advancing, we now entered the galleries of portraits. These are classified as follows: Lord Constables, Generals and Marshals from the times of Louis XIV. to that of Napoleon I.

In the picture gallery the paintings in the Crimean and Italian rooms, of the reign of Terror and the Installation of Napoleon I. are exceedingly fine. We noted also the richly gilded ceilings and other and varied ornamentation in all the apartments. In another room the *Battle of Solfereno* and the *Seige of Rome* in 1849, when Garibaldi was captured, were indeed very striking.

Next entering the *Grand Ballroom* we were awed at its magnitude and the gorgeous display in its adornment. "Its ceiling is extravagantly decorated to the glory of Louis XIV. The walls are covered with mirrors from end to end; the windows, of which there are seventeen, overlook the verdant gardens."

The last Royal Ball given here, we were informed, was in honor of Queen Victoria, August 25th, 1855, when she opened the ball with the Emperor Napoleon III. as her partner. We next made a detour from the Ballroom by a door to our left, where we noted a curious clock which belonged to Louis XVI., and a

State chair of Louis XIV. Thence passing through the private apartments of Louis XV., we entered the *State Bedroom* of Louis XIV., where he died, and since which time no one has occupied it.

A fine profile, said to be of that monarch, is here, and some very fine lace work was about the bed. This is the room from which Marie Antoinette stepped out on to the balcony (before mentioned) "and endeavored to pacify the mob, which subsequently led her back to Paris and finally to the guillotine."

Thence we passed through the antechamber in which the "valets" used to wait the rising of the king, to assist in making his toilet, which operation consumed, it is said, several hours.

Traversing next a number of apartments, in which were many paintings of historical significance and artistic merit, we came to a room in which were striking portraits of Napoleon at various periods of his life, suspended above which were the elegant, life-sized portraits of Josephine and Marie Louisa. In the center of this apartment was the very elaborate marble statue of Napoleon Bonaparte in sitting attitude, representing the emperor in his last days. This is pronounced the finest statue in Versailles. In this same room, also, is a remarkable painting of the *Battle of Aboukir*.

Passing thence into a smaller apartment our eyes feasted upon the remarkable campaign scenes of 1792–'93 and 1794. Adjacent is the *Gallery of Battles*, where are many large paintings, illustrative of the principal battles of the French from early times, including the campaigns of Clovis and Charlemagne on

the one side, while on the other the unmistakable figure of Napoleon I. was conspicuously and purposely prominent. The imitation bas-relief on the arches of the ceiling is probably unexcelled anywhere on the Continent.

We soon came to the *Queen's Bedchamber*, formerly occupied by three queens: Maria Theresa, Marie Leczinska and Marie Antoinette. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the last-mentioned queen, being asleep in this chamber, was aroused by the cries of the guard that her life was in danger. I took particular note of the door and stairway by which she hastened to join the king, who was in the *Salle du Conseil* within the palace, when they both with their children presently appeared on the balcony of the king's bedchamber, from which the king so ineffectually addressed the infuriated mob which crowded the court below.

I must not omit to mention that in one apartment there is overhead *the Largest Painting on Canvass* said to be in existence, nor the *Chapel* which we inspected. Its elegantly adorned interior, including its overhead fresco paintings and balustrades of silver and gilt bronze, with the seven altars in the aisles, gorgeously decorated with costly marble, pictures and bronzes, and to complete the impressive grandeur, the *Last Supper*, by Paul Veronese, render this place of worship truly awe inspiring. This is, indeed, the sacred shrine where once kings, queens and other potentates offered up their adorations to the Deity. Passing thence through the *Galerie des Glaces*, or *Ballroom*, which is extravagantly adorned (as before mentioned),

we soon entered the medium-sized, square apartment exquisitely embellished, noteworthy as being the place where the Treaty of Peace and terms of settlement were consummated between the French and Germans at the close of the late Franco-Prussian war. While in the Galerie des Glaces, King Wilhelm on the 18th of January, 1871, formally assumed the title of German emperor, whose sway now embraced the entire domain of France.

Making our exit thence, we proceeded to inspect the grounds in rear of the Chateau. The grand canal, extended esplanade, sloping grounds and steep stone steps, gardens laid out in the English style, right-angled pathways, fountains, and the more remote picturesque environs, all presented one of the grandest prospects that mortal eyes may hope on earth to witness. Sitting upon these steps, the distant glories, by a magnified vision, appeared "sweet fields arrayed in living green" and lakes like seas of glass; but with deep regret we bade these matchless scenes a long and lasting adieu. Remounting the carriages and proceeding on our return trip, we had gone but a short distance when we passed the somewhat pretentious house where was born De Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. The mansion is square, commodious and in good condition. Soon entering the road by which we came, and continuing therein until reaching the suburbs, we entered Paris, late in the day, by another route.

Having arrived at our hotel, we were soon duly refreshed and retired as the bells chimed 11, spending our fourth and last night in Paris.

August 12th.—Early this morning, accompanied by a gentleman of the party, we set out by a private conveyance for the *Pantheon*, soon reaching which we made a thorough survey of its magnitude and noted its symmetrical proportions. It is situated on the south side of the Seine and opposite the Luxembourg; was erected in 1764, the foundation stone being laid, it is said, by Louis XV.; is very imposing. Its "facade" is not unlike that of the Church of the Madeleine. The former consists in part of six massive columns, a number appearing also on either side. It stands on an elevation, being reached by stone steps. The dome, which gives the structure a majestic appearance, is 267 feet above the ground and is ascended by 330 steps. Passing into the building we took note of the four colossal, decorated frescoes, representing Patriotism, Death, Justice and Glory, the last of which is a fine painting of Napoleon I. being crowned by the Goddess of Victory. The sarcophagus of Voltaire was here, though his "remains" were long since removed.

Having dismissed our driver, we proceeded on foot to the *Garden of the Luxembourg*. No one who has visited these grounds will criticise or charge me with undue imagination if I speak of this enclosure as the "Garden of Eden." It is most assuredly the par excellence of loveliness, and transcends in beauty all the flowery promenades in the interior of Paris.

It consists of a central part in front of the palace, which latter, by the way, is a marvelous edifice, whose principal facade is 260 feet long, and the lateral facades each 450 feet in length. "Composed is this

central part of a great octagonal basin, surrounded by flower beds and grass plats, and flanked by terraces shaded by fine chestnut trees."

Most striking and charming are the numerous statues which adorn this part of the garden. Standing upon the steps of the palace, conspicuously is seen within the garden walls the Observatory, near to which stands the statue of Marshal Ney, erected upon the spot where, on the 7th of December, 1815, for rendering assistance to Napoleon I. on the latter's return from Elba, he was shot by order of Louis XVIII. We now passed to the *Art and Statue Gallery* adjacent to the palace and within the enclosure. Its numerous paintings and statuary were in keeping with their environs in all that is implied in the embellishment and perfection of art. Thence we proceeded, not very far distant nor far from the Hotel des Invalides, to the celebrated *Grenelle Artesian Fountain*, where also stands a lofty tower. The medicinal waters of this fountain we were not permitted to either see or drink, being for some cause not obtainable.

The history of this well, in a nutshell, is as follows: "The French government, in 1841, having bored at Grenelle, in the vicinity of Paris, at a depth of 1798 feet reached the subterranean water-bearing stratum, when within a few hours a vast column of water spouted up at the rate of six hundred gallons per minute, and at the temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahr." Its reputation as a healthful beverage is world wide.

We next hastened to the so-called *Column of July*,

occupying the site of the Bastile or ancient fortress or prison. The Bastile was captured by the people July 14th, 1789. In the following year it was destroyed by order of the National Assembly. It was here that Archbishop Affre (before mentioned) was killed in attempting to persuade the people to abandon their revolutionary attempt.

This column is of bronze on a marble pedestal, and was erected in 1831, in memory of those who fell in the three-days' struggle for liberty of the previous year. It is 154 feet in height, and surmounted by a gilt figure of the Goddess of Liberty, and cost about $250,000. I read the inscriptions with the dates of the above memorable conflicts occurring on the 27th, 28th and 29th of July, 1830, and saw in gilt letters the names of 615 victims, indelibly cut upon this imposing pedestal. The remains of those who here fell repose in vaults underneath the column.

By a winding stairway which was dark, Mr. B. and I ascended to the summit of the tower, and surveyed with extended vision the city and "landscape o'er."

Descending, we hastened to our hotel, not forgetting on the way to possess ourselves of souvenirs of the city, after which, all things in readiness, we were conveyed by "busses" to the station preparatory to our departure for London via Dieppe and New Haven.

This seems an opportune time to glance at the peregrinations of the famous "fifty-two" of our party, whom we left at Lucerne when we took our departure thence into Italy.

On Monday, July 27th, they traveled via Alpnach, the Bruning Pass, Giesbach to Interlachen. The

28th, at Interlachen and the Grindewald Glaciers. The 29th, by boat to Lake Thun, thence by rail to Berne. In the afternoon, by rail to Montreaux on Lake Geneva, spending the night at Montreaux. The 30th, visited the Castle of Chillon, after which sailed the entire length of the lake to Geneva. The 31st, left Geneva for Paris, arriving early Saturday morning. The party spoke highly of the charming scenery along the route, *especially* that of the Glaciers and of Lake Geneva.

At just 9 o'clock p. m. the whistle screamed, and we now, numbering sixty-four in all, were soon on our way. The direction of the route was west of north, following closely the Seine until we reached Rouen, from which point to Dieppe the course was northerly; we touched at several stations, obtaining a glimpse occasionally of some of the vineyards of Eastern Normandy. By starlight we came into Dieppe situated on the bank of the *English Channel*, at just 1 o'clock a. m. Distance from Paris, 125½ miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Dieppe—English Channel—New Haven—London.

August 13th.—The boat was in waiting and we rushed on board and selected each a "bunk," throwing ourselves down thereupon for a few hours' sleep. A basin was provided for each passenger, which, by the way, was not so well appreciated at the time as a little later on. At 1.35 o'clock we set sail, and within twenty minutes were on a raging sea with the angry waves dashing and splashing against, rocking and pitching our little craft, the former often covering many of the passengers who had come on deck. Only a few escaped the much-dreaded seasickness, against which the majority thought themselves proof. I can now see one, among others, of another party—the first letters of whose name are "Prof. of Music"—now bracing himself against a partition, looking first wise, then sad, then silly and finally diving for a —— convenient place, then put on an open countenance as if to sing a "solo," but instead of sweet music on the "half shell," such as the Prof. is wont to render, there came forth a baritone and falsetto, mingled with soup, hard-tack, string beans and the balance of the "table d'hote" of a generous Parisian landlord. After several attempted repetitions of this kind of *strain*, there came

forth what we all fully believed the Prof. to have, namely—*gall!*

I would like to be able to deny having had a similar experience, but my "protege" and others would rise up in judgment and testify adversely should I dare say that my last dinner was not, also, at *excursion rates* and by *return ticket.*

We were all very glad, I can assure the reader, when this trying journey was ended, which was at 6 o'clock a. m., arriving at this hour at New Haven. The distance across the channel is eighty miles. Boarding a railway train in waiting, at 6.40 o'clock we left for London, proceeding in a northerly direction, and took note of the picturesque, verdant fields, rich grazing country on our right, while on our left appeared to view numerous manufacturing villages, giving evidence, by their smoking chimneys, of thrift and enterprise. Touching at Burgess Hill, Three Bridges and a few other points, we reached *Victoria Station*, *London*, at 9 o'clock, and immediately took carriages for, and soon were at, the *Westminster Palace Hotel.* Distance from New Haven, 56 miles.

It would, indeed, be superfluous to say it was a great treat to enter the greatest city of the British Empire and, I may safely say, the *Capital of all Nations*, for in wealth and commercial importance it is conceded on all hands to be the undisputed center.

London, situated on both sides of the Thames, covers an area of 120 square miles, and contains about 4,225,000 inhabitants. Another and a fundamental reason why we were delighted to reach this city was that we could converse with the natives in our and

their own vernacular tongue, which privilege we had hitherto been denied since we reached the Continent early in July. Of a truth, we could say we had heard in their own tongues, Parthians, Medes and Elamites, Strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians whose diction savored of the wildest gibberish, just about as interesting and profitable as the "Sanscrit" would be.

Well, we were here, and as there was no time to lose we proceeded at once, after disposition of luggage, to the business of "sight-seeing." Westminster Abbey was within a "stone's throw," and thither did we direct our steps. On the way stands an elegant and imposing monument—a column—on which an inscription indicates that it was erected to commemorate the memory of many who fell in the Crimean war, and who were educated at the Westminster school—the elegant edifice of which stands adjacent to the column.

On the left of the Abbey, as we approached, was a beautiful garden enclosed by a unique fence, in each corner of which former is a colossal bronze statue upon a high pedestal, of one of England's past statesmen. The Abbey, just before us, is of solid stone masonry. Its exterior is dingy, as are also many of the buildings, doubtless from the frequent dampness of the atmosphere for which London is noted, and also from the smoke so profuse from her numerous manufactories.

Westminster is of great historic interest, as the reader is well aware, and is known as the Coronation Church of the Sovereigns of England from Harold down, and vies with the fame and notoriety

of St. Paul itself. It borders the Thames and stands upon the site of a church first built by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, between 606 and 616. After its destruction, Edward the Confessor erected a more magnificent edfice, but the present structure is due to the efforts of Henry III. in 1220, and various subsequent additions, until Henry VII. erected the superb chapel, and the western towers by Sir Christopher Wren, the renowned architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. Its dimensions are as follows: Its length, including Henry VII.'s chapel, is 531 feet; the breadth of transepts, 203 feet; the height of church, 102 feet, and the towers 225 feet, but the interior is by far the more interesting. I first observed, on entering, the life-size, white marble statues of Sir Robert Peel, the two Cannings—father and son—English statesmen and orators, and a miscellaneous representation also of scientists, musicians, patriots, travelers, etc., also in marble.

The end of the south transept is known as the "poets' corner," in which I noted the memorials of many English writers. Among others, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Thackeray, Spenser, McAuley and Dickens. Elsewhere we observed the "slabs" that cover the remains of Dickens, Isaac Newton and David Livingstone. Not far from these were monuments to William Pitt, Sir Astley Cooper and Lord Palmerson. In the vicinity of the choir, we were shown where Stanley, the African explorer, was recently married.

We next passed by a small doorway from the south aisle into the *Chapter House*, recently restored. It was for 300 years the House of Commons, when in

the reign of Edward VI. it was made a receptacle for records and so remained, we were informed, till 1860.

Through this same doorway did we enter and inspect the famous "cloisters," which are in a good state of preservation, and date from the 11th to the 14th century.

Preceded now by a local guide, we passed through a number of chapels, the uniqueness of the architecture of none of which, however, was to me so striking as that of Henry VII. It is mediæval, of uniformity of design and the delicacy of the tracery overspreading it in every part, I believe is nowhere excelled, if equaled, in any existing building. Here we took note of the tombs of Henry and his queen, surrounded as they are by a latten screen, an exquisite piece of metal work richly ornamented with gilt.

In the mortuary chapels lying around this one were some of the most interesting monuments within the building. Dean Stanley is buried here; also here is represented the last of the Stewart dynasty.

Among some of the elegant tombs, I particularly observed those of Edward the Confessor, Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Queen Eleanor, Queen Philippa, Henry V., Richard II. and his queen, Edward V., Anna of Cleves, Mary Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth. Other sovereigns have fine monuments, such as Edward VI., Mary I., James I. and his queen, Charles II., William III. and Mary his queen, Queen Anne, George II. and Queen Caroline.

I recollect and noted with unusual interest, in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, which was reached by a flight of stairs, the "shrines" of Edward in fine

marble; also the altar-tomb of Edward I., and what was of greater interest still, the two coronation chairs of the English sovereigns, and the famous so-called stone of "Scone," the old coronation seat of the Scottish kings, which, in a frame, was under the larger of the two chairs.

In the smaller throne, or chair, occurred the coronation of William of Orange and his queen Mary. It is an interesting tradition, to say the least, that makes this stone the literal pillow of Jacob on that eventful night of angel manifestation at Bethel. To believe this beyond a peradventure, I recommend a teaspoonful of salt three times per day *before* meals. Descending, we entered a chapel on our right, separated from the north transept by an elegant, open-iron partition, in which is a sculptured marble mausoleum, on which is represented a man in cringing pose; while death stealthily emerges from beneath the tomb, with spear in hand, the aim of which, the man is feebly attempting to turn aside. It was of masterly execution and impressively striking.

Among the innumerable objects of interest at Westminster, I must not omit to refer to two additional apartments, the interior of which, through the courtesy of a "rector," I was permitted personally and privately to inspect. The first is known as the *Jericho room*, and is of interest principally as being the place, it is maintained, where occurred the first printing in England. The "press" is here on exhibition. Adjacent to this is the *Jerusalem chamber* (1376-'86), which to me was of greater interest. I did not learn its area, but should think it to be about 40 by 30 feet,

and is finished in cedar wood of the "cedars of Lebanon," brought from Jerusalem. It is venerable from the character of many of the events that here have transpired.

Here Edward V. was born, and it was here that Henry IV. was brought to die. At present, in this room take place the sittings of the lower house of convocation of the province of Canterbury. This apartment contains a lengthy table covered with a colored spread, around which, we were informed, sat the first translators of the Bible into English under King James I.; and here also sat the foreign division of the late revisers of the same book. This enclosure is memorable, further, as being the place where the "Westminster creed," now in "the toils," was formulated. I endeavored to realize as I surveyed this plain, though unique apartment, as best I could the influences and grand achievements that have from this small center emanated and to-day are felt for the weal of humanity in all parts of the civilized world.

Passing now from Westminster, we next visited the *Victoria Gardens*, which are adjacent to *the Houses of Parliament*, and but a stone's throw from the Abbey. These are beautifully laid out and extend to the bank of the Thames. Within these grounds, my attention was directed to the *Victoria Tower*, bordering the gardens, which is said to be the most conspicuous erection in London. It is seventy-five feet square, and in height 346 feet. On its center spire is a crown that glistens in the sun's rays like a pendant diamond, while four others of less magnitude, symmetrically arranged, are stars of rare brilliancy. Passing now in

front of and surveying these massive buildings I soon came to the *Clock Tower* near Westminster bridge, which former is 40 feet square and 340 feet in height. Its clock face is twenty-three feet in diameter, and the bell on which the hours are struck weighs more than eight tons. Returning, I next entered the two chambers of Parliament, through Westminster Hall, which latter, by the way, is 270 by 74 feet. This hall is famous for many important trials that have taken place in it; among others, Charles I. was here tried and condemned, and William Wallace also condemned to execution. The immortal Cromwell was, within these walls, proclaimed Lord Protector.

Joining now the party, we all proceeded from this point to inspect the following apartments as follows: The Queen's Robing room, Royal Gallery and Princes Chamber, House of Lords—which is the Throne room—Peers' Lobby, Peers' Corridor, Central Hall, House of Commons Lobby, House of Commons, and St. Stephen's Hall. Each apartment was richly adorned, and all more or less of the Gothic style of architecture.

This wonderful edifice, or combination of edifices, is grand in its colossal proportions, and unique both within and without. Its cost was more than $3,000,000. Proceeding now on foot to Victoria Station, we were soon on our way thence by rail to the *Crystal Palace*, situated at Sydenham, some six or seven miles distant. In one-half hour we were on the grounds. This great "edifice of glass" was to our left. "This Palace was constructed from the materials, it is said, of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and nearly upon the same plan. It was opened by the queen in 1854.

Its length is 1,500 feet, its width 400 feet and it is nearly 200 feet in height at the center of the principal transept. The many courts into which it is divided contain reproductions of the architecture and works of art which have come down to us from ancient times; such as: The Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Alhambra, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Pompeian, Italian and Modern Sculpture Courts."

While these manifold exhibitions are all of great interest, I was not much less impressed with the very extensive collection of choice, rare plants, belonging to both temperate and tropical climates from all parts of the world; then to look about and aloft and see naught else of this wonderful structure but glass, except just enough of the framework to retain the same, can well be imagined as beyond description—awe inspiring. Underneath the building or on the ground floor was an extensive and elaborate aquarium, where were exhibited a great variety and many sizes of the "fin tribe," healthfully kept in ever-running water. Everything here indicated wisdom, skill and the most admirable taste.

Already have we glanced at the grounds, but let us examine them somewhat more carefully. They extend over 200 acres and were laid out under the directions of the late Sir Joseph Paxton, who also designed the palace. They comprise terraces and grassy slopes, elegantly diversified with flower beds, vases and so-called "rock-work"; a lake on which were boats for pleasure sailing, an archery ground and a commodious provision for "roller coasting," which latter was being enjoyed. A good-sized rustic pagoda, on an eminence in which

provision was ample for sitting and for shade, whence can be witnessed the varied sports, etc., on every hand, was indeed a most attractive feature of the grounds and of which we did not fail to avail ourselves. One other thing in this connection I must not fail to mention. In a semi-circular building adjacent to the palace, having a large seating capacity, stood a good-sized, open-iron cage, into which, statedly from their lair, are led the following animals for exhibition: A lioness, two Bengal tigers, a Polar bear, black bear, leopards, ocelots, two trained dogs, etc. A few of the party paid each a shilling to witness the wonderful feats of these animals, of which former, among others, I remember the following: A long, slim pole, extended horizontally, was walked by the black bear, backward as well as forward, with the dexterity of an accomplished ropewalker. The Polar bear kept a fair-sized ball rolling, not for an instant losing his balance or missing a step, with the ease of a horse in a "treadmill." Upon one extremity of a plank, the middle resting on the side of a barrel, was the lioness; on the other extremity jumped a tiger, when the black bear stepped upon that part of the plank over the barrel and with legs extended, lowered first one side then the other, effecting the most natural "sea-saw," each animal seeming to enjoy the fun as much as the large audience congregated. Jumping the bar and novel feats in climbing were most dexterously executed; but the following, which must suffice, exhibits in no less degree the surprising results that may follow the faithful training of the wildest of animals: The lioness having been dressed in regal attire and

a "crown" adjusted, voluntarily seated herself in a chariot provided for the occasion, to the front of which latter came, of their own accord, the two tigers harnessed, placing themselves in position for attachment; which, when done, at the crack of the whip commenced a circuitous route about the cage, while the dogs followed close in the rear, with measured step, as the retinue of this coronation parade.

Hastening thence to the station, in three minutes we were on our return trip, reaching the hotel in due time, and after suitable refreshment retired and spent most delightfully our first night in the greatest city in existence.

August 14th.—Early this morning, all in readiness, no one desiring to accompany me, on foot and alone I visited *St. Thomas' Hospital.* It comprises seven large buildings, situated on the eastern bank of the Thames, directly opposite the Houses of Parliament, and is reached via Westminster bridge. These buildings, though connected by corridors, stand apart so as to afford free exposure in all directions. Through the courtesy of an officer I was shown the interior of this great hospital. The "ward" blocks, with the exception of four which are placed on the ground floor, occupy the first, second and third floors. Each ward affords accommodation for twenty-eight beds, which, I observed, are placed against the piers between the windows so as to secure thorough ventilation. In a small ward annexed to each larger ward there are two beds for cases requiring special care or treatment. Of the whole accommodation of the hospital about 180 beds are appropriated to ordinary medical cases

LONDON TOWER.

and 230 to ordinary surgical cases. Then there are special wards for children, for diseases of the eye, etc. In all there are 572 beds. I passed through these wards, many of which were filled. It was cheering to witness the kindly attention paid to the children, as well as to the older of the afflicted. I was also shown the Anæsthesia room, where surgical cases are first taken, and in an adjacent apartment saw the instruments for operations and the antiseptic gauze, roller bandages and other appliances for surgical dressings, etc. I learned that besides those treated regularly, that the number of casualties cared for during the year 1890 amounted to 67,389. This illustrates the grand scope of its work, and I can, from an intelligent standpoint, speak in the highest terms of *St. Thomas' Hospital.*

Returning now to the hotel and all in readiness, our party set out in open two-horse carriages at 9 o'clock for *London Tower*, accompanied by a Mr. Taylor as our conductor. Following along the western bank of the Thames, the house of the famous Henry Stanley was shown us, and is not far from the Houses of Parliament, while a little farther on stands "Cleopatra's Needle," which I remember is much every way like the obelisk in Central Park, New York City. On our left we took note of the massive edifice known as the Somerset House, with a frontage of 780 feet, close to Waterloo Bridge and is now occupied as public offices; we were informed that 900 officials were then employed within this building. Farther on and still to our left is *Billingsgate Market*, just below London Bridge. This is said to be the largest fish market in

existence. We crossed and recrossed this famous bridge, which is noted not only for its massive masonry, but as well for the great amount of travel, teams almost constantly crowding each other the entire length and breadth thereof; but we hastened on toward the Tower. At its immediate approach is a spacious moat, between which and the Thames lies a broad quay.

History notes that in Roman times a fortress stood on the site of the present tower, but the modern structure now existing probably originated with William the Conqueror. "Though at first a royal palace and stronghold, it is best known as a prison. It is now an arsenal and is still kept in repair as a fortress." There is a square, white tower which rises conspicuously in the center.

The tower has an entrance by four gates; the *Tron gate*, the *Water gate*, the *Lion's gate* and the *Traitor's gate.* Having crossed the moat by a stone bridge, we found ourselves in the outer court and *opposite* the Traitor's gate. Here a gateway leads under the *Bloody Tower and Arch* to the *Inner Court.* In this tower the sons of Edward IV. are said to have been murdered by order of Richard III.

Having come hither by this passage, we soon turned to the right and entered the *Wakefield Tower*, where on a platform in a glass enclosure, surrounded further and protected by a high, circular, open-iron fence, are the *Crown Jewels or Regalia*, and comprise the following: *St. Edward's Crown*, executed for the coronation of Charles II., and used at all subsequent coronations; *Queen Victoria's Crown*, made in

1838; for magnificence it defies description. It is adorned with 2,783 diamonds; the largest ruby in front is said to have been given to the Black Prince in 1367, and worn by Henry V. on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt. The cross contains a magnificent sapphire, and the value of the whole crown is estimated at $5,059,500. Next was the *Gold Crown of the Prince of Wales, without* precious stones; then the *Queen Consort's Crown* of gold set with jewels; near to this was the *Queen's Crown*—a golden circlet—embellished with diamonds and pearls, made for *Queen Maria d'Este*, wife of James II.; then follows the *Staff of St. Edward*, of gold, four and one-half feet in length, and ninety pounds in weight. The orb at the top is said to contain a piece of the true cross. Then a number of elegant *Sceptres*, among others the *Royal Sceptre*, *Queen Victoria's Sceptre*, *Sceptre of Queen Mary*, wife of William III., *Sceptre of the Dove*, and the *Ivory Sceptre*, surmounted by a dove of white onyx. Then there were the *Curtana or pointless swords of Mercy*, the *Swords of Justice*, the *Coronation Bracelets*, the *Royal Spurs*, the *Coronation Oil Vessel* in the form of an eagle, the *spoon* belonging to this vessel, the *Saltcellar of State*, the *Silver Baptismal Font* for the royal children, and a *Silver Wine Fountain* belonging to Charles II. The total value of the Regalia is estimated at $15,000,000.

Passing thence into the *White Tower*, the most ancient part of the fortress, having been erected by William the Conqueror in 1078, we found its interior verily quaint; its walls are thirteen to fourteen feet thick. The *Chapel of St. John*, on the second floor, is

said to present one of the finest specimens of Norman achitecture in England. It is of the most perfect uniqueness. Thence we proceeded to the *Horse Armory*, a gallery 150 feet in length, which contains a vast collection of old armor. Many trophies are suspended on the walls. In the center of the gallery were a row of twenty equestrian figures in full equipment and in chronological order, of English war array from Edward I., 1272, down to James II., 1688. Passing now by a staircase into a smaller apartment, we observed Oriental armor and weapons, sword, helmet and saddle of "Tippoo Sahib," Sultan of Mysore, taken in 1759.

We next ascended "through the wall" to *Queen Elizabeth's Armory*, a chamber on the first floor of the White Tower, which contains a collection of armor and weapons of the time of Queen Elizabeth. In the center of this room, our attention was directed to the "block" on which Lord Lovat, the last person beheaded in England, suffered the penalty of treason on Tower Hill in 1747. Adjacent to it was the axe, said to be that by which the Earl of Essex was decapitated. As we reached the end of the room, the striking equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth greeted us, in the full riding costume of her time; but with aching head from excessive "cramming," we took our departure to witness other sights of equally exciting interest. At the soldiers' quarters, the former were going through with the "manual of arms," passing whom, we soon came in front of one of the tower prisons, near to which we saw the site where Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard and Lady Jane Grey,

were from 1536-40 beheaded. We have been credibly informed, by the way, that the twelve towers of the *Inner Ward* were, at one time, all used as prisons. We next entered and ascended a stairway, observing on our right the small and dingy apartments where many State prisoners were incarcerated, and took note of the peculiar defacement of the walls made by their distinguished fingers. Leaving the tower, we resumed our carriage drive, passing through, or near, the *White Chapel district*, where "Jack the Ripper" has horrified the civilized world by his inhuman barbarities. Further on, in rear of the *Royal Exchange*, we observed the striking colossal bronze statue of the renowned philanthropist, George Peabody, in sitting attitude. Coming now to the west end, the principal entrance of the Exchange, we gazed with admiration upon its portico and the eight massive Corinthian columns supporting the same, all standing upon an elevation reached by thirteen granite steps. In a quadrangle near by was a marble statue of the queen, and in front was an equestrian statue of Wellington. Arriving now soon and dismounting, we entered the so-called *Guild Hall*, whose facade was noteworthy for its irregularity of contour and Gothic style. We learned the work was of different periods, and that it was finally finished in 1789. What was of interest in the interior is the peculiar ornamentation work in the reception room and library, but the chief attraction here is the *hall*, which is 153 feet long, forty-eight wide and fifty-five in height, in which apartment are chosen the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and members of Parliament to represent the city. This room is richly

embellished and contains windows exhibiting the Royal Arms, the insignia of the Bath, the Garter, St. Patrick and the city Arms, elegantly represented on stained glass. The circular, Gothically finished Council Chamber, with its upholstered pews, the latter arranged in theater style, is also very attractive. This building then is, to all intents and purposes, the seat of city legislation and the headquarters of the Lord Mayor and his Councilors.

Our next object of visitation was *St. Paul's Cathedral*, which without exception is the grandest building of its kind in all the kingdom. It is very imposing, standing as it does on an elevation, being reached by the ascent of many steps, and its dome is seen at a distance in every direction. A Christian church has occupied the same site, we learn, since the earliest time of the Christian religion. The first church was destroyed during the reign of Diocletian, since which time numerous churches have been erected and destroyed by fire. The oldest St. Paul's was thus destroyed in 1666. The present structure, occupying thirty-five years in building, owes its erection to the genius of Christopher Wren. The length from east to west is 510 feet, width of transept 250 feet, and the height of the dome to the top of the cross is 404 feet. On entering and surveying its vast interior with a glance, we were afterward conducted to the southwestern corner of the Cathedral, where in a recess was an elegant monument to the Duke of Wellington; the bronze figure of the latter rests upon a sarcophagus underneath a canopy of white marble, supported by twelve Corinthian columns. There

were other fine memorials, but this surpassed the rest. We next passed up the nave to under the dome, which latter ranks among the finest in the world; within this, at quite an elevation reached by a winding stairway, is a famous whispering gallery, to which I think none of our party ascended. Descending into the crypt, we inspected the massive sarcophagi in which rest the remains of Nelson and Wellington directly under the dome, while elsewhere are the tombs of Collingwood, West, Lawrence, Reynolds, General Napier and of other eminent men. Passing on to the front end of the crypt, our eyes fastened upon the colossal bronze *Funeral Car of the Duke of Wellington*, decorated as it is generally, in bold relief, with the most striking military emblems. Its weight is eighteen tons. This car bore the remains of this distinguished conqueror to St. Paul's in 1852, followed by a procession, probably the character and magnitude of which was second to but few if any in these latter centuries. On entering another apartment toward the opposite end of the crypt, we observed the marble slab covering the remains of Christopher Wren. Looking up, the following inscription in Latin on a plain marble tablet, being interpreted reads as follows: "Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public. Reader, do ye seek his monument? Look around you!"

On taking our departure we were treated to what we much desired—the striking of the bell called "Great Paul," weighing sixteen tons, and its deep,

majestic baritone with its resounding echo was not unlike the distant thunder peal in its reverberation from hill to mountain side. Resuming our journey, passing elegant public buildings, hotel and theater, capacious former mansions of one of the Rothschilds and the Duke of Wellington, side by side, while a little farther on we made an inspection of the charming *Green Park* near to Piccadilly, occupying as it does about sixty acres, interspersed with verdant and fragrant trees and plants, while grassy slopes and elegant pathways gave it the appearance of an "Eden." A few cracks of the whip and we soon reached the spacious new edifice facing the Cromwell Road, which building contains the *Natural History Collection* formerly in the British Museum. The great variety and colors of insects, especially butterflies, birds of which the homing were in great numbers and in all shades of color, with specimens of curious trees, such as the Pine of British Columbia, said to be more than 500 years old, and the "Grass tree" of Western Australia, all unique in every particular, were to me among the most interesting curiosities. Not much less so were the Anthropoid ape, the huge walrus, mammoth Cape buffalo, Hooded seal, Whistling swan and Greenland shark, etc., here so well represented. But we hastened to the *Kensington Gardens;* having passed the gate, itself a thing of beauty, we were within this at once capacious and elegant enclosure. The chief attraction here is the *Albert Memorial.* Another has described it, as it appeared to my raptured vision, as follows: "This magnificent monument to Albert, the late Prince con-

sort, was erected by the English nation, at a cost of $600,000. On a spacious platform to which granite steps ascend on each side, rises a basement adorned with relief in marble, representing artists of every period, poets, musicians, painters and sculptors. In the center of the basement sits the colossal bronze gilt figure of Prince Albert. The canopy terminates at the top in a Gothic spire, rising in three stages and surmounted by a cross. The monument is 175 feet high and gorgeously embellished with bronze and marble statues, gildings, colored stones and mosaics."

Opposite the "Memorial" is the *Albert Hall*, the largest concert hall in existence. Its form is elliptical and its internal construction is such, with its numerous galleries, that 12,000 persons can find accommodation. Its great organ music, coupled with that of a matchless orchestra, was pronounced by those who had heard both as transcending the most soul-inspiring diapason to which they had ever listened.

Bidding adieu to these scenes and passing out by the northern boundary of the gardens, we soon passed the so-called *Serpentine Lake*, which is a placid body of water, and in five minutes, on our left amid groves of trees and thicker foliage, we saw the *Kensington Palace*, noteworthy principally as being the birthplace of Queen Victoria and where she spent her early life. Continuing our journey we shortly reached *Buckingham Palace*, the town residence of the queen, most charmingly situated at the western end of Saint James Park, commenced by George IV. and finished in the present reign. It stands on an eminence, with its grey turrets, round towers and walls, as haughty and

imposing an object as you could wish to gaze upon. A sentinel quietly paced up and down along the front, and we really felt we were within the precincts of royalty. A short distance now brought us to our hotel, as the "evening shades were creeping on," where we again partook of its generous hospitality. After which a few of the party, myself included, set out by an underground railway for *Madame Tussaud's Wax Work Bazaar*, situated on Baker's street, Portman Square, and which was reached in one-half hour. The suite of rooms is 243 by 48 feet, and contained a large number of life-size wax figures of noteworthy personages—good and evil, and of varying station and influence upon human destiny. Each figure was admirably executed, and all are pronounced authentic representations of the original, including the exact color of the eyes and hair, the kind and style of costume worn, and even the striking natural "pose" of each individual seems to have been carefully studied. Among the many statues I will mention the following: Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, President Harrison, Queen Victoria, Charles the Bold, Mary the Bloody, Queen Elizabeth, Pope Leo XIII. and his Cardinals, John Knox, Walter Scott, Henry Stanley and Emin Pasha in conversation across a small table beneath a canopy, and Dr. Koch in his laboratory experimenting with his *once* famous "lymph," etc. Descending into the *Chamber of Horrors*, we observed the effigies of many celebrated prisoners, among others "Guiteau." Here were gallows on which the criminal, with rope adjusted and blindfolded, was in readiness to swing; also the guillotine with victim

pinioned in position, face downward for decapitation, the fatal knife attached to a heavy elevated block awaiting descent to effect the bloody execution. I was struck with horror at this, as also when I beheld the original guillotine that *had made headless* 22,000 *persons*. The most striking representation of tragedy in the chamber, however, was the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. Upon a slightly elevated platform, perhaps thirty by twenty feet, was the queen blindfolded with a white handkerchief, in a backward pose leaning upon a friend who was endeavoring to console her. The hideous and fatal block and axe were just before her. Sympathizing friends in the background and on her left could do naught but bow their heads in silence and express by their countenances the deepest anguish of soul; while the priest on her right in kneeling attitude, with his face deeply buried in his right hand, his left arm and hand at reaching length, most tenderly extended toward the queen, while the latter with Bible in hand had but just read some sweet promise, and having earnestly committed herself to her Heavenly Father was awaiting the execution. Instinctively I turned away, lest the fatal blow should be struck in my presence, and taking the arm of a gentleman, we soon ascended to the two *Napoleon Rooms*, the sights within which were to me, at least, of less painful interest. Directly before us were Napoleon III., as the central figure, the queen on his right, while to his left stood the great Napoleon Bonaparte; on the right and in advance of the queen was Marshal Ney, dressed in military costume, all in an easy standing attitude. It

seemed as if Napoleon I. was about to give the word of command. Elsewhere within this apartment we saw the literal "camp bed" on which the ex-emperor died at St. Helena. Napoleon was represented as dead upon it, clothed in the costume of his last days, with military hat on and sword by his side. Near by stood the "Waterloo" carriage, in use by Napoleon on that eventful day that sealed his fate. It is of good size and evidently was made for service; it was covered and had a partition in the center of the upholstered "sittings," I remember for its, to me, novelty. I took note also of its mutilation by the enemy, and especially the deep gash in the leather binding in the front of the vehicle, the sword producing which severely wounding, it is said, the driver at the same time. In the other apartment I took note of an old dilapidated vehicle, said to be the carriage used by Napoleon at St. Helena. Furthermore, in one of these rooms stood the Napoleon III.'s carriage, used by that emperor in the late Franco-Prussian war; is in much better condition than the others, and being here for inspection it is a constant "memento" of the "capitulation of Sedan."

Well, the watch indicated it was late, and moreover that eight minutes were allotted us in which to reach the station, whither we now hastily repaired just in time for the last train, by which we returned, and as the bells "chimed" 12 o'clock we were in our little beds securely "tucked," awaiting the repose of another—the second night in London.

August 15th.—As had been our custom we arose early, after a refreshing sleep, and were greeted

by as clear and balmy an atmosphere as the city at its best could present us, and having breakfasted, deliberated upon the day's route of travel. The party was divided in their choice as to the objects of visitation. Some wanted to see Windsor; others desired to view the great Observatory at Greenwich, and still others to take a drive in a general way about the city, and to observe whatever might present itself of interest. As for myself, I early proposed to visit *Trafalgar Square* and the *British Museum.* Having obligated myself to look after the health of our party, I first, as usual, attended to that duty, after which I proceeded by "tram car" to the Museum, which latter is situated on Great Russell street, and is indeed an immense structure of Grecian-Ionic architecture, with columnar facade, 570 feet in length. The columns are five feet in diameter at the base and forty-five feet high. It was completed in 1804. Crossing the courtyard I went in by the entrance hall, which, by the way, is of the Doric order, sixty-two by fifty-one feet, and thirty feet in height. Turning to the left, I soon found myself in the *Sculpture department.* Here in the Egyptian gallery was as the most striking a coffin from Thebes, 1,000 B. C.; the Coffin of Cleopatra; a cast of the head of Rameses III., B. C. 1,333; a cast of Rameses II.—sixth dynasty—same date. The *Greco-Roman statue* antiquities are beyond description. In the *Assyrian department* I was forcibly impressed with the intricate sculptured work representing battle scenes, sieges, etc.; nor less striking were the colossal images, unique in their hideous contour, and all dating 850 years B. C. In the *Ephesus room* were specimen

pieces, in bulk, of the great *Temple of Diana.* The *vase and bronze* apartments contain a large number and variety of vases and other Oriental products, unique in design and color, that antedate the Christian era by centuries. Then the objects within the Mausoleum, Etruscan, Oriental, Ethnographical and Prehistoric rooms, with the Marble room, the Elgin, the Ornament and Gem Gallery, fill the beholder with most astounding amazement at the vastness of these varied relics, coming down to us, as they do, from so remote antiquity. In the second compartment in the Egyptian gallery, which I must not omit to mention, were placed the remains of the Ptolemaic or Greek period, introduced by the conquests of Alexander the Great and the accession of Ptolemy Soter to the throne of Egypt, B. C. 323. "In the center of the room is placed the celebrated *Rosetta stone;* it is a tablet of black basalt, having three inscriptions, two of them in the Egyptian languages but in different characters (Hieroglyphic and Enchorial), the third in Greek. The inscriptions are to the same purport in each, being a decree of the priesthood at Memphis in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes about the year B. C. 196. This stone has furnished the key to the interpretation of the Egyptian characters. In the recess of the eastern wall, close to it, is the cast of a similar trilingual tablet found at San, being a decree of the priests at Canopus in honor of Ptolemy Euergetes I. and Berenice, B. C. 238."

The magnificent library, exceeding 950,000 volumes, I looked upon as I passed through this apartment, but the attempt to describe in detail what my eyes

beheld here or in any of the galleries would be, of course, as futile as to undertake the enumeration and explanation of the stars of the "milky-way."

Passing out and remounting a tram car, the summit of all of which is reached by a rear stairway, and where were convenient sittings, I made most of the opportunity afforded in viewing the spacious mansions and business houses and taking note of the highways, most of which were in good condition, until in due time we came to *Trafalgar Square.* This place is memorable for its historical associations. "It is said to occupy the site of Queen Eleanor's Cross, and the locality where occurred the execution of the Regicides." This square is dedicated to Lord Nelson and is in memory of his glorious death in the battle of Trafalgar, October 22, 1805, gained over the combined forces of France and Spain. In the center of the square rises, to the memory of the great hero, a massive granite column 154 feet in height and crowned with the statue of Nelson. At the foot of the pedestal is inscribed his last command: "England expects every man to do his duty." I observed also that on each of the four corners of the pedestal was a colossal lion with an eye of vigilance, and the former resting in majestic pose. Near by was the new statue of General Gordon, while looking towards Westminster was a most striking equestrian statue of Charles I. Opposite this square is situated probably the most elegant and imposing hotel—*The New Grand*—in all London.

Returning now to the Palace Hotel and having dined, a few of the party accompanying me, after purchas-

ing souvenirs of London, at early twilight boarded a steamer at Westminster Bridge pier and enjoyed a most delightful trip over the waters of the majestic Thames, a wide river, as far as to London Bridge and return. In our journey I was much impressed by the Thames embankment on our left, known as the Victoria, a solid river wall of stone eight feet in thickness, forty feet in height and which extends from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars' Bridge, a distance more than half way to our destination. It was also a treat to be able to inspect, as we passed under the notable Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Waterloo, Blackfriars, Alexandria (railway) and the Southwark bridges which span the Thames respectively in the order mentioned. The return trip was by moonlight, and refreshing indeed was the breeze that greeted us from across the now slightly agitated waters. Again repairing to our hotel we spent our third night in London.

August 16th.—After having attended to the necessary duties of the morning, at 9 o'clock, accompanied by a few gentlemen of our party, I set out for the celebrated *Tabernacle* built for the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon in 1861, and which is situated at Newington Butts on the Surrey side of the Thames, near the so-called "Elephant and Castle." By these directions we found the edifice. The building is enormous, non-attractive, of Italian architecture, its exterior presenting a very dingy appearance. The front entrance is reached by a number of plain stone steps. The seating capacity, I learned by an "official," to be 5,500. I remember attending a prayer meeting

in the vestry of this church, anterior to the regular services, and how slimly was the attendance, not more than forty by actual count, ourselves included, being present. Nor was the *spirit* of the meeting more than of the most ordinary character. After its close, through the courtesy of one of the members, we each obtained an eligible sitting in the gallery, where I was able to make a good survey of the interior of this place of worship; and first I may say everything was of the plainest character, no embellishments either above or below, *not even a carpet on the very ordinary floor!* A wide gallery encircles the entire audience room, in the rear of which was the choir, without an organ, in front of which the preacher takes his seat before a small, plain table. The church was well filled. Rev. Spurgeon being very ill, another officiated. I heard read the changeless condition but hopeful "bulletin" concerning the pastor. After which I listened to the most spirited congregational singing in all my travels, when, after other preliminary services much like our own, the Rev. Dr. Bond—Wesleyan—from the First Epistle of John ii: 15, preached a most powerful sermon. The services throughout were very impressive. Thus in a few words have I described Spurgeon's Tabernacle and its Sunday services.

At 3 o'clock we worshiped at Westminster, on which occasion Archdeacon Farrar pronounced a most glowing eulogy upon the late John Russell Lowell, our ex-minister to England, who had but recently passed away. A large congregation listened to the eloquent tribute paid to his memory.

In the evening, after considerable effort to find it,

a few of us visited the *City Temple*, Dr. Joseph Parker's church, arriving just in time for the services. Like the Tabernacle, it has deep galleries, but in no other respect has it resemblance, for throughout it is beautifully frescoed and otherwise elegantly adorned. A church official told me that its seating capacity is 2,500. It was also well filled by apparently the "elite" of the city. The eloquent and "flowery" address, from Luke vii: 37, 38, was by a Rev. Mr. Palmer, temporarily supplying for Dr. Parker, who was absent on his summer vacation.

Returning to our hotel late, and so weary I could scarcely reach my room, we at once retired and spent our fourth and last night in London.

August 17th.—This morning, unlike all its predecessors, was overcast and threatening. After breakfasting later than usual, we had no spare time to get in readiness for our departure, which was accompanied with the most sincere regrets, it being from the most wonderful city in all the world. Reaching the station by open carriage conveyance, we were soon "all aboard," and at 9.30 o'clock we were moving, via the Great Western Railway, for Leamington. Our direction was a little west of north, and varied and picturesque indeed was the scenery all along the route. We touched at Northampton, which I remember is a beautiful city of brick houses, seemingly in good condition, with a cleanly aspect about its streets and environs. The fine farming country on every hand—every rod of land thoroughly utilized—is indeed a high compliment to the "tiller of the soil." Stopping a brief period at Rugby, we learned that it is cele-

brated for its "grammar school," of which the late distinguished Dr. Arnold was principal. Our next pause was at Coventry, pleasantly situated and noted for its watch, fringe and trimming manufactories. Resuming our journey, touching at Kenilworth and Warwick, we finally reached *Leamington* at 12.25 p. m. Distance from London, ninety-eight miles.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leamington—Warwick—Stratford.

Here we mounted open carriages already provided, and commenced our drive through Leamington, at once the prettiest watering place of its class we had found in all England. It is noted for its "springs," the waters of which are of three kinds—sulphurous, saline and chalybeate. I was particularly interested, on the route, in a commodious modern edifice, which we were informed is a ladies' grammar school, and that it was well patronized. Continuing this delightful drive but a short distance farther, amid the most charming rural scenery, we crossed the Avon—a narrow, shallow, sluggish stream—and found ourselves at once at the approach of *Warwick Castle.* A lunch, previously arranged, was now provided by a lady who kept a restaurant adjacent to the castle grounds, and the famished party shortly devoured the "spread" without ceremony. Our ever self-sacrificing Brookings, always planning for the party's comfort, dispensed the coffee and, finally, became generally useful as a waiter—only attending to his own wants afterwards. I shall never forget the exceedingly "poor picking" this servant found at the "second" table.

Thence we proceeded on foot to the castle. Passing through the Gateway Tower, we were at once within

the extended enclosure. A little ahead and to our right stood the so-called Cæsar's tower, 147 feet high, with walls of great thickness, and built in the fourteenth century. A little farther on and to the left was the famous castle, which has been pronounced the most magnificent of the ancient feudal mansions of the English nobility, and is still used as a residence. "Its position is at once commanding and picturesque, standing as it does on a rock overhanging the Avon. The fortress on which the castle now stands dates back to A. D. 915."

Among the many paintings and curiosities within the castle, I observed particularly the following: Portraits of Charles I. and the mother of Rubens; the original "cast" of the head of Oliver Cromwell. In the armory, a variety of swords of historic interest; trumpets—among others, the one used to announce, on a festive occasion, the coming of Queen Elizabeth to the castle; equestrian and human coats of mail, quite unique and of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the Banqueting Hall, with its peculiar furniture; State Bedroom, in which was the bed of Queen Anne; Drawing-room, in which was a Venetian table of great beauty and cost. In the great center dining-room was a vase that dates 300 years B. C. In the Royal Dressing-room was elegant enamel work in ornamentation, and a rare table, once the property of Marie Antoinette. The State Dining-room contained a magnificent crystal candelabra that glittered like pendent diamonds, and was the most elegant exhibit within these "roomy" walls.

While in one of the rooms we were within whis-

pering distance of the apartments of the Earl of Warwick, who, with his New York city bride, make this mansion their residence.

Taking now our exit on tiptoe, our attention was called, within the grounds, to a number of the "Cedars of Lebanon," of such sacred historic interest, and which were indeed a curiosity. A most charming lawn, nursery and choice flowers were spread out around the castle. Upon an elevation I surveyed with admiration the verdant aspect of these fields of living green, and could not but recall the fitness of the observation of Henry Ward Beecher once upon a time on a similar occasion, and standing where I now stood, as he broadly surveyed these tempting, grassy plains, remarking, "I don't believe Nebuchadnezzar could have had such a hard time of it, after all."

Well, our time here was at an end, and as we had much more yet this day to witness, moved on. It was 2.30 o'clock when we remounted our carriages and resumed our journey, which, by the way, was in a southerly direction, for Stratford. Though showery, the drive was a most enjoyable one. We followed along the course of the Avon, twice crossing it, and after eight miles of opening and shutting of umbrellas we came to the old home of William Shakespeare, at *Stratford-on-Avon*, at 4.30 p. m. Nothing of castles or monuments in England, to me, compare in interest to this the birthplace of the most celebrated literary character of the world, who first saw the light within these walls April 23rd, 1564. The edifice is a frame house, being lathed, and a kind of cement resembling plaster covering the latter, which constitutes a part

of the outside finish and is even with the face of the beams and supports, which are also plainly visible. It has three dormer windows in its front roof, and we learned that much of the structure is without change. It is supposed to be four hundred years old. On entering we were at once in the kitchen, in which was a huge fireplace, on each side of which in a recess was a "sitting," where meditation and conversation were often indulged in. An old clock and table comprise most of what here remain. In an adjoining room a smaller though similar fireplace was noted, and the general aspect of the apartment was much like the former one. Upstairs in the front room were chairs and other furniture belonging to Queen Anne's time, and a "bust" of the poet, which should be honored for its antiquity. It was in this room Shakespeare was born. The ceiling and walls were covered with signatures and memento inscriptions, as in the other apartments, by the hand of pilgrims from all nations. Across the hall was a bedroom, suspended in which was the original portrait of Shakespeare in a frame of a portion of the wood of which the house was builded. The door and floor of this room are said to be original—and I am sure no one who has ever seen them can doubt the reasonableness of the supposition. I could be brought to believe, after a little "coaching," that they may have belonged to Noah's Ark.

We next proceeded on foot to the "burial place" of Shakespeare. On the way we observed the "site" where formerly stood the house in which he died; near to which stood the little dilapidated church where in early life he worshiped. Continuing our

walk for half a mile or more, we finally reached the church, in the midst of a cemetery situated on the right bank of the Avon, a quaint old building of stone, and memorable as the place where this "Stratford bard" worshiped in later life, and in the chancel of which, beneath a marble slab, beside the remains of wife and daughter, rest the ashes of Shakespeare. The following lines, said to have been written by himself, I read on his tombstone:

> "Good friend,for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed here;
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

He died on the 23rd of April, 1616. Just over the grave, in a niche in the wall, was a marble bust of Shakespeare, which we were informed was placed here shortly after his death.

On our return the journey was along the bank of the Avon, we passing the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre—a new, commodious and imposing building—adjacent to which was an elevated pedestal, on which was an elegant bronze figure, in sitting pose, of the "bard of all time." Everything was neat and cleanly all about the environs of whatever pertained to Shakespeare, and the municipal borough of Stratford itself, with its numerous stone houses and well-laid-out streets, all so tidy and homelike we each were loth to take leave of this most charming resort; but at 5.45 p. m. we were obliged to do so, and all aboard we were soon on our way, at great speed proceeding in a northerly direction to *Kenilworth Castle*, at which we arrived at 6.30 p. m. Distance, thirteen miles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Kenilworth—Birmingham—Chester.

For want of time we did not inspect this castle at close range, but from an eminence conveniently adjacent, through "field glasses" we looked upon these wonderful "ruins," covering a space of seven acres, and whose barren, towering walls are but a continuous memento of the destructive work of Cromwell's soldiers during the civil war. What still remain are the "gatehouse," now used as a dwelling house; the great hall, attractive from its unique windows of most beautiful design; the Leicester buildings, which were in a *very* ruinous condition; Cæsar's Tower, the most ancient portion of the castle, with walls sixteen feet in thickness, and the Merwyn's Tower, of which mention is made by Walter Scott in his "novel" of Kenilworth. "The castle is not so much noted from the important part it has played in English history as a stronghold in the reign of Henry III., as from its having been the abode of Elizabeth's favorite, Robert Dudley, and the scenes of the festivities and events connected with her visit to him described in the romance of Sir Walter Scott to which it has given its name."

A little distance now brought us to Kenilworth station, whence we were soon on our way, by rail, to

Birmingham. Our direction was northwesterly, and during a ten-minutes' pause at Coventry, we took leave of three of our party, who were thence to visit Ireland. At 7.10 o'clock we resumed our journey by the Great Western Railway, moving in a westerly direction, reaching, as the clock struck 8, the *Grand Hotel* in *the City of Birmingham.* Distance from Kenilworth, thirty miles. This is one of the finest hotels at which we had stopped in all our journeyings. It had just undergone extensive repairs from top to bottom—many of the apartments having been finished with ornamental tiling, polished to the point of glistening and of the most beautiful and variegated colors. The very courteous bearing of the landlord at once relieved us of all embarrassment. There was an eye to business, however, as the following incident will indicate. At 8.30 o'clock we sat down to dinner, which latter was generous and provided in the best of style; the wine and punch glasses were also beside the plates, and each guest was kindly asked which beverage he prefered; *this of course was double extra.* I remember calling for water four times, after which about half a glass, which I verily believe had been warmed, was reluctantly furnished, accompanied by the sullen remark, "*Water is scarce this evening.*" Of course the game was to make quite a "spec." on the "mixed" drinks, but am happy to say that with three or four exceptions only, the stratagem was a failure. I recollect distinctly, that at breakfast on the following morning there was water with ice, *sufficient to have supplied a regiment.*

Now a word about Birmingham. It is situated on

the eastern slope of several undulating hills, near the center of England; is the fourth town in size and population in Great Britain, the number of inhabitants reaching nearly 500,000 souls. It is the chief seat of iron and metallic manufactures. I learned from the landlord, who, by the way, was extensively engaged in the whip business, and also from a railway guide, of its great celebrity in hardware, cutlery, engine machinery, bicycles, sewing-machines, iron, brass and bell founderies, guns, steel pens, buttons, jewelry, bedsteads, screws, etc. Also there were within the city limits 175 churches, representing Catholics, Unitarians, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents and Jews. Retiring at a late hour, we soon fell asleep, only to awake to the pleasurable duties and experiences of a new day.

August 18th.—Determined to learn what we could further, I went out early, and upon an eminence surveyed from all points of the compass this marvelously enterprising, world-renowned city. At 9 o'clock, all in readiness, we bade adieu to Birmingham, resuming our journey by the same railway, moving northwesterly for Chester. Perhaps it will not be amiss at this point to state that the cars we now occupied had for some little time been reserved for us, and that one of these, partitioned off at one end, had toilet accommodations, which was practically an isolated exception in all our travels; but to have even *this* car not devoid of *some* embarrassment, there were two tables running nearly the entire length, on either side of which were the sittings, so that, the occupants once seated, the only way to change position was either to surmount and

walk the tables, or step from one passenger to another. This well illustrates the very best facilities afforded us in railway carriage accommodations with toilet facilities, *even in enlightened England.* We soon reached Wolverhampton, which from its numerous smoking chimneys must have extensive manufactories. Touching at Stafford, Crew and a few lesser intermediate stations—most of which are active manufacturing places—we finally reached *Chester* at 11.30 o'clock a. m. Distance from Birmingham, seventy-five miles.

Chester, an ancient city of England, in West Cheshire, the capital of the county, is situated on the river Dee, which latter separates it from Wales; is twenty miles from the Irish Sea. It is in some respects the most interesting city in Great Britain. It is said to retain more nearly than any other the regular arrangement of its streets, over the principal of which we passed, resembling those of a Roman camp, crossing each other at right angles, radiating from the so-called "Cross," and terminating in the four gates, viz.: North gate, East gate, Bridge Street gate, and Water gate. Having inspected these, we next passed to the Cathedral. This is ancient and is also of early English style. The wood carving in connection with the choir, said to be but recently restored, is unique, and pronounced the finest in England. The altar is richly embellished with wood from the Holy Land, while overhead I took note of two British flags as mementos, one from Quebec, the other from Bunker Hill.

I will now refer to a peculiar feature of Chester in the arrangement of its pavements—called "Rows"—upon a level with the first floors of the houses, in

which the principal shops are found; the second floor projecting over them, to which latter ascension is made by steps from the street, and protecting them from rain, etc. We lunched, I remember, at a restaurant over one of these Rows. As far as I can learn this feature is characteristic of this city only; then, too, Chester is the only city that has so well preserved her ancient defences; its walls being perfect, forming a delightful promenade two miles in circuit, which we compassed, and from which were revealed the charming and historic scenery adjacent and in the more remote environs.

We had proceeded but a little distance alongside the battlements of this wall when we reached the famous *Phœnix Tower*, an imposing stone structure, built in the wall, within which Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army on the fields not far distant, by the forces of Oliver Cromwell, in 1645. I surveyed these fields from this point with great interest. I could hardly bring myself to believe, as we journeyed on, that these very walls and battlements, upon which we gazed with a kind of awe, date back to A. D. 61, but thus were we taught by our superiors.

Lifting our eyes westward we viewed, with "field glass," the hills of North Wales, verdant with luxuriant vegetation. Here also in Wales is Hawarden, six miles distant, with its castle, now the residence of W. E. Gladstone, which mansion with its lovely environs the Cæsars might have coveted. A little farther and below us, at our right, were the ruins of a "Roman Bath," with its apartments so well preserved no doubt remains as to its identity. Next we observed,

still on our right, the extended race grounds lying between the walls and the river. For the races conducted on these grounds Chester has long been celebrated. "Three miles distant is to be seen, from this point, the most imposing pile of Gothic architecture in the kingdom, and said to be the most splendid seat in the county. It is known as Eaton Hall, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, head of the Grosvenor family, which has been of note in the county from the time of the conquest." We soon approximated, as we continued our journey, on our left, the *Old Chester Castle*, which was pointed out to us as being the seat of the great Fenian raid in 1867. A little farther on and to our right was the Grosvenor Bridge over the Dee river, comprising an arch of "a single span 200 feet in length, of solid masonry, and is the largest, with the exception of one over the Danube, in Europe." A quarter of a mile's further walk, now along the right bank of the Dee, brought us to a suspension foot bridge, over which we crossed into Wales. Returning, we next repaired to *St. John's Church*, an ordinary structure, but of interest as being of the 11th century, in the rear of which was a magnificent park, the Grosvenor, with trees of rare symmetry and flower-crowned paths, in the midst of which was an elegant, light colored statue, on a pedestal, of the late Duke of Westminster, colossal, and in an upright, dignified, and even imperious attitude. Returning now to the station, we were soon all aboard, and at 2.45 o'clock moving northerly by the same railway as before, were destined for Windermere, stopping briefly on the way at Warrington, Wigan, Preston,

Oxenholme and Lancaster. All this region is devoted to manufacturing interests, and embraces largely iron, brass, cotton, linen and silk goods. To the west at Lancaster, and on our left, was obtained an extended view of the Irish Sea, whose surf came in like a flood, and afforded a most delightful change of scenery. Passing several stations at a frightful rate of speed, and when within five miles of our destination branching off from the main line, direction westerly, we entered *Windermere* at 7 o'clock p. m. Distance from Chester, ninety-nine miles.

CHAPTER XXX.

Windermere—Ambleside—The Lakes.

Windermere is a hamlet situated on an elevation about two miles distant from the lake whose name it bears. The buildings, all of stone, are of cleanly aspect, and the streets, grounds and environs are in the superlative degree charming. Ascending by a step ladder the open carriages already in waiting, we set out at once for Ambleside. The direction was northwesterly, and the distance five miles. I remember how enjoyable was this drive. The walls on either side of the highway for quite a distance were covered with ivy and other evergreens, while overhanging trees, verdant with dense foliage, gave this winding way the appearance of a vista in some fairyland. We had not proceeded far, when, on our left nestling beneath hills and shrubbery, appeared to view the *Windermere Lake*, whose shore we often approximated. Its picturesque loveliness was doubly enhanced by the reflection of the golden rays of the declining sun. This lake, we learned, is ten miles in length, of proportionable width, and in spots 130 feet in depth, and is the largest and most noteworthy in England. A little before 8 o'clock we reached *Ambleside*, a village of 2,000 inhabitants, in Westmoreland, and situated one mile beyond the head of the lake. Put-

ting up at the *Queen's Hotel* for the night, the courtesy and generosity of the "host" and others were in every respect all that could be desired. This market town is attractively located, but perhaps otherwise uninteresting, except in the quaintness of its buildings, all of which, like those at Windermere, are of flat stone built up like a wall, and, though laid in mortar, the latter is not visible except at close range.

August 19th.—The morning was ushered in by a most charming sunrise, and cloudless were the heavens. Having breakfasted and purchased souvenirs of the town, everything in readiness we ascended the two "four-in-hand" open carriages, and at 9.30 o'clock a. m. commenced our lengthy but interesting and most delightful drive for Keswick. Among the first objects of interest in the midst, now, of the lake district close to Ambleside, was the "Knoll," the residence of the late Harriet Martineau, where she lived and died, and a most lovely "waterfall" adjacent, descending in majesty seventy feet, may well be imagined as contributing to the dignity and sublimity of this spacious mansion high above the slopes. A little farther on, and also to our left, we observed at the foot of a high hill nestling beneath the tall, verdant trees, the plain residence of the late Dr. Arnold, the celebrated teacher before mentioned. In a few minutes we reached the noted Rydal valley, when at our right appeared to view Rydal mount, a rather steep ascent, toward the summit of which stands Rydal Hall, the latter the mansion where Wordsworth lived and where he wrote many of his celebrated poems. Dismounting, we ascended to the home of the poet,

viewing also its quaint environs, and here learning that the lamented death of this "bard" occurred within these walls on the 23rd of April, 1850, at the ripe age of eighty years.

Resuming our journey we soon passed the celebrated "rock" bordering *Rydal Lake*, the ascent to the summit of which is by steps "cut in." Here Wordsworth, it is said, often repaired for meditation, and here some of his choicest selections were composed. Continuing our journey we followed the margin of Rydal Lake one-half mile, its entire length, and which was spread out to our left, placid as a "sea of glass," while directly opposite stood the unpretentious *Nab Cottage*, where once lived Hartley Coleridge, another of the Lake poets. Next we entered the lovely valley of Grassmere, where, on our left, *Grassmere Lake*, a most charming body of water, one mile in length by one-half mile in breadth, was in full view, opposite to which stood the house where Wordsworth was married and where a few of his most elegant poems were written. A short distance now, and we were at the "Old Grassmere Church," which is noteworthy only as the place where worshiped both Wordsworth and Coleridge. In the necropolis surrounding this church lie buried, close together, these poets, whose gravestones with their respective inscriptions we carefully inspected in this unpretentious place of sepulture. The hill beneath which Grassmere village lies is *Helm Crag*, and on its summit, towards our left, are the rocks known as the "Lion and the Lamb," and which are indeed very suggestive. We were much amused, also, a little further on, at the

massive rock resembling somewhat an organ, and adjacent thereto a smaller rock so situated and of such figure as to give the appearance of a person manipulating the stony keys. Though listening intently, distance and the direction of the wind probably prevented the sweet strains from reaching our ears. From this point we commenced the ascent of the famous *Dunmail Raise*, a pass of 700 feet above the level of the sea. On each side rising 2,000 feet above the pass are, on the right, *Seat Sandal*, on the left, *Steel Fell.* Pitying the poor horses, I remember we made the ascent on foot. Arriving at the summit, a huge "cairn" of stones appeared on our left. Beneath this great heap rests, it is said, the remains of brave King Dunmail and many of his gallant soldiers. This cairn was erected in memory of a battle between King Edward and Dunmail, King of Cumberland, in the year 946. A low stone wall extending from this peculiar mausoleum up the slope of the mountain, marks the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland. A few minutes' drive from this point brought us to *Wythburn*, where we stopped ten minutes and explored the quaint old church there. Nothing specially noteworthy concerning it, further than before a recent addition it was the smallest church in England; now it is second smallest in size.

Resuming our journey, there towered up on our right *Helvellyn*, and on the left appeared *Thirlmere Lake*, while *Saddleback* mountain faced us in the far distance. Opposite this lake we halted to inspect, on the face of a large rock on our right and by the roadside, the "initials" of the three "Lake poets," Words-

worth, Coleridge and Southey, which were chiseled side by side, once upon a time, when they here met together. Thirlmere Lake is a beautiful body of water three miles in length, of good width, and in depth, we were informed, 136 feet. A large dam was in process of construction, which, when completed, was to be the means of largely increasing the area of this lake, and from which the city of Manchester, nearly 100 miles distant, was to be supplied with water by aqueduct at an already estimated cost of $10,000,000.

After a few more miles of magnificent scenery, we came to the brow of *Castlerigg*, from which a most charming view of Keswick, much below and directly beyond, was ours to witness; also from this point to the south of west and to our left the *Derwentwater*, while in the far distant northwest the whole extent of the *Bassenthwaite Lake*, even to the entrance of Borrowdale, comprised scenery, the counterpart of which does not exist and of its kind transcends the most picturesque in all England. Descending now the steep winding highway slowly, with brakes on, in due time we reached the plain below, and in a few minutes' rapid drive entered *Keswick* at 1.15 o'clock p. m., making our brief tarry at the *Queen's Hotel.* Distance from Ambleside, sixteen and one-half miles.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Keswick—Lodore—Glasgow.

Keswick, in Cumberland, is a market town of more than 3,000 inhabitants, and situated on the south bank of the Greta—a medium-sized stream—and is about one-half mile from Derwentwater Lake. Many of its buildings are ancient, but the mountain and lake environs, with the home-likeness of the place and the marked cordiality of the people, are factors that conspire to make this the frequent and protracted resort of travelers. There are a few things here also of historic interest, which we at once proceeded to inspect. First and close to our hotel stood the *Town Hall*, a small building of the 11th century, connected with which was a square tower in which was a bell, said to be a "curfew" bell, which was originally rung at night, as were all bells of this order, as a signal to rake up the fires and retire to rest; a practice in England originating with William the Conqueror, as is doubtless well known to the reader. Passing on and having reached the left bank of the Greta, we turned to the right and were soon at *Greta Hall*, standing on a slight elevation, and in a good state of preservation, the home of Southey, the third of the Lake poets, and where he lived from 1803 until his death in 1843. We surveyed this plain, unpretentious edifice

with all the more interest from its associations with this distinguished "bard" of Keswick.

Returning to the main road and crossing the Greta, we continued our journey on foot one-half mile, when we came to the church, a plain but commodious building, where the poet habitually worshiped, entering which we soon reached the monument consisting of a statue of Southey in a supine pose, resting upon a sculpture-wrought sarcophagus, all of pure white marble. It was indeed very striking. In the cemetery surrounding the church was the grave of Southey, in which his remains were deposited in March, 1843, over which was a large stone slab resting on four supports, on the former of which was an appropriate inscription.

Returning to the hotel we were at once in readiness to visit *Lodore Fall.* The drive over a winding, undulating highway, with a variety of verdant, overhanging trees, interspersed with now and then a cascade and charming rhododendons in great profusion, the latter on our left, with the half-hidden Derwentwater Lake on our right, comprised much of the scenery over this ever-memorable route. Arriving at the Lodore Hotel three miles from Keswick, and dismounting, we proceeded to the foot of the Fall, less than half a stone's throw distance, before reaching which, because of dense trees, nothing of this wonderful cataract was at all visible, though the roaring boom and the swift current at our feet were evidences of our near approach. Following along the latter, we soon reached the footbridge spanning the stream, just below the lowest rock of the Fall, and standing thereupon

lifted our eyes to behold the series of cascades which were rushing over an enormous pile of protruding crags from the dizzy height of 200 feet. A number of the party, myself included, not otherwise content, by means of roots and tree branches, climbed to the heights of the adjacent rocks, and from whose summit in breathless awe did we look down this seething, foaming, billowy mountain. This scenery is immortalized by the unique poem of Southey, which is so expressive I shall be pardoned in giving it in full, as follows:

"THE CATARACT OF LODORE."

"How does the water
  Come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me
  Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
  To tell him a rhyme.
Anon at the word
  Then first came one daughter,
  And then came another,
To second and third
  The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
  As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
  Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.
From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
  Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
  It runs and it creeps
  For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake;

And thence at departing,
Awaking and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade
And through the wood shelter
Among crags in its flurry,
  Helter skelter,
  Hurry skurry.
Here it comes sparkling
And there it lies darkling,
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
  Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent
  It reaches the place
Of its deep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if it were waging
Its corners and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swaling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening
The earth with its sound;
Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And climbing and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Perhaps it should be stated that the destination of these waters is at the head of the Derwentwater Lake which is adjacent to the Lodore Hotel. Returning to the hotel we dined at 5 o'clock, at which time we bade farewell to another of our party, who from this point was going into Ireland. As to the dinner, I paid the host and waiter the compliment of furnishing the first and only soft bread, which was in rusk form, with

which we had been served since we set foot on foreign soil. I wish to go on record as saying that this was the most generous and homelike banquet of which we were the recipients in all our travels.

All in readiness, at 6.15 o'clock we proceeded on foot to the station, and at 7 o'clock, baggage adjusted and securely shut in to our compartments, the scream of the whistle being now sounded, we were instantly on our way to Glasgow, homeward bound. The direction was northeasterly and conveyance was by a branch road by which after thirteen miles of travel we came to *Penrith*, at which latter place, on the main line, we resumed our journey by the Great Northwestern Railway at 8.40 o'clock p. m. The train was an express, and few were the stops, and lightning the speed. The entire route was dotted here and there with cities and villages, where from their towering, smoking chimneys and other indications I concluded that founderies and smelteries were not unknown. We came into *Central Station at Glasgow* at just 11.05 p. m., and in three minutes were within the hotel of this name, where we at once dined and were soon thereafter between the sheets for the last night on land in Europe. The distance from Penrith is 108 miles.

August 20th.—This, our last day, was spent in rest and providing ourselves with "souvenirs" and getting ready for the return ocean voyage just before us. We left Glasgow by rail for Greenock at 5 p. m., arriving and setting foot again on the "City of Rome," with baggage adjusted, and state-room selected at just 7 o'clock p. m.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Ocean Voyage—New York.

August 21st.—We steamed away at 1 o'clock a. m., dropping anchor, however, off Moville, Ireland, at 7.45 a. m. Here we remained until afternoon. At 2 p. m. we took in passengers from Londonderry. With 1,500 souls on board, at just 3.15 o'clock p. m. the anchor was lifted and we resumed the journey, much to our delight, toward the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." The sea was moderately calm until about 9 p. m., when the waves, becoming angry, pitched and rolled the "City" in a manner, to us, almost unprecedented. Seasickness was now the rule and not the exception.

August 22nd.—The sea was still boisterous and much sickness continued. It was with great difficulty any could promenade on deek, so "rolling" was our craft. Even ladies in the attempt to prevent the suspicion of inebriation on the part of the gentlemen, in their utmost endeavor to steady their gait, pronounced it an utter failure. In spite of wind and weather, however, from 5 o'clock yesterday, the hour we left Instrahull, to 12 m. this day, we made the distance of 337 miles.

August 23rd was ushered in by rain, though with a much calmer sea. Attending religious services

(Episcopal) at 10.45, copying the dead reckoning distance the last twenty-four hours, at 12 o'clock, which was 384 miles, sighting a number of vessels in the distance through marine glass, and passing a number at closer range, with appropriate music from well-trained male and female voices, comprised the pastime events of this Sabbath day in mid ocean.

August 24th was uneventful; the day and night, however, were very blustering. The billows occasionally came over the upper deck, drenching a number on the starboard promenade, much to the amusement of the many lookers-on. A part of the day was foggy and the "horn," the whistle of the boat, was frequently sounded. The distance this day was 376 miles. The fearful pitching and rolling of the "City" through the night are testimony of the most raging sea of the passage.

August 25th.—This morning was also boisterous, but the afternoon was witness of a placid sea. Promenading was now almost general and constant. With anxiety were we looking over this vast body of water, bounded everywhere by the horizon, awaiting the appearance of anything that might break this now tiresome "marine" monotony. It was warmer and we remained on deck till late, reviewing some of our experiences and conversing about the hearty welcome which we all felt was awaiting us on the other shore. The run this day was 386 miles. We were now on the northern banks of Newfoundland.

August 26th.—This morning witnessed a heavy fog and the horn was again sounded, and continued at short intervals through the day and night. It was

warmer, and peacefully serene were the waters of the great deep. Promenading, composing poetry, singing, cracking jokes, story telling, tossing the ring, playing at "shuffle-board," copying the "run" of the City, and as usual in the absence of seasickness, which was largely now of the past, eating three square meals *besides luncheon*, comprised the routine of this merry day, while a grand concert with declamation and mimicry were enjoyed late into the night. A propitious day sped us on 406 miles.

August 27th.—This morning was noteworthy as witnessing a quiet sea over which blew a very warm breeze, and a number of ships to us enjoyably appeared to view. In the afternoon, at the suggestion of Col. Drew, it having beforehand been arranged, assembled our entire party in the Drawing-room, ostensibly for a concert, but in reality for another object. After a few selections had been rendered and a beautiful poem descriptive of our journeyings read by Mrs. Pierce, a member of our party, the aged Rev. Barnes of Boston, in a most eloquent manner eulogized the self-denying and pains-taking Brookings who had so untiringly labored for our supremest comfort and greatest pleasure and profit during the eventful journey now so nearly ended. Afterwards, introducing his pastor, Rev. Howe of Lewiston, Maine, who, with Mr. Stockin of Boston, followed in like felicitous strain. Finally the "Col.," also of Lewiston, followed with a presentation speech, during which a most elegant "dressing case," purchased by the party at Glasgow, was presented to Mr. B., who responded in a most modest, pathetic and eloquent manner.

The run this day was 378 miles. We were now south of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy. Fog gathered toward evening and continued into the night, while the "horn" proclaimed, in excessive hoarseness, to us its farewell "toot."

August 28th.—This morning was without a "scud," and numerous ships appeared to view. The difference in time has lessened from four hours and fifty minutes at Glasgow, to now within twenty minutes of New York time. At 12 o'clock we were south of Long Island and had made the fleetest run of the entire trip, 412 miles. At 2.30 p. m. Long Island was sighted. At 4 *Fire Island Light House* appeared through a "glass" as but a tiny thread. *Far Rockaway* at 5 o'clock. At 5.30 *Coney Island*, and at 6.15 o'clock the highlands of *Neversink* next were visible. *Sandy Hook Light Ship* was passed at 6.30; *Sandy Hook* at 7.15, and at just 8.30 o'clock p. m. we reached the waters of *Staten Island*, where we dropped anchor and remained for the night. We were disappointed, as were friends on shore who had awaited our arrival the livelong day.

August 29th.—This morning was no less charming than its predecessor, and we hailed it with the most auspicious delight. Breakfasting early and having "feed" our waiter, in due time the anchor was lifted and we were slowly steaming toward the harbor whence we took our departure. As the "City of Rome" was sighted and as we on board caught a glimpse of the long-looked-for shore, the immediate reciprocal waving of handkerchiefs and the lifting high in air the "best beavers," kindled in me, as never before, the most intense patriotism. To add to the intensity of this

feeling, my protege, H. R. C., Junior, who, on our departure unfurled, at arms length in mid air, a miniature United States flag, and there held it until the last star was lost to view in the dim distance, now, having fastened this same banner to the end of his umbrella, again waved it aloft, accompanying which was his oft-repeated patriotic expression on the Continent, "*Give me America for all Europe!*"

After a cordial hand-shaking and a lasting farewell to many of our distinguished party, with the countless pleasing reminiscenses of Kingdoms, Empires and Republics crowding the memory, at just 8.30 o'clock we anchored at the desired haven and were again in our own native land.

ERRATA.

Pages 10 and 212. Napoleon left Rochefort, France, *not* Elba, for St. Helena.

Page 49. Are, *not* is, five windows.

Page 195. Septimius Severus, *not* Septimas Servius.

Page 195. Arch of Severus, *not* Servius.

Page 208. God of Mars should read, god Mars.

Page 283. Empress, *not* queen, of Napoleon III.